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FIFTH READER



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Ben<sup>d</sup> Franklin

THE  
NEW NORMAL  
FIFTH READER

BY

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## PREFACE.

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THIS book, the Fifth Reader, completes the series of which it forms a part.

In the preparation of the different numbers of the series, great care has been taken to grade them to suit the capacity of the pupil; and it is believed that the whole ground is substantially covered. The author claims no special merit for doing what others should have done. All he has tried to do was to prepare a series of practical progressive Readers which would meet the demands of the thoughtful teachers of the times.

One of the main points he has tried to keep constantly in view, while adapting the books to the capacity of the pupils, is that of presenting only natural discourse to be read. He has also at the same time given hints on language culture, which, if properly made use of by the judicious teacher, cannot fail to prove of much benefit.

This number embraces a great variety of selections from a large number of authors, embracing nearly all the standard writers of the language. But while trying to represent the best authors of English, variety in sentiment and expression has not been forgotten, and it will be found that ample and varied elocutionary

exercise is afforded by the diversity of character of the lessons.

The author begs to acknowledge his indebtedness to Messrs. Houghton, Osgood & Co., of Boston, and other publishers, for permission to make selections from their copyright editions of American authors. He also desires to express his thanks to Messrs. Longfellow, Holmes, Whittier, Saxe, Lowell, Warner, Mrs. Stowe, Miss Lucy Larcom and others who kindly consented to have him make selections from their excellent writings.

The author hopes that this book, with its fellows in the series, may receive a favorable reception at the hands of the progressive teachers of the age, and believing that it will meet the demands of true teaching, he intrusts it in the hands of a generous and appreciative educational public.

A. N. R.

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Part I

# Practical Elocution

*Thinking, not growth, makes manhood. Accustom yourself, therefore, to thinking. Set yourself to understand whatever you see or read. To join thinking with reading is one of the first maxims, and one of the easiest operations.*

ISAAC TAYLOR.

## PRACTICAL ELOCUTION.

---

THE chief requisites of excellence in reading are correct pronunciation, a good voice well cultivated, and pleasant natural expression.

Correct pronunciation requires distinct articulation and proper accent.

The English alphabet contains but twenty-six letters, but the number of elementary sounds is much greater. Most of these sounds are pure, but a few, as *a* in *fare*, *a* in *ask*, and *e* in *her*, seem to be modified by the letters with which they are taken in connection. *Oi* also is by some regarded as a combination of *a* and *i*.

An elementary sound is the simplest sound of a language.

The reader should exercise frequently on the table of elementary sounds, giving them both singly and in combination.

The elementary sounds of English embrace *Vocals*, which consist of pure tone; *Subvocals*, which consist of tone and breath united; and *Aspirates*, which consist of breath only.

## TABLE OF ELEMENTARY SOUNDS.

## VOCALS.

ā as in ate	ī as in ice
ă “ at	ĭ “ it
ä “ arm	ō “ go
ạ “ all	ō “ not
â “ care	o “ do
à “ ask	ū “ mute
ē “ me	ũ “ cup
ě “ met	ұ “ full
ẽ “ her	ou “ our

oi as in oil

## SUBVOCALS.

b as in bib	r (trilled) as in roll
d “ did	v as in vine
g “ gag	w “ well
j “ jug	y “ yes
l “ lull	z “ zone
m “ man	th “ this
n “ name	zh “ ozier
r (smooth) as in lard	ng “ sing

## ASPIRATES.

p as in cap	s as in sun
t “ take	sh “ shall
k “ cake	f “ five
ch “ church	th “ thin

h as in hat



## I. — PHONIC ANALYSIS.

**Phonic Analysis**, or phonic spelling, consists in naming the elementary sounds of a word. Thus, *came*, kām; *small*, smał.

The phonic analysis of a word may be most readily reached by pronouncing the word several times, more and more slowly, finally separating the sounds from one another.

## EXERCISE.

*Let the pupils exercise on the following words:*

Ate, late, beat, sweet, mite, night, boat, loam, use, refute, match, march, large, cargo, advance, asking, sentence, heraldry, certain, middle, midnight, lose, noonday, forest, knotty, putty, such, pull, wolf, noise, voice, sour, shower, souse, thousand.

## II. — ARTICULATION.

In the following exercises, let the pupil give each sound distinctly and clearly.

## I. WORDS.

1. Liberty . . . . and . . . . union . . . . now . . . . and . . . . forever, . . . . one . . . . and . . . . inseparable.

2. Its . . . . benefits . . . . are . . . . not . . . . exclusive.

3. Such . . . . grandeur . . . . may . . . . justly . . . . excite . . . . anxiety . . . . rather . . . . than . . . . pride.

4. We . . . . have . . . . wisely . . . . exploded . . . . all . . . . such . . . . distinctions.

5. There . . . . is . . . . no . . . . flock, . . . . however . . . . watched . . . . and . . . . tended,

But . . . . one . . . . dead . . . . lamb . . . . is there.

## II. PHRASES.

1. Let us not be deceived . . . . by name . . . . The power . . . . in question . . . . is too great . . . . for a chief magistrate . . . . of a free State.

2. It is a queer feeling . . . . to find oneself a foreigner.

3. Oh, say, . . . can you see, . . . by the dawn's early light . . .  
 What so proudly we hailed . . . at the twilight's last  
 gleaming?

4. Violet! . . . sweet violet! . . .  
 Thine eyes . . . are full of tears, . . .  
 Are they wet . . .  
 Even yet, . . .  
 With the thought . . . of other years?

5. The brightest stars . . . are burning suns; . . .  
 The deepest water . . . stillest runs; . . .  
 The laden bee . . . the lowest flies; . . .  
 The richest mine . . . the deepest lies; . . .  
 The stalk . . . that's most replenished . . .  
 Doth bow the most . . . its modest head.

### III. SENTENCES.

1. It is not what we earn, but what we save, that makes us rich. It is not what we eat, but what we digest, that makes us strong. It is not what we read, but what we remember, that makes us useful.

2. The chief art of learning is to attempt but little at a time. The widest excursions of the mind are made by short flights, frequently repeated.

3. A pebble in the streamlet scant  
 Has turned the course of many a river;  
 A dew-drop on the infant plant  
 Has warped the giant oak forever.

4. Though the mills of God grind slowly, yet they grind exceeding small,  
 Though with patience He stands waiting, with exactness grinds He all.

5. When adverse winds and waves arise,  
 And in my heart despondence sighs, —  
 When life her throng of care reveals,  
 And weakness o'er my spirit steals,

Grateful I hear the kind decree,  
That, "as my day my strength shall be."

### III. — ACCENT.

**Accent** is the stress of voice on a particular syllable of a word.

All words of two or more syllables have one of the syllables accented.

Words of more than three syllables often have two syllables accented, one more forcibly than the other; the more forcible accent of the two is called *primary* accent, and the less forcible, *secondary* accent.

The custom of the best and most cultivated speakers and readers determines the proper accent. Accent is therefore best learned from spelling-books and dictionaries, in which this custom is recorded and the proper accent marked.

### IV. — QUALITY OF VOICE.

**Quality of Voice** has reference to the kind of tone used in speaking and reading. The three chief tones used are named as follows: **Pure**, **Orotund**, and **Aspirated**. To these are sometimes added a number of others, as the *Whispered*, consisting of breath only; the *Guttural*, which is a deep throat tone; the *Tremor*, which is a tremulous movement of the voice; and still others — but for general reading the first three named are sufficient.

#### I. PURE TONE.

**Pure Tone** is smooth and clear. It is used in ordinary conversation, and in the expression of that which is *joyous*, *light*, or *agreeable*; also in the expression of *sadness*.

#### EXAMPLES.

1. "Give us a song!" the soldiers cried,  
The outer trenches guarding;  
When the heated guns of the camps allied  
Grew weary of bombarding. *Taylor.*

## 2. With deep affection

And recollection

I often think of

Those Shandon bells,

Whose sounds so wild would,

In days of childhood,

Fling round my cradle

Their magic spells. *Francis Mahony.*

## 3. Our bugles sang truce — for the night-cloud had lowered,

And the sentinel stars set their watch in the sky ;

And thousands had sunk in the ground overpowered,

The weary to sleep, and the wounded to die.

*Campbell.*

## II. OROTUND.

The **Orotund** is the same as pure tone, but magnified or intensified. It is used in expressing that which is characterized by *grandeur, sublimity, awe, solemnity, or reverence.*

## EXAMPLES.

## 1. Hast thou a charm to stay the morning-star

In his steep course? So long he seems to pause

On thy bald, awful head, O sovereign Blanc!

The Arvé and Arveiron at thy base

Rave ceaselessly ; but thou, most awful form!

Risest from forth thy silent sea of pines,

How silently.

*Coleridge.*

2. When my eyes turn to behold for the last time the sun in heaven, may they not see him shining on the broken and dishonored fragments of a once glorious Union ; on States dis-severed, discordant, belligerent ; on a land rent with civil feuds ; or drenched, it may be, in fraternal blood.—*Webster.*

## 3. Thou, too, sail on, O ship of State!

Sail on, O Union strong and great!

Humanity with all its fears,

With all the hopes of future years,

Is hanging breathless on thy fate!

We know what master laid thy keel,  
 What workman wrought thy ribs of steel,  
 Who made each mast, and sail, and rope,  
 What anvils rang, what hammers beat,  
 In what a forge and what a heat  
 Were shaped the anchors of thy hope!

*Longfellow.*

### III. ASPIRATED TONE.

**Aspirated Tone** is a combination of breath forcibly expelled and tone. It may be called a half whisper. Aspirated tone is used to express *secrecy, fear, wonder, terror, or horror.*

#### EXAMPLES.

1. Ah! mercy on my soul. What is that? My old friend's ghost? They say none but wicked folks walk; I wish I were at the bottom of a coal-pit. See! how long and pale his face has grown since his death; he never was handsome, and death has improved him very much the wrong way. Pray do not come near me! I wish'd you very well when you were alive; but I could never abide a dead man cheek by jowl with me.

2. "Hush! 't is the dice-box! Yes, he's there, he's here,  
 For this he leaves me to despair!  
 Leaves love! leaves truth! his wife! his child! for what?  
 The wanton's smile — the villain — and the sot."

*Coates.*

3. *Macbeth.* Didst thou not hear a noise?

*Lady M.* I heard the owl scream, and the crickets cry. Did not you speak?

*Mac.* When?

*Lady M.* Now.

*Mac.* As I descended?

*Lady M.* Ay.

*Mac.* Hark! Who lies in the second chamber?

*Lady M.* Donalbain.

*Mac.* This is a sorry sight. [*Looking at his hands.*]

*Lady M.* A foolish thought, to say a sorry sight.

*Shakspeare.*

## V. — EMPHASIS.

**Emphasis** is a stress of voice placed on one or more of the words of a sentence.

The important words of a sentence are those which usually receive the emphasis.

The words which modify the subject and the predicate of a sentence are usually emphasized. Thus, in the sentence, "The vilest sinner may return," the word *vilest*, which modifies the subject, is emphasized, and in the sentence, "The boat floated gently down the stream," the word *gently* and the phrase *down the stream*, which modify the predicate, are both emphasized.

When the modifiers are themselves modified, their modifiers are usually emphasized. Thus, in the expression, "He sings well," the word *well* receives the emphasis; but in the expression, "He sings very well," the word *very* receives greater emphasis than *well*.

## EXERCISE.

Point out the emphatic words in the following:

1. A thing of beauty is a joy forever.
2. Never be discouraged by trifles.
3. Errors like straws upon the surface flow;  
He who would seek for pearls must dive below.
4. Speak properly, and in as few words as you can, but always plainly.
5. Know then this truth,—enough for man to know,—  
"Virtue alone is happiness below."
6. Cheerfulness keeps up a daylight in the mind, filling it with a steady and perpetual serenity.
7. The flowers fade, the heart withers, man grows old and dies, the world lies down in the sepulchre of ages, but time writes no wrinkles on the brow of eternity.
8. If wisdom's ways you 'd wisely seek,  
Five things observe with care;

Of whom you speak, to whom you speak,  
And how, and when, and where.

9. There is a tide in the affairs of men,  
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune;  
Omitted, all the voyage of their life  
Is bound in shallows and in miseries.  
On such a full sea are we now afloat:  
And we must take the current when it serves,  
Or lose our ventures.
10. From the stars of heaven and flowers of earth,  
From the pageant of power and the voice of mirth,  
From the mist of morn on the mountain's brow,  
From childhood's song and affection's vow,  
From all save that o'er which soul bears sway,  
There breathes but one record,— "Passing away."

#### ANTITHETIC EMPHASIS.

When words are contrasted they are emphasized; this is called **Antithetic Emphasis**.

#### EXERCISES.

Point out the contrasted words in the following sentences, and read the sentences so as to express the meaning clearly:

1. He liveth long, who liveth well.
2. Art is long and time is fleeting.
3. It is my living sentiment and by the blessing of God it shall be my dying sentiment.
4. A true life must be simple in all its elements.
5. While we commend the character and example of Washington to others, let us not forget to imitate it ourselves.
6. Reading without purpose is sauntering, not exercise.
7. A cottage flower gives honey to the bee,—a king's garden none to the butterfly.
8. The shortest life is longest, if 't is best;  
'T is ours to work,—to God belongs the rest.

9. We live in deeds, not years; in thoughts, not breaths;  
In feelings, not in figures on a dial.
10. Better than grandeur, better than gold,  
Than rank or titles, a hundredfold,  
Is a healthy body, and a mind at ease,  
And simple pleasures that always please.
11. Greatness and goodness are not means, but ends;  
Hath he not always treasures, always friends,  
The good great man?
12. The clouds which rise with thunder, slake  
Our thirsty souls with rain;  
The blow most dreaded falls to break  
From off our limbs a chain,  
And wrongs of man to man but make  
The love of God more plain.

#### CUMULATIVE EMPHASIS.

When a succession of emphatic words occurs, the last of these words usually receives more emphasis than the others; this is called **Cumulative Emphasis**.

#### EXAMPLES.

1. *Onward!* ONWARD! to the rescue.
2. TO ARMS! TO ARMS! ye brave.
3. *Boat ahoy!* BOAT AHOY!
4. A *horse!* a HORSE! my kingdom for a horse.
5. "Jump far out into the wave;  
Jump, or I fire!" he said;  
"This chance alone your life can save;  
*Jump!* JUMP!"

#### VI. — INFLECTIONS.

**Inflections** are slides of the voice either *upward* or *downward*.

The upward slide of the voice is called the **Rising Inflection**, and the downward slide of the voice, the **Falling Inflection**.



All other inflections are but combinations of the rising and the falling.

The rising inflection is usually marked with the following character ('); and the falling with the following (').

In order that the pupil may give proper inflection, he must first study the selection to be read thoroughly and faithfully until he fully understands the meaning of every part of it. When he once fully understands the selection, if he reads naturally so as to convey the meaning to others, he will need no rules to direct him. The inflections, like the emphasis, will usually be correct.

## EXERCISES.

Read the following sentences, giving the proper inflections:

1. The chief art of learning is to attempt but little at a time.
2. Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears.
3. Did you come for health or pleasure?

4. And is the swallow gone?

Who beheld it?

Which way sailed it?

Farewell bade it none?

5. Say, have kings more wholesome fare

Than we, poor citizens of air?

6. Once more I breathe the mountain air; once more  
I tread my own free hills.

7. Oh, with what pride I used  
To walk these hills, and look up to my God  
And bless him that it was so. It was free;  
From end to end, from cliff to lake, 't was free;  
Free as our torrents are, that leap our rocks,  
And plow our valleys without asking leave.

8. And thou art terrible; the tear,  
The groan, the knell, the pall, the bier,  
And all we know, or dream, or fear  
Of agony, are thine.

9. Oh, good painter, tell me true,  
 Has your hand the cunning to draw  
 Shapes of things that you never saw?  
 Ay? well, here is an order for you.

10. Do you hear the rain, Mr. Caudle? I say, do you hear the rain? Do you hear it against the windows? Nonsense! you don't impose upon me; you can't be asleep with such a shower as that. Do you hear it, I say? Oh, you do hear it!

11. Was it the chime of a tiny bell,  
 That came so sweet to my dreaming ear,  
 Like the silvery tones of a fairy's shell,  
 That he winds on the beach so mellow and clear,  
 When the winds and the waves lie together asleep,  
 And the moon and the fairy are watching the deep?

12. That you have wronged me doth appear in this:  
 You have condemned and noted Lucius Pella  
 For taking bribes here of the Sardians.

13. *Cas.* Must I endure all this?

*Bru.* All this! Ay, more: fret till your proud heart break;  
 Go show your slaves how choleric you are,  
 And make your bondmen tremble. Must I budge?  
 Must I observe you? Must I stand and crouch  
 Under your testy humor?

## VII.—PITCH.

**Pitch** in reading denotes the general tone of voice in which the sentence, paragraph, or selection is read.

When the voice rises or falls from the general or prevailing tone, it does so by inflections.

The three most important grades of *Pitch* are termed **Middle Pitch**, **High Pitch**, and **Low Pitch**.

### I. MIDDLE PITCH.

**Middle Pitch** is that employed in common conversation, or in reading that which is *unemotional*.

## EXAMPLES.

1. A man should never be ashamed to own he has been in the wrong, which is but saying, in other words, that he is wiser to-day than he was yesterday. — *Pope.*

2. "God bless the man who first invented sleep!"

So Sancho Panza said, and so say I:

And bless him, also, that he did n't keep

His great discovery to himself; nor try

To make it as the lucky fellow might —

A close monopoly by patent-right.

*Saxe.*

3. The frugal snail, with forecaste of repose,  
Carries his house with him where'er he goes,  
Peeps out,—and if there comes a shower of rain,  
Retreats to his small domicile amain.  
Touch but a tittle tip of him, a horn, 't is well,—  
He curls up in his sanctuary shell.  
He's his own landlord, his own tenant; stay  
Long as he will, he dreads no quarter day. *Lamb.*

## II. HIGH PITCH.

**High Pitch** is that which rises above the ordinary speaking tone; it is used to express that which is *joyous* or *elevated*, also sentiments which are *subdued*, *sorrowful*, or *pathetic*, and when *fear*, *hate*, or *anger* is represented.

## EXAMPLES.

1. It is in vain to extenuate the matter. Gentlemen may cry peace! peace! but there is no peace! The next gale that sweeps from the North will bring to our ears the clash of resounding arms! Our brethren are already in the field. Why stand we here idle? — *Patrick Henry.*

2. We're twenty! We're twenty! Who says we are more?

He's tipsy,—young jackanapes! Show him the door!

"Gray temples at twenty?" Yes! *white* if we please;

Where the snow-flakes fall thickest there's nothing can freeze.

*Holmes.*

## PRACTICAL ELOCUTION.

### 3. "Forward, the Light Brigade!"

Was there a man dismayed?  
Not though the soldiers knew  
Some one had blundered!  
Theirs not to make reply;  
Theirs not to reason, why;  
Theirs but to do and die;  
Into the valley of Death  
Rode the six hundred.

*Tennyson.*

### III. LOW PITCH.

**Low Pitch** is that which falls below the ordinary speaking tone; it is used to express sentiments which are *grave* or *solemn*.

#### EXAMPLES.

1. The sorrow for the dead is the only sorrow from which we refuse to be divorced. Every other wound we seek to heal, every other affliction to forget; but this wound we consider it a duty to keep open; this affliction we cherish and brood over in solitude. — *Irving.*

2. The day is cold, and dark, and dreary;  
It rains, and the wind is never weary,  
The vine still clings to the mouldering wall,  
But at every gust the dead leaves fall,  
And the day is dark and dreary. *Longfellow.*

3. So live, that when thy summons comes to join  
The innumerable caravan that moves  
To the pale realms of shade, where each shall take  
His chamber in the silent halls of death,  
Thou go not, like the quarry-slave at night,  
Scourged to his dungeon, but, sustained and soothed  
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave  
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch  
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams. *Bryant.*

### VIII. — FORCE.

**Force** is the volume or degree of loudness used in reading a selection.

The three chief degrees of *force* are **Moderate**, **Loud**, and **Gentle**.

Whatever the character of the piece to be read, the *force* should be sufficiently loud to make the reader clearly understood by all his audience.

### I. MODERATE FORCE.

**Moderate Force** is that used in ordinary conversation, and in the reading of such narrative, descriptive, and other pieces as are not specially animated.

#### EXAMPLES.

1. Profaneness is a low, grovelling vice. He who indulges in it is no gentleman. I care not what his stamp may be in society,—I care not what clothes he wears, or what culture he boasts,—despite all his refinement, the light and habitual taking of God's name in vain betrays a coarse nature and a brutal will.—*Chapin*.

2. Be wise to-day ; 't is madness to defer ;  
 Next day the fatal precedent will plead ;  
 Thus on till wisdom is pushed out of life.  
 Procrastination is the thief of time ;  
 Year after year it steals, till all are fled,  
 And to the mercies of a moment leaves  
 The vast concerns of an eternal scene.      *Young*.

3. A lily said to a threatening cloud  
 That in sternest garb arrayed him,  
 "You have taken my lord, the Sun, away,  
 And I know not where you have laid him."

It folded its leaves, and trembled sore  
 As the hours of darkness pressed it,  
 But at morn, like a bird, in beauty shone  
 For with pearls the dews had dressed it.

*Mrs. Norton.*

### II. LOUD FORCE.

**Loud Force** is that used in reading selections of a declamatory character ; also those expressing sentiments of a joyous or animated nature.

## EXAMPLES.

1. Stand! the ground's your own, my braves  
 Will ye give it up to slaves?  
 Will ye look for greener graves?  
 Hope ye mercy still?  
 What's the mercy despots feel?  
 Hear it in that battle-peal!  
 Read it on your bristling steel!  
 Ask it,—ye who will.

*Pierpont.*

2. Ye call me chief; and ye do well to call him chief who for twelve long years has met upon the arena every shape of man or beast the broad empire of Rome could furnish, and who never yet lowered his arm. If there be one among you who can say that ever, in public fight or private brawl, my actions did belie my tongue, let him stand forth and say it.

*Kellogg.*

3. "Forward the Light Brigade!  
 Charge for the guns," he said.  
 Into the valley of death,  
 Rode the six hundred.

*Tennyson.*

## III. GENTLE FORCE.

**Gentle Force** is that used to express sentiments of a *gentle*, *tender*, *subdued*, or *solemn* nature.

## EXAMPLES.

1. Softly, peacefully,  
 Lay her to rest;  
 Place the turf lightly  
 On her young breast;  
 Gently, solemnly,  
 Bend o'er the bed  
 Where ye have pillowed  
 Thus early her head.
2. How still and peaceful is the grave,  
 Where,—life's vain tumults past,—  
 The appointed house, by Heaven's decree,  
 Receives us all at last.

*Montgomery.*

3. It is a still and lovely spot  
Where they have laid thee down to rest;  
The white rose and forget-me-not  
Bloom sweetly on thy breast ;  
And birds and streams with liquid lull,  
Have made the stillness beautiful. *Mrs. Welby*

### IX. — RATE.

**Rate** is the degree of rapidity with which the voice moves in reading.

Rate may be either **Moderate**, **Rapid**, or **Slow**. The character of the selection to be read will determine which of the three should be used. In general, however, the rate should never be so slow as to be sluggish, nor should it be so rapid as to be indistinct. Both of these are serious faults. Both faults may to some extent be corrected by concert reading, though this exercise should be indulged in cautiously, and only to a limited extent.

The student should exercise great care that the words do not follow one another in too rapid succession. Let each word be fully pronounced before articulating any part of its successor, otherwise there will be a clipping of syllables, which will greatly mar the beauty of the reading.

Care must be taken when reading rapidly that the voice does not rise beyond the natural pitch. Practise reading a sentence first slowly, then increase the rate gradually until you can read no more rapidly without becoming indistinct in your utterance. Be careful never to go beyond the limit of distinctness in articulation.

#### I. MODERATE RATE.

**Moderate Rate** is that used in ordinary narration or description.

#### EXAMPLES.

1. In those good old days of simplicity and sunshine, a passion for cleanliness was the leading principle in domestic economy, and the universal test of an able housewife. The front door was never opened, except for marriages, funerals,

and on New Year's day, the festival of St. Nicholas, or some such great occasion.—*Irving*.

2. Old Tubal Cain was a man of might  
     In the days when the earth was young;  
 By the fierce red light of his furnace bright,  
     The strokes of his hammer rung;  
 And he lifted high his brawny hand  
     On the iron glowing clear,  
 Till the sparks rushed out in scarlet showers,  
     As he fashioned the sword and spear.     *Mackay*.
3. Over the hill the farm-boy goes:  
     His shadow lengthens along the land,  
     A giant staff in a giant hand;  
     In the poplar tree above the spring  
     The katydid begins to sing;  
     The early dews are falling.     *Trowbridge*.

## II. RAPID RATE.

**Rapid Rate** is used to express sentiments of *joy, gayety, mirth, anger, and fear*.

### EXAMPLES.

1. He galloped on,—his hat flew off,—he came under the coiner's house, and yelled a warning. A window was opened, and a man looked out.

The flood! the flood! Fly! Get on high ground, for your lives!—*Charles Reade*.

2. I come from haunts of coot and bern;  
     I make a sudden sally,  
     And sparkle out among the fern  
     To bicker down the valley.  
  
     By thirty hills I hurry down,  
     Or slip between the ridges,  
     By twenty thorps, a little town,  
     And half a hundred bridges.     *Tennyson*.
3. This tragical tale, which, they say, is a true one,  
     Is old; but the manner is wholly a new one.



One *Ovid*, a writer of some reputation;  
 Has told it before in a tedious narration;  
 In a style, to be sure, of remarkable fulness,  
 But which nobody reads on account of its dulness.

### III. SLOW RATE.

**Slow Rate** is used to express that which is *noble, dignified, or grand*; also that which is *solemn, subdued, pathetic, or grave*.

#### EXAMPLES.

1. O holy night! from thee I learn to bear  
 What man has borne before!  
 Thou layest thy finger on the lips of Care,  
 And they complain no more. *Longfellow.*

2. By Nebo's lonely mountain,  
 On this side Jordan's wave,  
 In the vale in the land of Moab,  
 There lies a lonely grave;  
 But no man dug that sepulchre,  
 And no man saw it e'er,  
 For the angels of God upturned the sod,  
 And laid the dead man there.

*Mrs. Alexander.*

3. Friends!

I came not here to talk. Ye know too well  
 The story of our thralldom. We are slaves!  
 The bright sun rises to his course, and lights  
 A race of slaves! he sets, and his last beam  
 Falls on a slave!

*Miss Mitford.*



Part II

# Choice Readings

FROM THE

Best Authors

## TO STUDENTS.

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*1. Study and understand fully what you attempt to read before reading it to others.*

*2. Let your position, whether sitting or standing, be both easy and graceful, with the chest fully expanded.*

*3. Breathe with ease and freedom, always taking breath before you feel the need of it, and before the lungs feel fatigued.*

*4. Read loud enough to be heard by those who are your auditors.*

*5. Cultivate a pleasant, musical voice, and adapt your tones to the spirit of the piece to be read.*

*6. Speak deliberately and distinctly, but be careful to avoid a stilted or over-nice style of articulation.*

*7. Read as if you were expressing your own thoughts, and felt the importance of making them understood by those to whom you read.*

# NORMAL

## FIFTH READER.

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### LESSON 1.

#### *AN OLD-FASHIONED SNOW-STORM.*

IT was one of those wide-sweeping, careering storms that may not much affect the city, but which strongly impress the country imagination with a sense of the personal qualities of the weather — power, persistency, fierceness, and roaring exultation. Out-doors was terrible to those who looked out of windows, and heard the raging wind, and saw the commotion in all the high tree-tops and the writhing of the low evergreens, and could not summon resolution to go forth and breast and conquer the bluster. The sky was dark with snow, which was not permitted to fall peacefully, like a blessed mantle, as it sometimes does, but was blown and rent and tossed like the split canvas of a ship in a gale.

2. The world was taken possession of by the demons of the air, who had their will of it. There is a sort of fascination in such a scene equal to that of a tempest at sea, and without its attendant and haunting sense of peril; there is no fear that the house will founder or dash against your neighbor's cottage, which is dimly seen anchored across the field; at every thundering onset there is no fear that the cook's galley will upset, or the

screw break loose and smash through the side, and we are not in momentary expectation of the tinkling of the little bell to "stop her."

3. The snow rises in drifting waves and the naked trees bend like strained masts, but so long as the window-blinds remain fast and the chimney-tops do not go, we preserve an equal mind. Nothing more serious can happen than the failure of the butcher's and the grocer's carts, unless, indeed, the little news-carrier should fail to board us with the world's daily bulletin, or our next-door neighbor should be deterred from coming to sit by the blazing, excited fire, and interchange the trifling, harmless gossip of the day. The feeling of seclusion on such a day is sweet, but the true friend who does brave the storm and come is welcomed with a sort of enthusiasm that his arrival in pleasant weather would never excite.

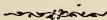
4. On such a day I recall the great snow-storms on the northern New England hills, which lasted for a week with no cessation, with no sunrise or sunset and no observation at noon, and the sky all the while dark with the driving snow, and the whole world full of the noise of the rioting Boreal forces, until the roads were obliterated, the fences covered, and the snow was piled solidly above the first-story windows of the farm-house on one side, and drifted before the front door so high that egress could only be had by tunneling the bank.

5. After such a battle and siege, when the wind fell, and the sun struggled out again, the pallid world lay subdued and tranquil, and the scattered dwellings were not unlike wrecks stranded by the tempest and half-buried in sand. But when the blue sky again bent over all, when the wide expanse of snow sparkled like diamond-fields and the chimney signal-smokes could be seen, how beautiful was the picture! Then began the stir abroad, and the efforts to open up communication through roads

or fields or wherever paths could be broken, and the ways to the meeting-house first of all.

6. Then from every house and hamlet the men turned out with shovels, with the patient, lumbering oxen yoked to the sleds, to break the roads, driving into the deepest drifts, shovelling and shouting as if the severe labor were a holiday frolic, the courage and the hilarity rising with the difficulties encountered; and relief parties, meeting at length in the midst of the wide white desolation, hailed each other as chance explorers in a new land and made the whole country-side ring with the noise of their congratulations.

7. There was as much excitement and healthy stirring of the blood in it as in the Fourth of July, and perhaps as much patriotism. The boy saw it in dumb show from the distant low farm-house window and wished he were a man. At night there were great stories of achievement told by the cavernous fireplace; great latitude was permitted in the estimation of the size of particular drifts, but never any agreement was reached as to the "depth on a level." I have observed since that people are quite as apt to agree upon the marvelous and the exceptional as upon simple facts.—*C. D. Warner.*



## LESSON 2.

### WHITTling.

THE Yankee boy, before he's sent to school,  
Well knows the mysteries of that magic tool,  
The pocket-knife. To that his wistful eye  
Turns, while he hears his mother's lullaby;  
His hoarded cents he gladly gives to get it,  
Then leaves no stone unturned till he can whet it;  
And in the education of the lad  
No little part that implement hath had.

His pocket-knife to the young whittler brings  
A growing knowledge of material things.

2. Projectiles, music, and the sculptor's art,  
His chestnut whistle, and his shingle dart,  
His elder pop-gun with its hickory rod,  
Its sharp explosion and rebounding wad,  
His corn-stalk fiddle, and the deeper tone  
That murmurs from his pumpkin-stalk trombone,  
Conspire to teach the boy. To these succeed  
His bow, his arrow of a feathered reed,  
His wind-mill, raised the passing breeze to win,  
His water-wheel, that turns upon a pin;  
Or, if his father lives upon the shore,  
You'll see his ship, "beam ends upon the floor,"  
Full rigged, with raking masts, and timbers staunch,  
And waiting, near the wash-tub, for a launch.
3. Thus, by his genius and his jack-knife driven,  
Ere long he'll solve you any problem given;  
Make any jim-crack, musical or mute,  
A plow, a couch, an organ, or a flute;  
Make you a locomotive or a clock,  
Cut a canal, or build a floating-dock,  
Or lead forth beauty from a marble block;—  
Make any thing, in short, for sea or shore,  
From a child's rattle to a seventy-four;—  
Make it, said I? — Aye, when he undertakes it,  
He'll make the thing, and the machine that makes it.
4. And when the thing is made,— whether it be  
To move on earth, in air, or on the sea;  
Whether on water, o'er the waves to glide,  
Or, upon land to roll, revolve, or slide;  
Whether to whirl or jar, to strike or ring,  
Whether it be a piston or a spring,



Wheel, pulley, tube sonorous, wood or brass,  
The thing designed shall surely come to pass ;  
For, when his hands upon it, you may know  
That there 's go in it, and he 'll make it go.

*John Pierpont.*

### LESSON 3.

#### *SOMEBODY'S DARLING.*

**I**NTO a ward of the whitewashed walls,  
Where the dead and the dying lay —  
Wounded by bayonets, shells and balls —  
Somebody's darling was borne one day.  
Somebody's darling ! So young and so brave,  
Wearing still on his pale, sweet face,  
Soon to be hid by the dust of the grave,  
The lingering light of his boyhood's grace.

2. Matted and damp are the curls of gold  
Kissing the snow of the fair young brow,  
Pale are the lips of delicate mould —  
Somebody's darling is dying now.  
Back from the beautiful, blue-veined face  
Brush every wandering silken thread ;  
Cross his hands as a sign of grace —  
Somebody's darling is still and dead.
3. Kiss him once for *somebody's* sake,  
Murmur a prayer soft and low,  
One bright curl from the cluster take —  
They were somebody's pride, you know.  
Somebody's hand had rested there ;  
Was it a mother's, soft and white ?  
And have the lips of a sister fair  
Been baptized in those waves of light ?

4. God knows best. He was somebody's love;  
Somebody's heart enshrined him there,  
Somebody wafted his name above,  
Night and morn on the wings of prayer.  
Somebody wept when he marched away,  
Looking so handsome, brave, and grand;  
Somebody's kiss on his forehead lay;  
Somebody clung to his parting hand.

5. Somebody's watching and waiting for him,  
Yearning to hold him again to her heart;  
There he lies — with the blue eyes dim;  
And the smiling, child-like lips apart.  
Tenderly bury the fair young dead,  
Pausing to drop on his grave a tear;  
Carve on the wooden slab at his head —  
“*Somebody's darling lies buried here!*”



## LESSON 4.

### GETTING THE RIGHT START.

THE first great lesson a young man should learn, is, that *he knows nothing*; and that the earlier and more thoroughly this lesson is learned, the better it will be for his peace of mind, and his success in life. A young man bred at home, and growing up in the light of parental admiration and fraternal pride, cannot readily understand how it is, that every one else can be his equal in talent and acquisition. If bred in the country, and he seek the life of the town, he will very early obtain an idea of his insignificance.

2. This is a critical period in his history. The result of his reasoning will decide his fate. If, at this time, he thoroughly comprehend, and in his soul admit and accept

the fact, that *he knows nothing* and *is nothing*; if he bow to the conviction that his mind and his person are but ciphers, and that whatever he is *to be*, and is *to win*, must be achieved by *hard work*, there is abundant hope of him.

3. If, on the contrary, a huge self-conceit still hold possession of him, and he straighten stiffly up to the assertion of his old and valueless self,—or, if he sink discouraged upon the threshold of a life of fierce competitions, and more manly emulations, he might as well be a dead man. The world has no use for such a man, and he has only to retire or be trodden upon.

4. When a young man has thoroughly comprehended the fact that *he knows nothing*, and that, intrinsically, he is of but *little value*, the next thing for him to learn is that *the world cares nothing for him*,—that he is the subject of no man's overwhelming admiration and esteem,—that he must take care of himself.

5. If he be a stranger, he will find every man busy with his own affairs, and none to look after him. He will not be noticed until he becomes *noticeable*, and he will not become noticeable until he *does something* to prove that he has an absolute value in society. No letter of recommendation will give him this, or ought to give him this. No family connection will give him this, except among those few who think more of blood than brains.

6. Society demands that a young man *shall be somebody*, not only, but that *he shall prove his right to the title*; and it has a right to demand this. Society will not take this matter upon trust,—at least, not for a long time; for it has been cheated too frequently. Society is not very particular what a man does, so that it prove him to be a *man*: then it will bow to him, and make room for him.

7. There is no surer sign of an unmanly and cowardly spirit, than a vague desire for *help*,—a wish to *depend*, to *lean* upon somebody, and enjoy the fruits of the industry

of others. There are multitudes of young men who indulge in dreams of help from some quarter, coming in at a convenient moment, to enable them to secure the success in life which they covet. The vision haunts them of some benevolent old gentleman, with a pocket full of money, a trunk full of mortgages and stocks, and a mind remarkably appreciative of merit and genius, who will, perhaps, give or lend them from ten to twenty thousand dollars, with which they will commence and go on swimmingly.

8. To me, one of the most disgusting sights in the world, is that of a young man with healthy blood, broad shoulders, and a hundred and fifty pounds, more or less, of good bone and muscle, standing with his hands in his pockets, longing for help. I admit that there are positions in which the most independent spirit may accept of assistance,—may, in fact, as a choice of evils, desire it; but for a man who is able to help himself, to desire the help of others in the accomplishment of his plans of life, is positive proof that he has received a most unfortunate training, or that there is a leaven of meanness in his composition that should make him shudder.

9. When, therefore, a young man has ascertained and fully received the fact that he does not know anything, that the world does not care anything about him, that what he wins must be won by his own brain and brawn, and that while he holds in his own hands the means of gaining his own livelihood and the objects of his life, he cannot receive assistance without compromising his self-respect and selling his freedom, he is in a fair position for beginning life. When a young man becomes aware that only by *his own efforts* can he rise into companionship and competition with the sharp, strong, and well-drilled minds around him, he is ready for work, and not before.

10. The next lesson is, that of *patience*, thoroughness of preparation, and contentment with the regular channels of business effort and enterprise. This is, perhaps,





L. J. Holland

one of the most difficult to learn, of all the lessons of life. It is natural for the mind to reach out eagerly for immediate results.

11. As manhood dawns, and the young man catches in its first light the pinnacles of realized dreams, the golden domes of high possibilities, and the purpling hills of great delights, and then looks down upon the narrow, sinuous, long, and dusty path by which others have reached them, he is apt to be disgusted with the passage, and to seek for success through broader channels, by quicker means. Beginning at the very foot of the hill, and working slowly to the top, seems a very discouraging process; and precisely at this point have thousands of young men made shipwreck of their lives.

12. Let this be understood, then, at starting; that the patient conquest of difficulties, which rise in the regular and legitimate channels of business and enterprise, is not only essential in securing the successes which you seek, but it is essential to that preparation of your mind requisite for the enjoyment of your successes, and for retaining them when gained. It is the general rule of Providence, the world over, and in all time, that unearned success is a curse. It is the rule of Providence that the process of earning success shall be the preparation for its conservation and enjoyment.

13. So, day by day, and week by week; so, month after month, and year after year, *work on*, and in that process gain strength and symmetry, and nerve and knowledge, that when success, patiently and bravely worked for, shall come, it may find you prepared to receive it and keep it. The development which you will get in this brave and patient labor will prove itself, in the end, the most valuable of your successes. It will help to make a *man* of you. It will give you *power* and *self-reliance*. It will give you not only *self-respect*, but *the respect of your fellows and the public*.—*J. G. Holland.*



## LESSON 5.

*HANDSOME IS THAT HANDSOME DOES.*

**H**ANDSOME is that handsome does,—hold up your heads, girls,” was the language of Primrose, in the play, when addressing her daughters. The worthy matron was right. What is good looking, as Horace Smith remarks, but looking good? Be good, be womanly, be gentle,—generous in your sympathies, heedful of the well-being of all around you; and, my word for it, you will not lack kind words of admiration. Loving and pleasant associations will gather about you.

2. Never mind the ugly reflection which your glass may give you. The mirror has no heart. But quite another picture is yours on the retina of human sympathy. There the beauty of holiness, of purity, of that inward grace which passeth show, rests over it, softening and mellowing its features just as the calm moonlight melts those of a rough landscape into harmonious loveliness.

3. “Hold up your heads, girls,” I repeat after Primrose. Why should you not? Every mother’s daughter of you *can* be beautiful. You can envelop yourselves in an atmosphere of moral and intellectual beauty, through which your otherwise plain faces will look forth like those of angels.

4. Beautiful to Ledyard, stiffening in the cold of a northern winter, seemed the diminutive, smoke-stained women of Lapland, who wrapped him in their furs and ministered to his necessities with kindness and gentle words of compassion. Lovely to the homesick heart of Park seemed the dark maids of Sego, as they sung their low and simple song of welcome beside his bed, and sought to comfort the white stranger, who had “no mother to bring him milk and no wife to grind him corn.”



5. Oh, talk as we may of beauty as a thing to be chiselled from marble or wrought out on canvas; speculate as we may upon its colors and outlines, what is it but an intellectual abstraction after all? The heart feels a beauty of another kind; looking through the outward environment it discovers a deeper and more real loveliness.

6. This was well understood by the old painters. In their pictures of Mary, the virgin mother, the beauty which melts and subdues the gazer is that of the soul and the affections, uniting the awe and mystery of that mother's miraculous allotment with the irrepressible love, the unutterable tenderness of young maternity,—Heaven's crowning miracle with Nature's holiest and sweetest instinct.

7. And their pale Magdalens, holy with the look of sins forgiven,—how the divine beauty of their penitence sinks into the heart! Do we not feel that the only real deformity is sin, and that goodness evermore hallows and sanctifies its dwelling-place? When the soul is at rest, when the passions and desires are all attuned to the divine harmony,—

“Spirits moving musically  
To a lute's well-ordered law,”

do we not read the placid significance thereof in the human countenance?

8. “I have seen,” said Charles Lamb, “faces upon which the dove of peace sat brooding.” In that simple and beautiful record of a holy life, the “Journal of John Woolman,” there is a passage of which I have been more than once reminded in my intercourse with my fellow-beings: “Some glances of real beauty may be seen in their faces who dwell in true meekness. There is a divine harmony in the sound of that voice to which divine love gives utterance.”

9. Quite the ugliest face I ever saw was that of a woman whom the world calls beautiful. Through its "silver veil" the evil and ungentle passions looked out hideous and hateful. On the other hand, there are faces which the multitude at the first glance pronounce homely, unattractive, and such as "Nature fashions by the gross," which I always recognize with a warm heart-thrill; not for the world would I have one feature changed; they please me as they are; they are hallowed by kind memories; they are beautiful through their associations; nor are they any the less welcome that with my admiration of them "the stranger intermeddled not."



## LESSON 6.

### *IT SNOWS.*

**I**T snows!" cries the school-boy, "Hurrah!" and his shout  
Is ringing through parlor and hall,  
While, swift as the wing of a swallow, he's out,  
And his playmates have answered his call;  
It makes the heart leap but to witness their joy,  
Proud wealth has no pleasures, I trow,  
Like the rapture that throbs in the pulse of the boy  
As he gathers his treasures of snow;  
Then lay not the trappings of gold on thy heirs,  
While health, and the riches of nature, are theirs.

### 2.

"It snows!" sighs the imbecile, "Ah!" and his breath  
Comes heavy, as clogged with a weight;  
While, from the pale aspect of nature in death,  
He turns to the blaze of his grate,  
And nearer and nearer his soft-cushioned chair  
Is wheeled toward the life-giving flame;

He dreads a chill puff of the snow-burdened air,  
Lest it wither his delicate frame ;  
Oh ! small is the pleasure existence can give,  
When the fear we shall die only proves that we live !

## 3.

"It snows !" cries the Traveller, "Ho !" and the word  
Has quickened his steed's lagging pace ;  
The wind rushes by, but its howl is unheard,  
Unfelt the sharp drift in his face ;  
For bright through the tempest his own home appeared,  
Ay, though leagues intervened, he can see :  
There 's the clear, glowing hearth, and the table prepared,  
And his wife with her babes at her knee ;  
Blest thought ! how it lightens the grief-laden hour,  
That those we love dearest are safe from its power !

## 4.

"It snows !" cries the Belle, "Dear, how lucky !" and turns  
From her mirror to watch the flakes fall ;  
Like the first rose of summer, her dimpled cheek burns,  
While musing on sleigh-ride and ball :  
There are visions of conquests, of splendor, and mirth,  
Floating over each drear winter's day ;  
But the tintings of Hope, on this storm-beaten earth,  
Will melt like the snow-flakes away :  
Turn, turn thee to Heaven, fair maiden, for bliss ;  
That world has a pure fount ne'er opened in this.

## 5.

"It snows !" cries the Widow, "Oh, God !" and her sighs  
Have stifled the voice of her prayer ;  
Its burden ye 'll read in her tear-swollen eyes,  
On her cheek sunk with fasting and care.  
'Tis night, and her fatherless ask her for bread ;  
But "He gives the young ravens their food,"

And she trusts, till her dark hearth adds horror to dread,  
And she lays on her last chip of wood.  
Poor sufferer! that sorrow thy God only knows;  
'Tis a most bitter lot to be poor, when it snows!

*Mrs. S. J. Hale.*



## LESSON 7.

### *LEARNING TO PRAY.*

**K**NEELING fair in the twilight gray,  
A beautiful child was trying to pray —  
His cheek on his mother's knee,  
His bare little feet half-hidden,  
His smile still coming unbidden,  
And his heart brimful of glee.

2. "I want to laugh. Is it naughty? Say,  
O mamma! I've had such fun to-day,  
I hardly can say my prayers.  
I don't feel just like praying;  
I want to be out-doors playing,  
And run, all undressed, down-stairs.
3. "I can see the flowers in the garden-bed,  
Shining so pretty, and sweet, and red;  
And Sammy is swinging, I guess.  
Oh, everything is so fine out there,  
I want to put it all in the prayer.  
(Do you mean I can do it by 'Yes'?)
4. "When I say, 'Now I lay me,' word for word,  
It seems to me as if nobody heard;  
Would 'Thank you, dear God,' be right?  
He gave me my mammy,  
And papa, and Sammy,  
O mamma! you nodded I might."

5. Claspings his hands and hiding his face,  
Unconsciously yearning for help and grace,  
The little one now began.  
His mother's nod and sanction sweet  
Had led him close to the dear Lord's feet,  
And his words like music ran :
6. "Thank you for making this home so nice,  
The flowers, and folks, and my two white mice.  
(I wish I could keep right on.)  
I thank you, too, for every day —  
Only I'm 'most too glad to pray.  
Dear God, I think I am done.
7. "Now, mamma, rock me, just a minute,  
And sing the hymn with 'darling' in it.  
I wish I *could* say my prayers!  
When I get big, I know I can.  
Oh, won't it be nice to be a man,  
And stay all night down-stairs!"
8. The mother, singing, clasped him tight,  
Kissing and cooing her fond "Good-night,"  
And treasured his every word ;  
For well she knew that the artless joy  
And love of her precious, innocent boy  
Were a prayer that her Lord had heard.

*Mary B. Dodge.*

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**EXERCISE.**

*Write expressions equivalent to the following :*

1. His smile still coming unbidden.
2. Unconsciously yearning for help and grace
3. His mother's nod and sanction sweet.

## LESSON 8.

## ADVICE TO THE YOUNG.

YOUNG friends, in whatever pursuits you may engage, you must not forget that the lawful objects of human efforts are but means to higher results and nobler ends. Start not forward in life with the idea of becoming mere seekers of pleasure,—sportive butterflies searching for gaudy flowers. Consider and act with reference to the true ends of existence.

2. This world is but the vestibule of an immortal life. Every action of your life touches on some chord that will vibrate in eternity. These thoughts and motives within you stir the pulses of a deathless spirit. Act not, then, as mere creatures of this life, who, for a little while, are to walk the valleys and the hills, to enjoy the sunshine and to breathe the air, and then pass away and be no more; but *act* as immortals, with an *aim* and a *purpose* worthy of your high nature.

3. Set before you, as the chief object to be obtained, an *end* that is superior to any on earth,—*a desirable end*, A PERFECT END. Labor to accomplish a work which shall survive unchanged and beautiful, when time shall have withered the garland of youth, when thrones of power and monuments of art shall have crumbled into ashes; and finally, aim to achieve something, which, when these our mutable and perishing voices are hushed forever, shall live amid the songs and triumphs of IMMORTALITY.

4. Well will it be for you, if you have a *guide* within, which will aid you in every issue, which will arm you in every temptation, and comfort you in every sorrow. Consult, then, that Volume whose precepts will never fail you. Consult it with a deep aspiration after the true and good, and it shall illuminate your understanding with divine realities.

5. Open your soul, and it shall breathe into it a holy influence, and fill all its wants. Bind it close to your heart; it will be a shield against all the assaults of evil. Read it in the lonely hour of desertion; it will be the best of companions. Open it when the voyage of life is troubled; it is a sure chart. Study it in poverty; it will unhoard to you inexhaustible riches. Commune with it in sickness; it contains the medicine of the soul. Clasp it when dying, it is the charter of immortality.

*E. H. Chapin.*



## LESSON 9.

### *RIP VAN WINKLE.*

HE now hurried forth, and hastened to his old resort, the village inn, but it, too, was gone. A large, rickety wooden building stood in its place, with great gaping windows, some of them broken, and mended with old hats and petticoats; and over the door was painted, "The Union Hotel, by Jonathan Doolittle." Instead of the great tree that used to shelter the quiet little Dutch inn of yore, there now was reared a tall naked pole, with something on the top that looked like a red night-cap, and from it was fluttering a flag, on which was a singular assemblage of stars and stripes; all this was strange and incomprehensible.

2. He recognized on the sign, however, the ruby face of King George, under which he had smoked so many a peaceful pipe; but even this was singularly metamorphosed: the red coat was changed for one of blue and buff, a sword was held in the hand instead of a scepter, the head was decorated with a cocked hat, and underneath was painted in large characters, "General Washington."

3. There was, as usual, a crowd of folk about the door, but none that Rip recollected. The very character of

the people seemed changed. There was a busy, bustling, disputatious tone about it, instead of the accustomed phlegm and drowsy tranquillity. He looked in vain for the sage Nicholas Vedder, with his broad face, double chin, and fair, long pipe, uttering clouds of tobacco smoke, instead of idle speeches; or Van Bummel, the schoolmaster, doling forth the contents of an ancient newspaper.

4. In place of these, a lean, bilious-looking fellow, with his pocket full of handbills, was haranguing vehemently about rights of citizens, elections, members of Congress, liberty, Bunker's Hill, heroes of seventy-six, and other words, which were a perfect Babylonish jargon to the bewildered Van Winkle.

5. The appearance of Rip, with his long, grizzled beard, his rusty fowling-piece, his uncouth dress, and an army of women and children at his heels, soon attracted the attention of the tavern politicians. They crowded around him, eying him from head to foot with great curiosity. The orator hustled up to him, and, drawing him partly aside, inquired "on which side he voted?" Rip stared in vacant stupidity.

6. Another short but busy little fellow pulled him by the arm, and, rising on tiptoe, inquired in his ear "whether he was Federal or Democrat?"

7. Rip was equally at a loss to comprehend the question, when a knowing, self-important old gentleman, in a sharp cocked hat, made his way through the crowd, putting them to the right and left with his elbows as he passed, and planting himself before Van Winkle, with one arm akimbo, the other resting on his cane, his keen eyes and sharp hat penetrating, as it were, into his very soul, demanded, in an austere tone, "what brought him to the election with a gun on his shoulder and a mob at his heels, and whether he meant to breed a riot in the village?" "Alas! gentlemen," cried Rip, somewhat dis-



mayer, "I am a poor, quiet man, a native of the place, and a loyal subject of the king, God bless him!"

8. Here a general shout burst from the by-standers: "A tory! a tory! a spy! a refugee! hustle him! away with him!" It was with great difficulty that the self-important man in the cocked hat restored order; and, having assumed a tenfold austerity of brow, demanded again of the unknown culprit what he came there for, and whom he was seeking? The poor man humbly assured him that he meant no harm, but merely came there in search of some of his neighbors, who used to keep about the tavern. "Well, who are they? name them." Rip bethought himself a moment, and inquired, "Where's Nicholas Vedder?"

9. There was a silence for a little while, when an old man replied, in a thin, piping voice, "Nicholas Vedder! why, he is dead and gone these eighteen years! There was a wooden tombstone in the church-yard that used to tell all about him, but that's rotten and gone too." "Where's Brom Dutcher?" "Oh, he went off to the army in the beginning of the war. Some say he was killed at the storming of Stony Point; others say he was drowned in a squall at the foot of Antony's Nose. I don't know; he never came back again."

10. "Where's Van Bummel, the schoolmaster?" "He went off to the wars, too; was a great militia general, and is now in Congress." Rip's heart died away at hearing of these sad changes in his home and friends, and finding himself thus alone in the world. Every answer puzzled him, too, by treating of such enormous lapses of time, and of matters which he could not understand — war, Congress, Stony Point. He had no courage to ask after any more friends, but cried out in despair, "Does nobody here know Rip Van Winkle?"

11. "Oh, Rip Van Winkle!" exclaimed two or three. "Oh, to be sure! That's Rip Van Winkle, yonder,

leaning against the tree." Rip looked, and beheld a precise counterpart of himself as he went up the mountain; apparently as lazy, and certainly as ragged. The poor fellow was now completely confounded; he doubted his own identity, and whether he was himself or another man. In the midst of his bewilderment, the man in the cocked hat demanded who he was, and what was his name?

12. "God knows!" exclaimed he, at his wit's end. "I'm not myself; I'm somebody else; that's me, yonder; no, that's somebody else got into my shoes. I was myself last night, but I fell asleep on the mountain, and they've changed my gun, and everything's changed, and I'm changed, and I can't tell what's my name or who I am!"

13. The by-standers began now to look at each other, nod, wink significantly, and tap their fingers against their foreheads. There was a whisper, also, about securing the gun, and keeping the old fellow from doing mischief, at the very suggestion of which the self-important man in the cocked hat retired with some precipitation.

14. At this critical moment a fresh, comely woman pressed through the throng to get a peep at the gray-bearded man. She had a chubby child in her arms, which, frightened at his looks, began to cry. "Hush, Rip!" cried she; "hush, you little fool! the old man won't hurt you." The name of the child, the air of the mother, the tone of her voice, all awakened a train of recollections in his mind. "What is your name, my good woman?" asked he. "Judith Gardenier." "And your father's name?" "Ah, poor man! Rip Van Winkle was his name, but it's twenty years since he went away from home with his gun, and has never been heard of since; his dog came home without him; but whether he shot himself, or was carried away by the Indians, nobody can tell. I was then but a little girl."

15. Rip had but one question more to ask, but he put

it with a faltering voice: "Where's your mother?" "Oh, she, too, had died but a short time since; she broke a blood-vessel in a fit of passion at a New England peddler." There was a drop of comfort, at least, in this intelligence. The honest man could contain himself no longer. He caught his daughter and her child in his arms. "I am your father!" cried he. "Young Rip Van Winkle once, old Rip Van Winkle now! Does nobody know poor Rip Van Winkle?"

16. All stood amazed, until an old woman, tottering out from among the crowd, put her hand to her brow, and peering under it in his face for a moment, exclaimed, "Sure enough! it is Rip Van Winkle! it is himself! Welcome home again, old neighbor. Why, where have you been these twenty long years?" Rip's story was soon told, for the whole twenty years had been to him but as one night.

17. To make a long story short, the company broke up and returned to the more important concerns of the election. Rip's daughter took him home to live with her. She had a snug, well-furnished house, and a stout, cheery farmer for a husband, whom Rip recollected for one of the urchins that used to climb upon his back. Rip now resumed his old walks and habits. He soon found many of his former cronies, though all rather worse for the wear and tear of time, and preferred making friends among the rising generation, with whom he soon grew into great favor.—*Washington Irving.*

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#### EXERCISE.

*Write expressions equivalent to the following:*

1. All this was strange and incomprehensible.
2. Even this was singularly metamorphosed.
3. Rip stared in vacant stupidity.
4. Beheld a precise counterpart of himself.

## LESSON 10.

*I SHALL MISS THE CHILDREN.*

WHEN the lessons and tasks are all ended,  
And the school for the day is dismissed,  
And the little ones gather around me  
To bid me good-night and be kissed ;  
Oh, the little white arms that encircle  
My neck in a tender embrace !  
Oh, the smiles that are halos of heaven,  
Shedding sunshine of love on my face !

2. And when they are gone I sit dreaming  
Of my childhood too lovely to last,  
Of love that my heart will remember  
When it wakes to the pulse of the past,  
Ere the world and its wickedness made me  
A partner of sorrow and sin,  
When the glory of God was about me  
And the glory of gladness within.
3. Oh, my heart grows weak as a woman's,  
And the fountains of feeling will flow,  
When I think of the paths steep and stony,  
Where the feet of the dear ones must go ;  
Of the mountains of sin hanging o'er them,  
Of the tempest of Fate blowing wild ;  
Oh, there is nothing on earth half so holy  
As the innocent heart of a child.
4. They are idols of hearts and of households,  
They are angels of God in disguise ;  
His sunlight still sleeps in their tresses,  
His glory still gleams in their eyes ;  
Oh ! those truants from home and from heaven,  
They have made me more manly and mild,  
And I know how Jesus could liken  
The kingdom of God to a child.

5. I ask not a life for the dear ones  
All radiant, as others have done,  
But that life may have just enough shadow  
To temper the glare of the sun.  
I would pray God to guard them from evil,  
But my prayer would bound back to myself;  
Ah! a seraph may pray for a sinner,  
But a sinner must pray for himself.
6. The twig is so easily bended,  
I have banished the rule and the rod;  
I have taught them the goodness of knowledge,  
They have taught me the goodness of God.  
My heart is a dungeon of darkness,  
Where I shut them from breaking a rule;  
My frown is sufficient correction;  
My love is the law of the school.
7. I shall leave the old house in the autumn,  
To traverse its threshold no more;  
Ah! how shall I sigh for the dear ones  
That meet me each morn at the door;  
I shall miss the "good-nights" and the kisses,  
And the gush of their innocent glee,  
The group on the green and the flowers  
That are brought every morning to me.
8. I shall miss them at morn and at eve,  
Their song in the school and the street;  
I shall miss the low hum of their voices,  
And the tramp of their delicate feet.  
When the lessons and tasks are all ended,  
And Death says, "The school is dismissed!"  
May the little ones gather around me,  
To bid me good-night, and be kissed!

*C. M. Dickinson.*

## LESSON 11.

*THE WONDERFUL "ONE-HOSS SHAY."*

**H**AVE you heard of the wonderful one-hoss shay,  
That was built in such a logical way  
It ran a hundred years to a day,  
And then, of a sudden, it — Ah, but stay,  
I'll tell you what happened, without delay; —  
Scaring the parson into fits,  
Frightening people out of their wits —  
Have you ever heard of that, I say?

2. Seventeen hundred and fifty-five,  
*Georgius Secundus* was then alive —  
Snuffy old drone from the German hive!  
That was the year when Lisbon town  
Saw the earth open and gulp her down;  
And Braddock's army was done so brown,  
Left without a scalp to its crown.  
It was on the terrible Earthquake-day  
That the deacon finished the one-hoss shay.
3. Now, in building of chaises, I tell you what,  
There is always, somewhere, a weakest spot —  
In hub, tire, felloe, in spring or thill,  
In panel or cross-bar, or floor, or sill,  
In screw, bolt, thoroughbrace — lurking still,  
Find it somewhere you must and will —  
Above or below, or within or without —  
And that's the reason, beyond a doubt,  
A chaise breaks down, but does n't wear out.
4. But the Deacon swore — (as Deacons do,  
With an "I dew vum" or an "I tell yeou") —  
He would build one shay to beat the taown  
'N' the keounty 'n' all the kentry raoun';  
It should be so built that it couldn' break daown:

"Fur," said the Deacon, "'t's mighty plain  
Thut the weakes' place mus' stan' the strain;  
'N' the way t' fix it, uz I maintain,  
Is only jest  
T' make that place uz strong uz the rest."

5. So the Deacon inquired of the village folk  
Where he could find the strongest oak,  
That could n't be split, nor bent, nor broke —  
That was for spokes, and floor, and sills:  
He sent for lancewood to make the thills;  
The cross-bars were ash, from the straightest trees;  
The panels of white-wood, that cuts like cheese,  
But lasts like iron for things like these;  
The hubs of logs from the "Settler's ellum" —  
Last of its timber — they could n't sell 'em;  
Never an ax hath seen their chips,  
And the wedges flew from between their lips,  
Their blunt ends frizzled like celery tips;
6. Step and prop-iron, bolt and screw,  
Spring, tire, axle, and linchpin too,  
Steel of the finest, bright and blue;  
Thoroughbrace, bison-skin, thick and wide;  
Boot, top, dasher, tough old hide,  
Found in the pit where the tanner died.  
That was the way he "Put her through."  
"There!" said the Deacon, "naow she 'll dew!"
7. Do! I tell you, I rather guess  
She was a wonder, and nothing less!  
Colts grew horses, beards turned gray,  
Deacon and deaconess dropped away;  
Children and grandchildren — where were they?  
But there stood the stout old one-hoss shay,  
As fresh as on Lisbon-earthquake-day!

8. EIGHTEEN HUNDRED — it came, and found  
The Deacon's masterpiece strong and sound.  
Eighteen hundred, increased by ten —  
"Hahnsum kerridge" they called it then.  
Eighteen hundred and twenty came;  
Running as usual — much the same.  
Thirty and forty at last arrive;  
And then came fifty — and 'FIFTY-FIVE.
9. Little of all we value here  
Wakes on the morn of its hundredth year,  
Without both feeling and looking queer.  
In fact, there 's nothing that keeps its youth,  
So far as I know, but a tree and truth.  
(This is a moral that runs at large:  
Take it. You're welcome. No extra charge.)
10. FIRST OF NOVEMBER — the Earthquake-day.  
There are traces of age in the one-hoss shay,  
A general flavor of mild decay,  
But nothing local, as one may say.  
There could n't be — for the Deacon's art  
Had made it so like in every part,  
That there was n't a chance for one to start,  
For the wheels were just as strong as the thills,  
And the floor was just as strong as the sills,  
And the panels just as strong as the floor,  
And the whipple-tree neither less nor more,  
And the back cross-bar as strong as the fore,  
And spring, and axle, and hub encore.  
And yet, as a whole, it is past a doubt  
In another hour it will be worn out!
11. First of November, 'Fifty-five!  
This morning the parson takes a drive.  
Now, small boys, get out of the way!  
Here comes the wonderful one-hoss shay,



Drawn by a rat-tailed, ewe-necked bay.  
“Huddup!” said the parson. Off went they!

12. The parson was working his Sunday text,—  
Had got to the *fifthly*, and stopped perplexed,  
And what the—Moses—was coming next.  
All at once the horse stood still,  
Close by the meet’n’-house on the hill.  
—First a shiver, then a thrill,  
Then something decidedly like a spill—  
And the parson was sitting upon a rock,  
At half-past nine by the meet’n’-house clock—  
Just the hour of the Earthquake shock!
13. What do you think the parson found,  
When he got up and stared around?  
The poor old chaise in a heap or mound,  
As if it had been to the mill and ground!  
You see, of course, if you’re not a dunce,  
How it went to pieces all at once—  
All at once, and nothing first—  
Just as bubbles do when they burst.  
End of the wonderful one-hoss shay.  
Logic is logic. That’s all-I say. *O. W. Holmes.*
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## LESSON 12.

### AIM AT ACCURATE HABITS OF THOUGHT.

**T**HINKING is the exercise which strengthens the mind, and without which no progress can be made in mental cultivation. A man may read, and hear, and talk; he may devour volumes, and listen to lectures every night, and yet, if he does not think, he will make after all but little if any improvement. His head will be full of

something, but it will be a crowd of lumber, like the articles in a broker's shop. He must think; he must turn over subjects in his mind; he must look at them on every side; he must trace the connection between ideas, and have everything orderly arranged.

2. A man may even think a great deal, and not think clearly; his mind may be at work, and yet always be in confusion; there may be no clear arrangement, and it is quite possible to mistake muddiness for depth. There are some men who appear very thoughtful, but, from never aiming at accurate habits of thought, they talk most unintelligibly. There seems to be neither beginning, middle, nor end in what they say; all is a confused jumble.

3. Writing carefully is a good plan for acquiring habits of clear and connected thought, since a man is more likely to detect the disorder of his thoughts in writing than in talking.—*Rev. J. Stoughton.*



## LESSON 13.

### THE TWO ROADS.

IT was New-Year's night; and Von Arden, having fallen into an unquiet slumber, dreamed that he was an aged man standing at a window. He raised his mournful eyes toward the deep blue sky, where the stars were floating, like white lilies on the surface of a clear, calm lake. Then he cast them on the earth, where few more helpless beings than himself now moved toward their certain goal—the tomb.

2. Already, as it seemed to him, he had passed sixty of the stages which lead to it, and he had brought from his journey nothing but errors and remorse. His health was destroyed, his mind vacant, his heart sorrowful, and his old age devoid of comfort.

3. The days of his youth rose up in a vision before him, and he recalled the solemn moment when his father had placed him at the entrance of two roads—one leading into a peaceful, sunny land, covered with a fertile harvest, and resounding with soft, sweet songs; the other leading the wanderer into a deep, dark cave, whence there was no issue, where poison flowed instead of water, and where serpents hissed and crawled.

4. He looked toward the sky, and cried out in his agony, "Oh, days of my youth, return! Oh, my father, place me once more at the entrance to life, that I may choose the better way!" But the days of his youth and his father had both passed away.

5. He saw wandering lights floating away over dark marshes, and then disappear: these were the days of his wasted life. He saw a star fall from heaven, and vanish in darkness: this was an emblem of himself; and the sharp arrows of unavailing remorse struck home to his heart. Then he remembered his early companions, who entered on life with him, but who, having trod the paths of virtue and of labor, were now honored and happy on this New-Year's night.

6. The clock in the high church-tower struck, and, the sound falling on his ear, recalled his parents' early love for him, their erring son; the lessons they had taught him; the prayers they had offered up on his behalf. Overwhelmed with shame and grief, he dared no longer look toward that heaven where his father dwelt; his darkened eyes dropped tears, and with one despairing effort he cried aloud, "Come back, my early days! come back!"

7. And his youth *did* return; for all this was but a dream which visited his slumbers on New-Year's night. He was still young; his faults alone were real. He thanked God fervently that time was still his own; that he had not yet entered the deep, dark cavern, but that

he was free to tread the road leading to the peaceful land, where sunny harvests wave.

8. Ye who still linger on the threshold of life, doubting which path to choose, remember that, when years have passed, and your feet stumble on the dark mountain, you will cry bitterly, but cry in vain: "Oh, youth return! Oh, give me back my early days!"—*Richter*.



## LESSON 14.

### TO THE KATYDID.

I LOVE to hear thine earnest voice,  
Wherever thou art hid,  
Thou testy little dogmatist,  
Thou pretty Katydid!  
Thou mindest me of gentlefolks,—  
Old gentlefolks are they,—  
Thou say'st an undisputed thing  
In such a solemn way.

2. Thou art a female Katydid!  
I know it by the trill  
That quivers through thy piercing notes,  
So petulant and shrill.  
I think there is a knot of you  
Beneath the hollow tree,—  
A knot of spinster Katydids,—  
Do Katydids drink tea?
3. Oh, tell me, where did Katy live,  
And what did Katy do?  
And was she very fair and young,  
And yet so wicked, too?

Did Katy love a naughty man,  
Or kiss more cheeks than one?  
I warrant Katy did no more  
Than many a Kate has done.

4. Dear me: I'll tell you all about  
My fuss with little Jane,  
And Ann, with whom I used to walk  
So often down the lane,  
And all that tore their locks of black,  
Or wet their eyes of blue;—  
Pray, tell me, sweetest Katydid,  
What did poor Katy do?

5. Ah, no! the living oak shall crash  
That stood for ages still,  
The rock shall rend its mossy base  
And thunder down the hill,  
Before the little Katydid  
Shall add one word, to tell  
The mystic story of the maid  
Whose name she knows so well.

6. Peace to the ever-murmuring race!  
And when the latest one  
Shall fold in death her feeble wings,  
Beneath the autumn sun,  
Then shall she raise her fainting voice  
And lift her drooping lid,  
And then the child of future years  
Shall hear what Katy did. *O. W. Holmes.*



## LESSON 15.

*MRS. LOFTY AND I.*

MRS. LOFTY keeps a carriage,  
So do I;  
She has dapple grays to draw it,  
None have I;  
She's no prouder with her coachman  
Than am I;  
With my blue-eyed laughing baby,  
Trundling by;  
I hide his face, lest she should see  
The cherub boy, and envy me.

2. Her fine husband has white fingers,  
Mine has not;  
He could give his bride a palace —  
Mine a cot;  
Hers comes home beneath the starlight —  
Ne'er cares she;  
Mine comes in the purple twilight,  
Kisses me,  
And prays that He who turns life's sands  
Will hold his loved ones in His hands.

3. Mrs. Lofty has her jewels,  
So have I;  
She wears hers upon her bosom —  
Inside I;  
She will leave hers at death's portal  
By-and-by;  
I shall bear my treasure with me  
When I die;  
For I have love and she has gold:  
She counts her wealth — mine can't be told.

4. She has those who love her station,  
None have I ;  
But I've one true heart beside me :  
Glad am I ;  
I'd not change it for a kingdom,  
No, not I ;  
God will weigh it in His balance,  
By-and-by ;  
And the difference define  
'Twixt Mrs. Lofty's wealth and mine.
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## LESSON 16.

## LAFAYETTE.

WHILE we bring our offerings for the mighty of our *own* land, shall we not remember the chivalrous spirits of *other* shores, who shared with them the hour of weakness and woe? Pile to the clouds the majestic column of glory; let the lips of those who can speak well, hallow each spot where the bones of your bold repose; but forget not those who, with your bold, went out to battle.

2. Among those men of noble daring, there was *one*, a young and gallant stranger, who left the blushing vine-hills of his delightful France. The people whom he came to succor were not *his* people; he knew them only in the melancholy story of their wrongs. He was no mercenary adventurer, striving for the spoil of the vanquished; the palace acknowledged him for its lord, and the valley yielded him its increase. He was no nameless man, staking life for reputation; he ranked among nobles, and looked unawed upon kings.

3. He was no friendless outcast, seeking for a grave to hide a broken heart; he was girdled by the com-

panions of his childhood; his kinsmen were about him; his wife was before him. Yet from all these loved ones he turned away. Like a lofty tree that shakes down its green glories, to battle with the winter storm, he flung aside the trappings of place and pride to crusade for Freedom, in Freedom's holy land. He came; but not in the day of successful rebellion; not when the new-risen sun of Independence had burst the cloud of time, and careered to its place in the heavens.

4. He came when darkness curtained the hills, and the tempest was abroad in its anger; when the plow stood still in the field of promise, and briars cumbered the garden of beauty; when fathers were dying, and mothers were weeping over them; when the wife was binding up the gashed bosom of her husband, and the maiden was wiping the death-damp from the brow of her lover. He came when the brave began to fear the power of man, and the pious to doubt the favor of God. It was *then* that this one joined the ranks of a revolted people.

5. Freedom's little phalanx bade him a grateful welcome. With them he courted the battle's rage; with theirs, his arm was lifted; with theirs, his blood was shed. Long and doubtful was the conflict. At length kind Heaven smiled on the good cause, and the beaten invaders fled. The profane were driven from the temple of Liberty, and, at her pure shrine, the pilgrim-warrior, with his adored commander, knelt and worshipped. Leaving there his offering, the incense of an uncorrupted spirit, he at length rose, and, crowned with benedictions, turned his happy feet toward his long-deserted home.

6. After nearly fifty years, that *one* has come again. Can mortal tongue tell, can mortal heart feel, the sublimity of that coming? Exulting millions rejoice in it; and their loud, long, transporting shout, like the mingling of many winds, rolls on, undying, to Freedom's



farthest mountains. A congregated nation comes around him. Old men bless him, and children reverence him. The lovely come out to look upon him; the learned deck their halls to greet him; the rulers of the land rise up to do him homage.

7. How his full heart labors! He views the rusting trophies of departed days; he treads the high places where his brethren moulder; he bends before the tomb of his "father;" his words are tears,—the speech of sad remembrance. But he looks round upon a ransomed land and a joyous race; he beholds the blessings these trophies secured, for which these brethren died, for which that "father" lived; and again his words are tears,—the eloquence of gratitude and joy.

8. Spread forth creation like a map; bid earth's dead multitudes revive; and of all the pageant splendors that ever glittered to the sun, when looked his burning eye on a sight like this? Of all the myriads that have come and gone, what cherished minion ever ruled an hour like this? Many have struck the redeeming blow for their own freedom; but who, like this man, has bared his bosom in the cause of strangers?

9. Others have lived in the love of their own people; but who, like this man, has drank his sweetest cup of welcome with another? Matchless chief! of glory's immortal tablets there is one for him, for *him* alone! Oblivion shall never shroud its splendor; the everlasting flame of Liberty shall guard it, that the generations of men may repeat the name recorded there, the beloved name of LAFAYETTE.—*Chas. Sprague.*

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### EXERCISE.

*Write expressions equivalent to the following:*

1. He was no mercenary adventurer.
2. He came when darkness curtained the hills.

## LESSON 17.

## PICTURES FROM HAWAII.

THE Pacific Islanders are the most expert of all people in swimming and in aquatic games. In all of the tropical groups, nearly the entire population lives upon the seashore; the climate is warm, the people have little to do, and on windy days, when the billows roll in heavily from the mid-ocean, whole villages sometimes adjourn to the water, and spend an entire afternoon in the daring pastime of surf-playing.

2. The Hawaiian practises this sport upon a surf-board, which he calls *papa he nalu*, "wave-sliding board." It is made of the firm, light wood of the *erythrina*; it is equal in length to the swimmer's height, about a foot wide, slightly oval in outline, and often convex upon both sides. It is polished and stained black, and preserved with great care.

3. The natives choose a spot where immense billows, driven in by the trade-winds, break furiously upon the coast. Sometimes a hidden reef of coral, ten or fifteen feet below the surface, or, more frequently, the black slag of a cooled lava-stream, long since disgorged into the ocean, agitates the waves sufficiently for this perilous sport; and sometimes the swimmers play in the measured surges that beat upon the sand-beaches of their bays.

4. Each person, taking his swimming-board under him, plunges into the surf, and strikes out for the deep water, half a mile or more from the shore. He does not trouble himself to rise over the great waves that approach him threateningly: when they reach him, he ducks his head like a loon, and the billow passes thundering over him without checking his course. Arrived at last at the outside of the reef, where the waves first begin to break, he turns, extends himself at full length upon his board,

faces the shore, and throws quick glances behind him, watching for a larger wave than usual to ride upon.

5. Three or four waves pass, but he laughs at them, though the smallest of them would have dashed a foreign swimmer under and drowned him. At last he sees a mighty billow approaching him. It is the very king of waves.

6. It comes with its crest high in the air, its liquid edge already trembling and snapping in the sunlight; but it is huge, dark, and swift, and it utters a hollow roar as it sweeps down upon the swimmer. It draws him backward for an instant toward it, as if to swallow him up; then, snatching him up in its course, it hurls him with inconceivable speed toward the shore. He lies upon his board on the front surface of the wave; his head is down, his heels slant upward into the flashing foam which half envelops him. A score of his companions are dashing madly onward with him: they become a part of the billow—they shout more loudly than the roaring of the wave. The sensation is delicious, exultant, almost maddening; it is beyond anything that the rider of horses or of the untamed velocipede can feel.

7. But to the stranger nothing can seem more daring and dangerous than surf-riding. To be swept along by these tremendous waves—to be “made one with nature” so intimately as this, would be death to the ordinary civilized man. You look to see the swimmer dashed against the black and jagged lava from which he is now distant not more than the length of his surf-board. He is going with the speed of a racer—there seems no escape for him—when suddenly he disappears from sight: the wave has lost its victim. By a backward movement of the hands, he retreats into the heart of the wave, sinking away from its front surface, where its whole propelling power resides.

8. He “backs his engine,” as a steamboat-man would say, and instantly stops his career at the very moment when you had expected to see him dashed to pieces. For

an instant, you almost fancy that a shark has seized him—for sharks sometimes attack the swimmers—but soon he reappears from the seaward side of the wave that now shatters itself upon the lava-rock. His head is already turned from the shore, and he is again making his way into deep water to mount another billow.

9. Some of the natives become so expert in this sport that they will kneel, or even stand upright, upon the surf-board while in full career, a feat which is a little similar to that of the velocipedists who balance their steeds without using their hands. They even change their position upon the board while they are in motion.

10. The greatest skill is necessary to keep the surf-board at the proper angle of inclination, and to retain the right position upon the front surface of the wave. If the swimmer gets too far forward he will be sent heels over head by the combing of the billow, or stopped instantly and hurt by the point of the surf-board striking the ground. If, on the other hand, he rides too near the top of the wave, it will pass over him and leave him behind.

11. But accidents never happen through the unskillfulness of the swimmers. It would be strange if they should, for the Hawaiian is familiar with the sea from his birth, and seems almost an amphibious being. Most of the native children, indeed, are taken into the sea, when but three or four days old, by their mothers; and I have known children who could swim before they could walk. You can hardly pass one of their villages, indeed, without seeing a company of youngsters playing in the sea.

12. They have a number of games which they pursue, in and under the water, as fearlessly as school-children gambol in the play-ground. One is a kind of *goal*, in which the object of the side that is “in” is to make two or three successive stations by swimming and diving so as to escape being touched by any player of the “out” party, who are the pursuers. This game requires a good deal of

*finessing* talent, to mislead your opponent in regard to the direction in which you mean to dive. More than this, you must be able to hold your breath for a hundred seconds or more, or you will have to come to the surface to "blow," like a whale, at some critical position, and so lose your game, as I have lost it many a time.

13. Sometimes the native children fix a long pole so as to project from the bank over deep water; along this they chase one another to the outermost end, leaping in regular succession into the water. Leaping from high, perpendicular cliffs is a favorite and daring sport with the men. They choose a place where the water is not less than fifteen or twenty feet in depth at the foot of the cliff; then, taking a rousing run, to get fairly under way — like Washington Irving's Dutchman, who started to jump over the mountain — they bound far into the air from the edge of the cliff.

14. As the leaper falls from the dizzy height — sometimes a hundred feet by measurement — toward the water, he bends himself almost double, as in wanton muscular play; but just before striking the water, he partially straightens himself so that his whole body is slightly curved forward at the moment of the plunge, and the feet are, perhaps, a foot in advance of a perpendicular line let fall from the head. He strikes the water without a splash, entering it with that quick, dull chuck that a smooth pebble makes when thrown forcibly into water, and at an angle with the surface, so nicely calculated that he is actually brought to the surface again by the momentum of the fall. With his body curved as I have described, he shoots through the arc of a circle under the water, and after two or three seconds comes up, feet foremost. The first thing you see of him is his toes, emerging from the water fifteen or twenty feet in front of the place where he went under. No athletic feat is more daring and beautiful than this.

15. The sensations experienced by one who falls from a great height have not, I think, been described in print. A singular good fortune having made the writer of this article an expert in leaping in Hawaiian manner, he is able to give some account of them. Until you are thoroughly practised in the leap, you have a decided inclination to think twice about the matter before you risk it. You first dive at the foot of the cliff, and satisfy yourself that there is sufficient depth of water. You watch one after another of your companions, as they bound in long parabolic curves from the edge of the cliff; but it requires some nerve to throw yourself deliberately from a high precipice into mid-air.

16. The solid ground seems a much more comfortable place. At last, nerving yourself, you run and leap. Instantly you have a feeling of floating rather than of falling—such a feeling, I suppose, as a bird has when rapidly alighting from an elevated flight. There is no sense of accelerated motion as you fall; but you feel your hair blown upward by a fierce current of air. This does not, however, in the least embarrass your breathing. The notion that people have “their breath taken away” in falling from a height is erroneous.

17. In an instant comes the plunge; and you must enter the water in exactly the right position, or it will hurt you almost like the solid earth. If you enter it with a splash, you meet its resistance too suddenly, and may be lamed or stunned. The greatest leaper, Sam Patch, thus lost his life. Had he possessed Hawaiian skill and a sober head, he would never have lost his position while falling, as in his last leap at Genesee Falls. Could an islander have taught him how to come out toes foremost, he might have been alive and leaping at the present day. You, wiser than he, come safely to the surface, swim ashore, and prepare for another leap.—*Dr. T. M. Coan.*

## LESSON 18.

*WHAT MAKES A WOMAN?*

NOT costly dress nor queenly air ;  
Not jeweled hand, complexion fair ;  
Not graceful form nor lofty tread,  
Nor paint, nor curls, nor splendid head :  
Not pearly teeth nor sparkling eyes,  
Not voice that nightingale outvies ;  
Not breath as sweet as eglantine,  
Not gaudy gems nor fabrics fine ;  
Not all the stores of fashion's mart,  
Nor yet the blandishments of art ;  
Not one, nor all of these combined,  
Can make one woman true, refined.

2. 'Tis not the casket that we prize,  
But that which in the casket lies.  
These outward charms that please the sight  
Are naught unless the heart be right.  
She, to fulfil her destined end,  
Must with her beauty goodness blend ;  
Must make it her incessant care  
To deck herself with jewels rare ;  
Of priceless gems must be possessed,  
In robes of richest beauty dressed ;  
Yet these must clothe the inward mind,  
In purity the most refined.
3. She who doth all these goods combine  
Can man's rough nature well refine ;  
Hath all she needs in this frail life  
To fit for mother, sister, wife.  
He who possesses such a friend,  
Should cherish well till death doth end.



Woman, in fine, the mate should be,  
To sail with man o'er life's rough sea;  
And, when the stormy cruise is o'er,  
Attend him to fair Canaan's shore.



## LESSON 19.

*NOTHING BUT LEAVES.*

**N**OTHING but leaves! The Spirit grieves  
Over a wasted life:  
O'er sins committed while conscience slept;  
Promises made but never kept;  
Folly, and shame, and strife;  
Nothing but leaves.

2. Nothing but leaves! No gathered sheaves  
Of life's fair ripening grain;  
We sow our seeds, lo! tares and weeds,  
Words, idle words, for earnest deeds;  
We reap with toil and pain,  
Nothing but leaves.
3. Nothing but leaves! Sad memory weaves  
No vail to hide the past;  
And as we trace our weary way,  
Counting each lost and misspent day,  
Sadly we find at last  
Nothing but leaves.
4. Ah! who shall thus the Master meet,  
Bearing but withered leaves?  
Ah! who shall at the Saviour's feet,  
Before the awful judgment-seat,  
Lay down for golden sheaves  
Nothing but leaves?



## LESSON 20.

*TWENTY YEARS AGO.*

I 'VE wandered to the village, Tom ; I've sat beneath  
the tree,  
Upon the school-house play-ground, which sheltered you  
and me ;  
But none were left to greet me, Tom ; and few were left  
to know,  
That played with us upon the green some twenty years  
ago.

## 2.

The grass is just as green, Tom ; barefooted boys at play,  
Were sporting just as we did then, with spirits just as gay ;  
But the "master" sleeps upon the hill, which, coated o'er  
with snow,  
Afforded us a sliding place, just twenty years ago.

## 3.

The old school-house is altered now ; the benches are re-  
placed  
By new ones, very like the same our penknives had de-  
faced ;  
But the same old bricks are in the wall, the bell swings  
to and fro,  
Its music just the same, dear Tom, 'twas twenty years  
ago.

## 4.

The boys were playing some old game, beneath that same  
old tree ;  
I have forgot the name just now — you've played the  
same with me  
On that same spot ; 'twas played with knives, by throw-  
ing — so and so ;  
The loser had a task to do — there, twenty years ago.

## 5.

The river's running just as still; the willows on its side  
Are *larger* than they were, Tom; the stream appears *less*  
wide —

But the grape-vine swing is ruined now, where once we  
played the beau,  
And swung our sweethearts — “pretty girls” — just  
twenty years ago.

## 6.

The spring that bubbled 'neath the hill, close by the  
spreading beech,  
Is very low — 't was once so high that we could almost  
reach;  
And, kneeling down to get a drink, dear Tom, I started  
so,  
To see how sadly I am changed, since twenty years ago.

## 7.

Near by the spring, upon an elm, you know I cut your  
name,  
Your sweetheart's just beneath it, Tom, and you did mine  
the same:  
Some heartless wretch has peeled the bark — 't was dying,  
sure but slow,  
Just as that one, whose name you cut, died twenty years  
ago.

## 8.

My lids have long been dry, Tom, but tears came in my  
eyes;  
I thought of her I loved so well — those early broken  
ties:  
I visited the old church-yard, and took some flowers to  
strow  
Upon the graves of those we loved, some twenty years  
ago.

## 9.

Some are in the church-yard laid — some sleep beneath  
the sea ;  
But few are left of our old class, excepting you and me ;  
And when *our* time shall come, Tom, and we are called  
to go,  
I hope they 'll lay us where we played, just twenty years  
ago.



## LESSON 21.

*LEAVES FROM AN AERONAUT.*

MY hour had now come, and I entered the car. With a singular taste, the band struck up, at this moment, the melting air of "Sweet Home." It almost overcame me. A thousand associations of youth, friends, of all that I must leave, rushed upon my mind. But I had no leisure for sentiment. A buzz ran through the assemblage ; unnumbered hands were clapping, unnumbered hearts beating high ; and *I* was the cause. Every eye was upon me. There was pride in the thought.

2. "Let go !" was the word. The cheers redoubled, handkerchiefs waved from many a fair hand ; bright faces beamed from every window and on every side. One dash with my knife, and I rose aloft, a habitant of air. How magnificent was the sight which now burst upon me ! How sublime were my sensations ! I waved the flag of my country ; the cheers of the multitude from a thousand housetops, reached me on the breeze ; and a taste of the rarer atmosphere elevated my spirits into ecstasy.

3. The city, with a brilliant sunshine striking the spires and domes, now unfolded to view a sight incomparably beautiful. My gondola went easily upward, cleaving the depths of heaven like a vital thing. A

diagram placed before you, on the table, could not permit you to trace more definitely than I now could, the streets, the highways, basins, wharves, and squares of the town. The hum of the city arose to my ear, as from a vast bee-hive; and I seemed the monarch-bee, directing the swarm.

4. I heard the rattling of carriages, the hearty *yo-heavos!* of sailors from the docks that, begirt with spars, hemmed the city round. I was a spectator of all, yet aloof, and alone. Increasing stillness attended my way; and, at last, the murmurs of earth came to my ear like the vast vibrations of a bell. My car tilted and trembled, as I rose. A swift wind sometimes gave the balloon a rotary motion, which made me deathly sick for a moment; but strong emotion conquered all my physical ailings.

5. My brain ached with the intensity of my rapture. Human sounds had fainted from my ear. I was in the abyss of heaven, and *alone* with my God. I could tell my direction by the sun on my left; and, as his rays played on the aerostat, it seemed only a bright bubble, wavering in the sky, and I, a suspended mote, hung by chance to its train. Looking below me, the distant Sound and Long Island appeared to the east; the bay lay to the south, sprinkled with shipping; under me, the city girded with bright rivers and sparry forests.

6. The free wind was on my cheek and in my locks; afar, the ocean rolled its long, blue waves, checkered with masses of shadow, and gushes of ruby sunlight; to the north and west, the interminable land, variegated like a map, dotted with purple, and green, and silver, faded to the eye. The atmosphere which I now breathed seemed to dilate my heart at every breath. I uttered some audible expressions. My voice was weaker than the faintest sound of a reed. There was no object near to make it reverb or echo.

7. My barometer now denoted an immense height; and

as I looked upward and around, the concave above seemed like a mighty waste of purple air, verging to blackness. Below, it was lighter; but a long, lurid bar of cloud stretched along the west temporarily excluding the sun. The shadows rushed afar into the void, and a solemn, Sabbath twilight reigned around. I was now startled by a fluttering in my gondola. It was my carrier-pigeon. I had forgotten him entirely. I attached a string to his neck, with a label, announcing my height, then nearly four miles, and the state of the barometer.

8. As he sat on the side of the car, and turned his tender eyes upon me in mute supplication, every feather shivering with apprehension, I felt that it was a guilty act to push him into the waste beneath. But it was done; he attempted to rise, but I out-spued him; he then fell obliquely, fluttering and moaning, till I lost him in the haze. My greatest altitude had not yet been reached. I was now five miles from *terra firma*. I began to breathe with difficulty. The atmosphere was too rare for safe respiration.

9. I pulled my valve-cord to descend. It refused to obey my hand. For a moment I was horror-struck. What was to be done? If I ascended much higher, the balloon would explode. I threw over some tissue paper to test my progress. It is well known that this will *rise* very swiftly. It *fell*, as if blown downward by a wind from the zenith. I was going upward like an arrow. I attempted to pray, but my parched lips could not move. I seized the cord again, with desperate energy. Blessed heaven! it moved.

10. I threw out more tissue. It rose to me like a wing of joy. I was descending. Though far from sunset, it was now dark about me, except a track of blood-red haze in the direction of the sun. I encountered a strong current of wind; mist was about me; it lay like dew upon my coat. At last, a thick bar of vapor being past, what

a scene was disclosed ! A storm was sweeping through the sky, nearly a mile beneath ; and I looked down upon an ocean of rainbows, rolling in indescribable grandeur, to the music of the thunder-peal, as it moaned afar and near, on the coming and dying wind.

11. A frightened eagle had ascended through the tempest, and sailed for minutes by my side, looking at me with panting weariness and quivering mandibles, but with a dilated eye, whose keen iris flashed unsubdued. Proud emblem of my country ! As he fanned me with his heavy wing, and looked with a human intelligence at the car, my pulse bounded with exulting rapture. Like the genius of my native land, he had risen above every storm, unfettered and FREE.

12. But my transports were soon at an end. He attempted to light on the balloon, and my heart sunk ; I feared his huge claws would tear the silk. I pulled my cord ; he rose, as I sank, and the blast swept him from my view in a moment. A flock of wild fowl, beat by the storm, were coursing below, on bewildered pinions ; and, as I was nearing them, I knew I was descending. A breaking rift now admitted the sun. The rainbows tossed and gleamed ; chains of fleecy rack, shining in prismatic rays of gold, and purple, and emerald, " beautiful exceedingly," spread on every hand.

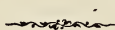
13. Vast curtains of clouds pavilioned the immensity, brighter than celestial roses ; masses of mist were lifted on high, like strips of living fire, more radiant than the sun himself, when his glorious noontide culminates from the equator. A kind of aerial Euroclydon now smote my car, and three of the cords parted, which tilted my gondola to the side, filling me with terror. I caught the broken cords in my hand, but could not tie them.

14. The storm below was now rapidly passing away, and beneath its waving outline, to the south-east, I saw the ocean. Ships were speeding on their course, and

their bright sails melting into distance ; a rainbow hung afar ; and the rolling anthems of the Atlantic came like celestial hymnings to my ear. Presently all was clear below me. The fresh air played around. I had taken a noble circuit ; and my last view was better than the first. I was far over the bay, "afloating sweetly to the west." The city, colored by the last blaze of day, brightened remotely to the view.

15. Below, ships were hastening to and fro through the Narrows, and the far country lay smiling like an Eden. Bright rivers ran like ribbons of gold and silver, till they were lost in the vast inland, stretching beyond the view ; the gilded mountains were flinging their purple shadows over many a vale ; bays were blushing to the farewell day-beams ; and now I was passing over a green island. I sailed to the mainland ; saw the tall, old trees waving to the evening breeze ; heard the rural lowing of herds, and the welcome sound of human voices ; and, finally, sweeping over forest tops and embowered villages, at last, descended with the sun, among a kind-hearted, surprised, and hospitable community, in as pretty a town as one could desire to see, "safe and well."

*Willis Gaylord Clark.*



## LESSON 22.

### *SPEECH ON THE AMERICAN WAR.*

I CANNOT, my lords, I will not, join in congratulation on misfortune and disgrace. This, my lords, is a perilous and tremendous moment. It is not a time for adulation. The smoothness of flattery cannot save us in this rugged and awful crisis. It is now necessary to instruct the throne in the language of truth. We must, if possible, dispel the illusion and darkness which



envelop it, and display, in its full danger and genuine colors, the ruin which is brought to our doors.

2. Can ministers still presume to expect support in their infatuation? Can Parliament be so dead to its dignity and duty, as to give their support to measures thus obtruded and forced upon them? Measures, my lords, which have reduced this late flourishing empire to ruin and contempt! But yesterday, and England might have stood against the world; now, none so poor as to do her reverence.

3. The people whom we at first despised as rebels, but whom we now acknowledge as enemies, are abetted against us; supplied with every military store, their interest consulted and their ambassadors entertained by our inveterate enemy!—and ministers do not, and dare not, interpose with dignity or effect. The desperate state of our army abroad is in part known. No man more highly esteems and honors the English troops than I do; I know their virtues and their valor; I know they can achieve anything but impossibilities; and I know that the conquest of English America *is an impossibility*.

4. You cannot, my lords, *you cannot conquer America*. What is your present situation there? We do not know the *worst*; but we know that in three campaigns we have done nothing, and suffered much. You may swell every expense, accumulate every assistance, and extend your traffic to the shambles of every German despot: your attempts will be forever vain and impotent—doubly so, indeed, from this mercenary aid on which you rely; for it irritates, to an incurable resentment, the minds of your adversaries, to overrun them with the mercenary sons of rapine and plunder, devoting them and their possessions to the rapacity of hireling cruelty. If I were an American, as I am an Englishman, while a foreign troop was landed in my country, I never would lay down my arms—*never, never, never!*



5. But, my lords, who is the man that, in addition to the disgrace and mischiefs of the war, has dared to authorize and associate to our arms the *tomahawk* and *scalping-knife* of the savage?—to call into civilized alliance the wild and inhuman inhabitants of the woods?—to delegate to the merciless Indian the defence of disputed rights, and to wage the horrors of his barbarous war against our brethren? My lords, these enormities cry aloud for redress and punishment.

6. But, my lords, this barbarous measure has been defended, not only on the principles of policy and necessity, but also on those of morality; “for it is perfectly allowable,” says Lord Suffolk, “to use all the means which God and Nature have put into our hands.” I am astonished, I am shocked, to hear such principles confessed; to hear them avowed in this House, or in this country!

7. My lords, I did not intend to encroach so much upon your attention, but I cannot repress my indignation. I feel myself impelled to speak. My lords, we are called upon as members of this House, as men, as Christian men, to protest against such horrible barbarity. “That God and Nature have put into our hands!” What ideas of God and Nature that noble lord may entertain, I know not; but I know that such detestable principles are equally abhorrent to religion and humanity.

8. What! to attribute the sacred sanction of God and Nature to the massacres of the Indian scalping-knife!—to the cannibal savage, torturing, murdering, devouring, drinking the blood of his mangled victims! Such notions shock every precept of morality, every feeling of humanity, every sentiment of honor. These abominable principles, and this more abominable avowal of them, demand the most decisive indignation.

9. I call upon that right reverend, and this most learned bench, to vindicate the religion of their God, to

support the justice of their country. I call upon the bishops to interpose the unsullied sanctity of their lawn; — upon the judges to interpose the purity of their ermine, to save us from this pollution. I call upon the honor of your lordships to reverence the dignity of your ancestors, and maintain your own. I call upon the spirit and humanity of my country to vindicate the national character.

*Lord Chatham.*



## LESSON 23.

### *A STRIP OF BLUE.*

I DO not own an inch of land,  
But all I see is mine,—  
The orchard and the mowing-fields,  
The lawns and gardens fine.  
The winds my tax-collectors are,  
They bring me tithes divine,—  
Wild scents and subtle essences,  
A tribute rare and free;  
And, more magnificent than all,  
My window keeps for me  
A glimpse of blue immensity,—  
A little strip of sea.

2. Richer am I than he who owns  
Great fleets and argosies;  
I have a share in every ship  
Won by the inland breeze  
To loiter on yon airy road  
Above the apple-trees.  
I freight them with my untold dreams,  
Each bears my own picked crew;  
And nobler cargoes wait for them  
Than ever India knew,—

My ships that sail into the East  
Across that outlet blue,

3. Sometimes they seem like living shapes,—  
The people of the sky —  
Guests in white raiment coming down  
From Heaven, which is close by :  
I call them by familiar names,  
As one by one draws nigh.  
So white, so light, so spirit-like,  
From violet mists they bloom !  
The aching wastes of the unknown  
Are half reclaimed from gloom,  
Since on life's hospitable sea,  
All souls find sailing-room.
4. The ocean grows a weariness  
With nothing else in sight ;  
Its east and west, its north and south,  
Spread out from morn to night :  
We miss the warm, caressing shore,  
Its brooding shade and light.  
A part is greater than the whole ;  
By hints are mysteries told.  
The fringes of eternity,—  
God's sweeping garment-fold,  
In that bright shred of glimmering sea,  
I reach out for, and hold.
5. The sails, like flakes of roseate pearl,  
Float in upon the mist ;  
The waves are broken precious stones,—  
Sapphire and amethyst  
Washed from celestial basement walls,  
By suns unsetting kissed.  
Out through the utmost gates of space,  
Past where the gray stars drift,

To the widening Infinite, my soul  
 Glides on, a vessel swift;  
 Yet loses not her anchorage  
 In yonder azure rift.

6. Here sit I, as a little child:  
 The threshold of God's door  
 Is that clear band of chrysoprase;  
 Now the vast temple floor,  
 The binding glory of the dome  
 I bow my head before.  
 The universe, O God, is home,  
 In height or depth, to me;  
 Yet here upon thy footstool green  
 Content am I to be;  
 Glad when is opened to my need  
 Some sea-like glimpse of thee.

*Lucy Larcom.*



## LESSON 24.

### PAUL REVERE'S RIDE.

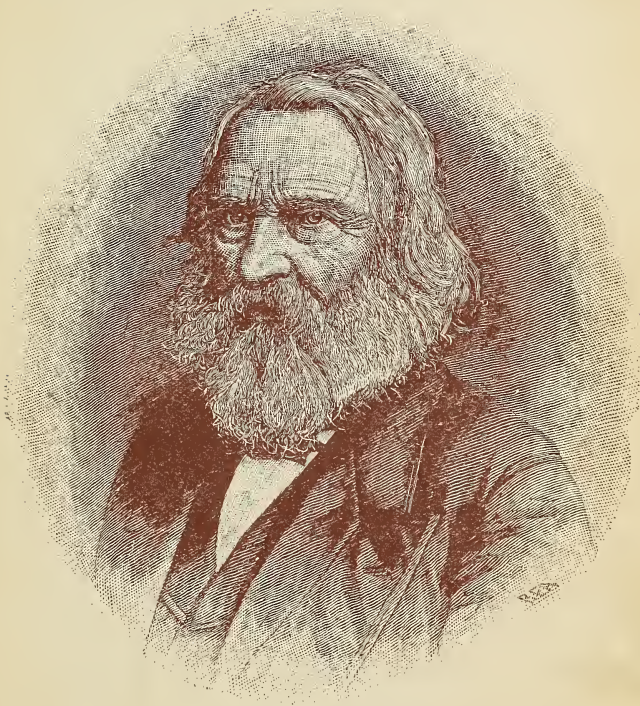
- L**ISTEN, my children, and you shall hear  
 Of the midnight ride of Paul Revere,  
 On the eighteenth of April, in Seventy-five:  
 Hardly a man is now alive  
 Who remembers that famous day and year.
2. He said to his friend,—“If the British march  
 By land or sea from the town to-night,  
 Hang a lantern aloft in the belfry arch  
 Of the North-Church tower, as a signal-light,—  
 One, if by land, and two, if by sea;  
 And I on the opposite shore will be,  
 Ready to ride and spread the alarm

Through every Middlesex village and farm,  
For the country-folk to be up and to arm."

3. Then he said Good-night, and with muffled oar  
Silently rowed to the Charlestown shore,  
Just as the moon rose over the bay,  
Where, swinging wide at her moorings, lay  
The Somerset, British man-of-war:  
A phantom ship, with each mast and spar  
Across the moon, like a prison bar,  
And a huge, black hulk, that was magnified  
By its own reflection in the tide.
4. Meanwhile, his friend, through alley and street  
Wanders and watches with eager ears,  
Till, in the silence around him, he hears  
The muster of men at the barrack door,  
The sound of arms, and the tramp of feet,  
And the measured tread of the grenadiers  
Marching down to their boats on the shore.
5. Then he climbed to the tower of the church,  
Up the wooden stairs, with stealthy tread,  
To the belfry chamber overhead,  
And startled the pigeons from their perch  
On the sombre rafters, that round him made  
Masses and moving shapes of shade,—  
Up the trembling ladder, steep and tall,  
To the highest window in the wall,  
Where he paused to listen, and look down  
A moment on the roofs of the town,  
And the moonlight flowing over all.
6. Beneath, in the church-yard, lay the dead  
In their night encampment on the hill,  
Wrapped in silence so deep and still  
That he could hear, like a sentinel's tread,

The watchful night-wind, as it went,  
Creeping along from tent to tent,  
And seeming to whisper, "all is well!"  
A moment only he feels the spell  
Of the place and the hour, the secret dread  
Of the lonely belfry and the dead,  
For suddenly all his thoughts are bent  
On a shadowy something far away,  
Where the river widens to meet the bay,—  
A line of black, that bends and floats  
On the rising tide like a bridge of boats.

7. Meanwhile, impatient to mount and ride,  
Booted and spurred, with a heavy stride  
On the opposite shore walked Paul Revere.  
Now he patted his horse's side,  
Now gazed on the landscape far and near,  
Then impetuous stamped the earth,  
And turned and tightened his saddle girth;  
But mostly he watched with eager search  
The belfry tower of the old North Church,  
As it rose above the graves on the hill,  
Lonely and spectral and sombre and still.
8. And lo! as he looks, on the belfry's height,  
A glimmer, and then a gleam, of light!  
He springs to the saddle, the bridle he turns,  
But lingers and gazes, till full on his sight  
A second lamp in the belfry burns.
9. A hurry of hoofs in a village street,  
A shape in the moonlight, a bulk in the dark,  
And beneath from the pebbles, in passing a spark  
Struck out by a steed flying fearless and fleet:  
That was all! And yet, through the gloom and the  
light,  
The fate of a nation was riding that night;



Henry W. Longfellow.



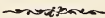


And the spark struck out by that steed, in his flight,  
Kindled the land into flame with its heat.

10. It was twelve by the village clock  
When he crossed the bridge into Medford town.  
He heard the crowing of the cock,  
And the barking of the farmer's dog,  
And felt the damp of the river-fog,  
That rises after the sun goes down.
11. It was one by the village clock  
When he galloped into Lexington.  
He saw the gilded weathercock  
Swim in the moonlight as he passed,  
And the meeting-house windows, blank and bare,  
Gaze at him with a spectral glare,  
As if they already stood aghast  
At the bloody work they would look upon.
12. It was two by the village clock  
When he came to the bridge in Concord town.  
He heard the bleating of the flock,  
And the twitter of birds among the trees,  
And felt the breath of the morning breeze  
Blowing over the meadows brown.  
And one was safe and asleep in his bed  
Who at the bridge would be first to fall,  
Who that day would be lying dead,  
Pierced by a British musket-ball.
13. You know the rest. In the books you have read  
How the British regulars fired and fled,—  
How the farmers gave them ball for ball,  
From behind each fence and farm-yard wall,  
Chasing the red coats down the lane,  
Then crossing the fields to emerge again  
Under the trees at the turn of the road,  
And only pausing to fire and load.

14. So through the night rode Paul Revere;  
And so through the night went his cry of alarm  
To every Middlesex village and farm,—  
A cry of defiance, and not of fear,—  
A voice in the darkness, a knock at the door,  
And a word that shall echo forever more!  
For, borne on the night-wind of the Past,  
Through all our history, to the last,  
In the hour of darkness and peril and need,  
The people will waken and listen to hear  
The hurrying hoof-beats of that steed,  
And the midnight message of Paul Revere.

*H. W. Longfellow.*



## LESSON 25.

### *THE MISER.*

MARLEY was dead, to begin with. There is no doubt whatever about that. The register of his burial was signed by the clergyman, the clerk, the undertaker, and the chief mourner. Scrooge signed it. And Scrooge's name was good upon 'Change, for anything he chose to put his hand to. Old Marley was as dead as a door-nail.

2. Mind! I don't mean to say that I know, of my own knowledge, what there is particularly dead about a door-nail. I might have been inclined myself, to regard a coffin-nail as the deadest piece of ironmongery in the trade. But the wisdom of our ancestors is in the simile; and my unhallowed hands shall not disturb it, or the country's done for. You will, therefore, permit me to repeat, emphatically, that Marley was as dead as a door-nail.

3. Scrooge knew he was dead? Of course he did. How could it be otherwise? Scrooge and he were partners for I don't know how many years. Scrooge was

his sole executor, his sole administrator, his sole assign, his sole residuary legatee, his sole friend, and sole mourner. And even Scrooge was not so dreadfully cut up by the sad event, but that he was an excellent man of business on the very day of the funeral, and solemnized it with an undoubted bargain.

4. Scrooge never painted out old Marley's name. There it stood, years afterwards, above the warehouse door; Scrooge and Marley. The firm was known as Scrooge and Marley. Sometimes people new to the business called Scrooge, Scrooge, and sometimes Marley, but he answered to both names. It was all the same to him.

5. Oh! but he was a tight-fisted hand at the grindstone, Scrooge! a squeezing, wrenching, grasping, scraping, clutching, covetous old sinner! Hard and sharp as flint from which no steel had ever struck out generous fire; secret and self-contained and solitary as an oyster. The cold within him froze his old features, nipped his pointed nose, shriveled his cheek, stiffened his gait; made his eyes red, his thin lips blue; and spoke out shrewdly in his grating voice. A frost rime was on his head, and his eyebrows, and his wiry chin. He carried his own low temperature always about with him; heated his office in the dog-days; and did n't thaw it one degree at Christmas.

6. External heat and cold had little influence on Scrooge. No warmth could warm, no wintry weather chill him. No wind that blew was bitterer than he, no falling snow was more intent upon its purpose, no pelting rain less open to entreaty. Foul weather did n't know where to have him. The heaviest rain and snow and hail and sleet could boast of the advantage over him in only one respect. They often came down handsomely, and Scrooge never did.

7. Nobody ever stopped him in the street to say, with gladsome looks, "My dear Scrooge, how are you? When

will you come to see me?" No beggars implored him to bestow a trifle, no children asked him what it was o'clock, no man or woman ever once in all his life inquired the way to such and such a place of Scrooge. Even the blind-men's dogs appeared to know him; and when they saw him coming on, would tug their owners into door-ways and up courts; and then would wag their tails as though they said, "No eye at all is better than an evil eye, dark master!"

8. But what did Scrooge care! It was the very thing he liked. To edge his way along the crowded paths of life, warning all human sympathy to keep its distance, was what the knowing ones called "nuts" to Scrooge.

9. Once upon a time—of all the good days in the year, upon Christmas Eve—old Scrooge sat busy in his counting-house. It was cold, bleak, biting weather: foggy withal: and he could hear the people in the court outside, go wheezing up and down, beating their hands upon their breasts, and stamping their feet upon the pavement stones to warm them. The city clocks had only just gone three, but it was quite dark already—it had not been light all day—and candles were flaring in the windows of the neighboring offices, like ruddy smears upon the palpable brown air. The fog came pouring in at every chink and key-hole, and was so dense without, that, although the court was of the narrowest, the houses opposite were mere phantoms. To see the dingy cloud come drooping down, obscuring everything, one might have thought that Nature lived hard by, and was brewing on a large scale.

10. The door of Scrooge's counting-house was open, that he might keep his eye upon his clerk, who in a dismal little cell beyond, a sort of tank, was copying letters. Scrooge had a very small fire, but the clerk's fire was so very much smaller that it looked like one coal. But he could not replenish it, for Scrooge kept

the coal-box in his own room; and so surely as the clerk came in with the shovel, the master predicted that it would be necessary for them to part. Wherefore the clerk put on his white comforter, and tried to warm himself at the candle; in which effort, not being a man of strong imagination, he failed.—*Chas. Dickens.*



## LESSON 26.

### *PAUL'S DEFENCE BEFORE KING AGRIPPA.*

**T**HEN Agrippa said unto Paul, Thou art permitted to speak for thyself. Then Paul stretched forth the hand, and answered for himself:—

2. I think myself happy, King Agrippa, because I shall answer for myself, this day, before thee, touching all the things whereof I am accused of the Jews; especially because I know thee to be expert in all customs and questions which are among the Jews; wherefore I beseech thee to hear me patiently. My manner of life from my youth, which was at the first among mine own nation at Jerusalem, know all the Jews; which knew me from the beginning, if they would testify, that after the most straitest sect of our religion I lived a Pharisee.

3. And now I stand, and am judged for the hope of the promise made of God unto our fathers; unto which promise our twelve tribes, instantly serving God day and night, hope to come. For which hope's sake, King Agrippa, I am accused of the Jews.

4. Why should it be thought a thing incredible with you that God should raise the dead? I verily thought with myself that I ought to do many things contrary to the name of Jesus of Nazareth.

5. Which thing I also did in Jerusalem; and many of the saints did I shut up in prison, having received

authority from the chief priests; and when they were put to death, I gave my voice against them. And I punished them oft in every synagogue, and compelled them to blaspheme; and, being exceedingly mad against them, I persecuted them, even unto strange cities.

6. Whereupon, as I went to Damascus, with authority and commission from the chief priests, at mid-day, O king, I saw in the way a light from heaven, above the brightness of the sun, shining round about me and them which journeyed with me. And when we were fallen to the earth, I heard a voice speaking unto me, and saying, in the Hebrew tongue, Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou me? It is hard for thee to kick against the pricks. And I said, Who art thou, Lord?

7. And he said, I am Jesus, whom thou persecutest. But rise, and stand upon thy feet: for I have appeared unto thee for this purpose, to make thee a minister and a witness both of these things which thou hast seen, and of those things in the which I will appear unto thee; delivering thee from the people, and from the Gentiles, unto whom now I send thee, to open their eyes, and to turn them from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan unto God, that they may receive forgiveness of sins, and inheritance among them which are sanctified, by faith that is in me.

8. Whereupon, O King Agrippa, I was not disobedient unto the heavenly vision; but showed first unto them of Damascus, and at Jerusalem, and throughout all the coasts of Judea, and then to the Gentiles, that they should repent, and turn to God, and do works meet for repentance. For these causes the Jews caught me in the temple, and went about to kill me.

9. Having, therefore, obtained help of God, I continue unto this day, witnessing both to small and great, saying none other things than those which the prophets and Moses did say should come; that Christ should suffer,

and that he should be the first that should rise from the dead, and should show light unto the people and to the Gentiles. And as he thus spake for himself, Festus said, with a loud voice, Paul, thou art beside thyself: much learning doth make thee mad.

10. But he said, I am not mad, most noble Festus, but speak forth the words of truth and soberness. For the king knoweth of these things, before whom also I speak freely; for I am persuaded that none of these things are hidden from him; for this thing was not done in a corner. King Agrippa, believest thou the prophets? I know that thou believest. Then Agrippa said unto Paul, Almost thou persuadest me to be a Christian.

11. And Paul said, I would to God that not only thou, but also all that hear me this day, were both almost and altogether such as I am, except these bonds. And when he had thus spoken, the king rose up, and the governor and Bernice, and they that sat with them. And when they were gone aside, they talked between themselves, saying, This man doeth nothing worthy of death or of bonds. Then said Agrippa unto Festus, This man might have been set at liberty, if he had not appealed unto Cæsar.

*Bible.*



## LESSON 27.

### *THE PHILOSOPHY OF SPORT.*

**B**EAR lightly on their foreheads, Time!  
 Strew roses on their way;  
 The young in heart, however old,  
 That prize the present day,  
 And, wiser than the pompous proud,  
 Are wise enough to play.



2. I love to see a man forget  
His blood is growing cold,  
And leap, or swim, or gather flowers,  
Oblivious of his gold,  
And mix with children in their sport,  
Nor think that he is old.
3. I love to see the man of care  
Take pleasure in a toy,  
I love to see him row or ride,  
And tread the grass with joy,  
Or hunt the flying cricket-ball  
As lusty as a boy.
4. All sports that spare the humblest pain,  
That neither maim nor kill—  
That lead us to the quiet field,  
Or to the wholesome hill,  
Are duties which the pure of heart  
Religiously fulfil.
5. Though some may laugh that full-grown men  
May frolic in the wood,  
Like children let adrift from school,—  
Not mine that scornful mood ;—  
I honor human happiness,  
And deem it gratitude.
6. And, though perchance the Cricketer,  
Or Chinaman that flies  
His Dragon-kite with boys and girls,  
May seem to some unwise,  
I see no folly in their play,  
But sense that underlies.
7. The road of life is hard enough—  
Bestrewn with snag and thorn ;



I would not mock the simplest joy  
That made it less forlorn ;  
But fill its evening path with flowers  
As fresh as those of morn.

8. 'Tis something, when the moon has passed,  
To brave the touch of Time,  
And say, "Good friend, thou harm'st me not,  
My soul is in its prime ;  
Thou canst not chill my warmth of heart ;—  
I carol while I climb."
9. Give us but health, and peace of mind,  
Whate'er our clime or clan,  
We'll take delight in simple things,  
Nor deem that sports unman ;  
And let the proud, who fly no kites,  
Despise us if they can ! *Chas. Mackay.*



## LESSON 28.

### POOR FARMER JOHN.

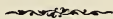
OLD farmer John is sore perplexed —  
Nay, farmer John is really vexed :  
He labors early, labors late,  
Yet ever talks of adverse fate ;  
For all his toilings scarce suffice  
Of longed-for lands to pay the price.

2. The summers come, the summers go,  
The spring showers waste the winter's snow  
The while, from dawn till close of day,  
Receiving naught but frowns for pay ;  
His good wife toils ; and anxious care  
Has faded lip and cheek and hair.

3. Acres on acres stretch away  
Of woodland, corn, of wheat and hay;  
His cattle roam o'er many a hill,  
His brooklet turns the groaning mill;  
Yet still he sighs, and longs for more,  
And grumbles e'er that he is poor.
4. Four sturdy sons, four daughters fair  
Claimed at his hands a father's care.  
He gave them labor without end,  
And strove their souls, like his, to bend  
Into the narrowing groove of thought:  
Gold to be earned, land to be bought.
5. Yes, farmer John is growing poor!  
You feel it as you pass his door.  
His old brown house is small and mean,  
The roof is warped by crack and seam;  
The leaning bars, the half-hinged door,  
Proclaim old John is *very* poor.
6. No books ; no pictures on the wall ;  
Carpetless rooms and dreary hall.  
Why think it strange such farmer's boys  
Should seek the city's pomp and noise ?  
Should learn to loathe the sight of home,  
Where naught of joy or grace may come ?
7. Why think it strange his poor, old wife,  
Who coined for him her very life,  
Should pause, at last, despite his frown,  
And lay her weary burden down  
In joy, to walk the streets of heaven,  
Where naught is sold, but all is given ?
8. Go where you will, search earth around,  
The poorest man that can be found,

Is he who toils through life to gain  
Widest extent of hill and plain;  
Forgetting all his soul's best needs,  
In counting o'er his title-deeds.

*Mrs. M. M. B. Goodwin.*



## LESSON 29.

### *IN SCHOOL-DAYS.*

**S**TILL sits the school-house by the road  
A ragged beggar sunning;  
Around it still the sumachs grow  
And blackberry vines are running.

2. Within, the master's desk is seen,  
Deep scarred by raps official;  
The warping floor, the battered seats,  
The jack knife's carved initial;
3. The charcoal frescoes on its wall;  
Its door's worn sill, betraying  
The feet that, creeping slow to school,  
Went storming out to playing!
4. Long years ago a winter sun  
Shone over it at setting;  
Lit up its western window-panes,  
And low eaves' icy fretting.
5. It touched the tangled golden curls,  
And brown eyes full of grieving,  
Of one who still her steps delayed  
When all the school were leaving.

6. For near her stood the little boy  
Her childish favor singled ;  
His cap pulled low upon a face  
Where pride and shame were mingled.
7. Pushing with restless feet the snow  
To right and left, he lingered,—  
As restlessly her tiny hands  
The blue-checked apron fingered.
8. He saw her lift her eyes ; he felt  
The soft hands' light caressing,  
And heard the tremble of her voice,  
As if a fault confessing.
9. "I 'm sorry that I spelt the word :  
I hate to go above you,  
Because,"—the brown eyes lower fell,—  
"Because, you see, I love you !"
10. Still memory to a gray-haired man  
That sweet child-face is showing.  
Dear girl ! the grasses on her grave  
Have forty years been growing !
11. He lives to learn, in life's hard school,  
How few who pass above him  
Lament their triumph and his loss,  
Like her,—because they love him.

*John G. Whittier.*

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### EXERCISE.

*Write expressions equivalent to the following :*

1. The charcoal frescoes on the wall.
2. Low eaves' icy fretting.
3. The grasses on her grave have forty years been growing.

## LESSON 30.

*LIFE AT THE WHITE MOUNTAINS.*

**D**OES anybody stay at home? If so, who and where? This season, having no northern home and being shut out of our southern one by the torrid heats, we have devoted to an exploration of summer resorts.

2. We have been through the great New York plateau or table land, including Sharon Springs, Richfield, Cherry Valley, Cooperstown, Saratoga, and Lake George, and found all so full, that we wondered when we heard one and another say, that most of the families who usually frequented these resorts were in Europe.

3. Then, we said to ourselves, the New England place of resort cannot be thronged. We applied at Rye Beach — no room — every place full: we hear that Old Orchard is overflowing. We come to the Twin Mountain House to find every corner and crevice full; the house daily and nightly crowded; people sleeping in the bathing-rooms, on billiard-tables; beds nightly made in the halls; stages coming in two or three times a day crowded outside and in with new candidates for the places that are daily vacated.

4. Now, when we see this rushing stream of people going in every direction, we ask — *Who* stays at home? The throng that rushes by seems to have in it all the composite elements of the family: "Men, women, children, and also much cattle."

5. Our house rejoices in a full quota of babies. One or two children with the whooping-cough give a family sound to matters; toy-terriers, hounds, and coach-dogs gyrate through the halls, and waken the echoes now and then with a bark. Here are whole families settled down for the summer, with nurses and tutors, and children of every age, from the collegian and the initiated young lady, down to the baby in arms. It is a general stirring up of society together.

6. On Sundays there is a religious service in the parlors, which seems to be attended not only by all the inmates of the house, but by many who come in from the neighborhood, for ten miles around. Last Sunday the preacher discoursed upon "Good Nature" as a Christian grace, and certainly the subject received an amount, not only of discussion, but practical attention quite uncommon for a sermon. In fact it struck upon the very Christian grace and attainment in which an American society, or set of people, most readily excels.

7. If there is anything which we should remark as a national trait of our population, it is good nature. They are not haughty, stiff, prickly, afraid of being approached, and anxious to keep up certain lines and boundaries between themselves and other human beings. The Americans may have their faults, but they do not run in this direction. As a general rule the American is good-humored and obliging; ready always to put the very best face upon present matters, and indisposed to complain of inconveniences, or to make any troublesome offensive stand for personal rights. The preaching of good nature as a Christian grace to such an audience is therefore planting in a well-prepared soil.

8. Such rushes and crushes as the inclement heat of this summer has caused, try one's love to one's neighbor by the surest test. It is easier to love one's neighbor a square off, than to love one's neighbor four in a room. Love, unlike gravitation, often increases with the square of the distance.

9. But the question arises, Why do so many who have the command of beautiful, spacious, well-kept houses and grounds, leave them all, to try their fortunes in the general scramble of the hot months? Surely the hot weather, a trial always, may be better borne in a home, where one has control of many rooms and of all the surroundings, where one can open and shut doors or

windows at pleasure, and secure stillness and quiet, and repose and regular hours than where one is crowded and hurried and pressed and forced to other people's hours, and made perforce partakers of other people's domestic arrangements.

10. Why do so few stay at home, then ?

11. Well, then, in the first place, many of the inmates here revolve around some sufferer from "the hay fever" — or autumnal cold — which like an evil spirit seems to be seeking whom it may devour. We can count many families sojourning in this Twin Mountain House, that are here only because the husband, or the wife, or the daughter, or sister, is here free from that annual curse. The Twin Mountain House is situated in a region supposed to be peculiarly adapted to the cure of that disease. Most obstinate cases have here found relief.

12. People who for years have been dragged down by this recurring drain upon their constitutions, in this air find themselves restored to soundness and comfort. Immunity is not to be purchased by a short stay, it must cover at least the six weeks or two months of the annual visitation. We are surrounded on all sides by patients of this description, cheerfully putting up with all other deprivations, for this one great boon of security from their enemy.

13. Then, again, *apropos* to the summer rush *from* home, come the fatigues of housekeeping.

14. A gentleman said to us when we inquired why so many left lovely houses, commanding sea breezes and fine air in Boston, to crowd into such apartments at Lynn and Rye, "It's servants that they want to be rid of; the houses are well enough, but they cannot have the fatigue of meeting these gentlemen and ladies every day any longer: they must have a breathing spell from their servants."

15. This reminds us that a friend who remains in her

Boston house through the season, has just received warning from her cook that she must leave her to take her summer vacation.

16. "What! want to be gone a fortnight in the midst of this hot weather?" says Madam Mistress, to the great wheel of her establishment.

"Certainly," says Madam Maid, "Everybody takes a summer vacation. Why shouldn't I?" So it goes!

Thus the great idea of the summer vacation is getting to pervade all classes. It is a fixed fact.

17. Well for us, since we have elected the mountains for our summer resort, that we came hither. We know no place where one has a more agreeable outlook.

18. The house stands on a wide plateau around which sweeps a panorama of the finest peaks of the White Mountains, not overhanging in terrific gloom, but softened by distance, with their cloud-spotted sides and ever-shifting lights and shadows. At their foot, a belt of piny upland where the dark spires of the spruce and fir mingle with lighter forest trees. Through the plain flow the crystal waters of the Ammonoosuc. The gentlemen-patients who frequent this place have here laid out walks, and rustic seats and retreats, which afford an easy range even to an invalid. Two or three boats are at the disposal of the guests, and the mountains as reflected in the mirror of the river are a lovely sight.

19. From the house excursions to other points in the mountains are daily organized — parties coming and going constantly, either to Mount Washington or the Notch, or other points of interest; and the arrival of stages with new-comers from all these points is one of the vanities of the daily scene. We have concluded that one has only to be still here a certain number of days to see all one's acquaintances. Sooner or later they revolve around — pass in sight and are gone.

20. But after all, our *beau ideal* of a summer is not a



sojourn anywhere, even in the most agreeable watering-place, but a home; a plain country house in some quiet New England village, with a good jogging horse, and a carry-all not too fine for use, and plenty of corn and beans in the garden. When all is said and done there's no place like home, and let those who have one to stay in, stay in it, and not only be happy, but know that they are so.



## LESSON 31.

### *ROME AND CARTHAGE.*

ROME, like the eagle, her formidable symbol, spreads her wings, displays her powerful talons, seizes the lightning, and takes her flight. Carthage is the sun of the world; it is on Carthage that her eyes are fixed. Carthage is mistress of seas. Carthage is mistress of peoples. She is a magnificent city, full of splendor and opulence, glowing at every point with the strange arts of the Orient.

2. Her inhabitants are polished, refined, finished, and lack nothing that labor, men, and time can command. In a word, she is the metropolis of Africa, and at the height of her culture; she can mount no higher, and every step onward will now be downward. Rome, on the contrary, has nothing. She is half savage, half barbarous. She has her education and her fortune alike to gain. All is before her; nothing, behind.

3. Long the two nations are face to face. The one suns herself in her glory; the other is growing in obscurity. But, little by little, air and place are needed by both for development. Rome begins to crowd Carthage; for long has Carthage pressed on Rome. Seated on the opposite shores of the Mediterranean, the two cities look one another in the eye. This sea no longer

suffices to separate them. Europe and Africa are in the balance, weighing one against the other. Like two overcharged electric clouds, they approach too near each other. They are eager to mingle their lightnings. Here is the climax of this sublime drama.

4. What actors are before us! Two races,—this one, of merchants and sailors; that one, of farmers and soldiers; two peoples, one ruling by gold, one ruling by iron; two republics, one theocratic, one aristocratic; Rome and Carthage; Rome with her army, Carthage with her fleet; Carthage, old, rich, and crafty; Rome, young, poor, and strong; the past and the future; the spirit of discovery and the spirit of conquest; the genius of travel and commerce, the demon of war and ambition; the east and the south on one side, the west and the north on the other; in short, two worlds, the civilization of Africa and the civilization of Europe.

5. Each takes full measure of the other. Their attitudes before the conflict are equally formidable. Rome, within the narrow confines of her world, gathers all her forces, all her tribes. Carthage, who holds in her power Spain, Armorica, and that Britain that the Romans believed to be at the end of the universe, is ready to board the European ship.

6. The battle-flames blaze forth. In coarse, strong lines, Rome copies the navy of her rival. The war at once breaks forth in the peninsula and the islands. Rome collides with Carthage in that Sicily where Greece and Egypt had already met, in that Spain where, later yet, Europe and Africa met in contest, the east and the west, the south and the north.

7. Little by little the combat thickens,—the world takes fire. It is a hand-to-hand fight of Titans, who seize one another, and quit their hold only to seize each other again. They meet again, and are mutually repulsed. Carthage crosses the Alps; Rome passes the

sea. The two nations, personified in their two leaders, Hannibal and Scipio, each grasping the other with fury, strive to end the conflict. It is a duel without quarter, a combat to the death. Rome reels; she utters the cry of anguish, "Hannibal at the gates!" . . . But once again she rises, gathers her forces for a last blow, hurls herself on Carthage, and destroys her from the face of the earth.  
— *Victor Hugo.*



## LESSON 32.

## THE SKY-LARK.

BIRD of the wilderness,  
Blithesome and cumberless,  
Sweet be thy matin o'er moorland and lea!  
Emblem of happiness,  
Blest is thy dwelling-place—  
Oh, to abide in the desert with thee!

2. Wild is thy lay, and loud,  
Far in the downy cloud;  
Love gives it energy, love gave it birth.  
Where, on thy dewy wing,  
Where art thou journeying?  
Thy lay is in heaven, thy love is on earth.

3. O'er fell and fountain sheen,  
O'er moor and mountain green,  
O'er the red streamer that heralds the day,  
O'er the cloudlet dim,  
O'er the rainbow's rim,  
Musical cherub, soar, singing, away!

4. Then, when the gloaming comes,  
Low in the heather blooms,

Sweet will thy welcome and bed of love be!  
Emblem of happiness,  
Blest is thy dwelling-place —  
Oh, to abide in the desert with thee!

*James Hogg.*



### LESSON 33.

#### *THE ARAB'S FAREWELL TO HIS STEED.*

MY beautiful! my beautiful! that standest meekly by,  
With thy proudly arched and glossy neck, and dark  
and fiery eye —  
Fret not to roam the desert now with all thy winged  
speed;  
I may not mount on thee again — thou 'rt sold, my Arab  
steed.  
Fret not with that impatient hoof, snuff not the breezy  
wind,  
The farther that thou fliest now, so far am I behind,  
The stranger hath thy bridle-rein, thy master hath his  
gold,  
Fleet-limbed and beautiful, farewell! thou 'rt sold, my  
steed, thou 'rt sold.

#### 2.

Farewell! those free untired limbs full many a mile  
must roam,  
To reach the chill and wintry sky which clouds the  
stranger's home;  
Some other hand, less fond, must now thy corn and bread  
prepare —  
Thy silky mane I braided once, must be another's care.  
The morning sun shall dawn again, but never more with  
thee  
Shall I gallop through the desert paths where we were  
wont to be.

Evening shall darken on the earth, and o'er the sandy  
plain  
Some other steed, with slower step, shall bear me home  
again.

## 3.

Yes! thou must go! the wild free breeze, the brilliant  
sun and sky,  
Thy master's house, from all of these my exiled one  
must fly.  
Thy proud dark eye will grow less proud, thy step  
become less fleet,  
And vainly shalt thou arch thy neck thy master's hand  
to meet.  
Only in sleep shall I behold that dark eye glancing  
bright,  
Only in sleep shall hear again that step so firm and light;  
And when I raise my dreaming arm to check or cheer  
thy speed,  
Then must I, starting, wake to feel thou 'rt sold, my Arab  
steed.

## 4.

Ah, rudely then, unseen by me, some cruel hand may  
chide,  
Till foam-wreaths lie, like crested waves, along thy pant-  
ing side;  
And the rich blood that's in thee swells in thy indig-  
nant pain,  
Till careless eyes, which rest on thee, may count each  
starting vein.  
Will they ill use thee? If I thought — But no, it cannot  
be —  
Thou art so swift, yet easy curbed, so gentle, yet so free.  
And yet if haply, when thou 'rt gone, my lonely heart  
should yearn,  
Can the same hand which casts thee off command thee  
to return?

## 5.

Return? Alas, my Arab steed, what shall thy master do,  
When thou, who wert his all of joy, hast vanished from  
his view?

When the dim distance cheats mine eye, and through the  
gathering tears

Thy bright form for a moment like the false mirage  
appears?

Slow and unmounted will I roam with weary foot alone,  
Where with fleet step and joyous bound thou oft hast  
borne me on:

And, sitting down by that green well, will pause and  
sadly think,

'T was here he bowed his glossy neck when last I saw  
him drink.

## 6.

*When last I saw him drink!* Away! the fevered dream  
is o'er

I could not live a day, and know that we should meet no  
more;

They tempted me, my beautiful! for hunger's power is  
strong;

They tempted me, my beautiful! but I have loved too  
long:

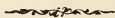
Who said that I had given thee up? Who said that  
thou wert sold?

'T is false, 't is false! my Arab steed! I fling them back  
their gold.

Thus, thus, I leap upon thy back, and scour the distant  
plains —

Away! — Who overtakes us now shall claim thee for his  
pains!

*Mrs. Caroline E. S. Norton.*



## LESSON 34.

*CULTIVATE CHEERFULNESS.*

**I**F we but make up our minds to it, we can be cheerful under any circumstances, no matter how adverse and discouraging they may appear for the time being. And by how much we do this, by so much we increase our own and the happiness of those around us. Charles Lamb used to say that "a laugh is worth a thousand groans in any state of the market." Dr. Johnson maintained that the habit of looking on the bright side of everything was "better than \$5,000 salary a year." Cheerfulness and diligence, says Samuel Smiles, are the life and soul of success, as well as of happiness; perhaps the very highest pleasure in life consists in clear, brisk, conscious working.

2. Bishop Hall wrote: "For every bad there might be a worse; and when one breaks his leg, let him be thankful that it was not his neck." There are few, if any, persons who find things just as they would like to have them. Annoyances, vexations, and trials are incident to the life of every one. We may allow them constantly to fret and irritate us, souring our dispositions and making us unhappy generally, or we can rise above them and be cheerful in spite of them.

3. It should be the aim of all to cultivate a habit of cheerfulness; to look upon the virtues, and not the faults of those around them; to refrain from brooding over the past, and study how the future may be made bright and cheery. We should keep depression and low spirits at a distance, and not permit ourselves to indulge in melancholy moods or repinings, because matters are not so and so.

4. In this busy, bustling period, there is great danger of men being worried by the friction and wear and tear of business life into a chronic condition of irritability

and peevishness. In their eagerness to acquire wealth, they overtax their energies, encroach upon the necessary hours of sleep, and become fretful, fidgety, and waspish. Those in large cities particularly should be on their guard against falling into this condition of constant anxiety and apprehension lest something is going wrong.

5. It is an excellent resolution which some make to leave the "shop" behind them when returning home at night, to dispel all thoughts of the day's cares and anxieties, and surrender themselves to the soothing, quieting influences which should be found in every family circle. Whoever will do this is bound to be cheerful. Rest, recreation, and participation in amusements were designed by our Creator to counteract the effect of hard labor on mind and body. Whoever refuses to recognize this fact and conform to it, will suffer both mentally and physically.

6. How much better it is for one to pass down to old age with a limited competence, feeling that he has enjoyed life and contributed to the enjoyment of others, than to secure riches at the sacrifice of all the better instincts of nature and all enjoyment! There is no more pitiable object in the world than the sordid, crabbed old man who has devoted a lifetime to money-getting simply, and sacrificed every trait of manhood in his endeavors.

7. As cheerfulness is essential to happiness, so regular habits and plenty of sleep are essential to cheerfulness. We cannot violate physical laws with impunity. The Almighty has arranged in his physical autonomy that his creatures must have so much rest and nourishment in order to maintain health and mental elasticity and buoyancy. There is such an intimate relation existing between the body and the mind, that the former cannot be out of gear without disarranging the latter.



## LESSON 35.

*THE BLIND PREACHER.*

AS I traveled through the county of Orange, my eye was caught by a cluster of horses tied near a ruinous, old, wooden house in the forest, not far from the roadside. Having frequently seen such objects before, in traveling through these States, I had no difficulty in understanding that this was a place of religious worship.

2. Devotion alone should have stopped me to join in the duties of the congregation; but I must confess that curiosity to hear the preacher of such a wilderness was not the least of my motives. On entering, I was struck with his preternatural appearance. He was a tall and very spare old man; his head, which was covered with a white linen cap, his shriveled hands, and his voice, were all shaking under the influence of a palsy; and a few moments ascertained to me that he was perfectly blind.

3. The first emotions that touched my breast were those of mingled pity and veneration. But how soon were all my feelings changed? The lips of Plato were never more worthy of a prognostic swarm of bees than were the lips of this holy man! It was a day of the administration of the sacrament; and his subject was, of course, the passion of our Saviour. I had heard the subject handled a thousand times; I had thought it exhausted long ago. Little did I suppose, that, in the wild woods of America, I was to meet with a man whose eloquence would give to this topic a new and more sublime pathos than I had ever before witnessed.

4. As he descended from the pulpit, to distribute the mystic symbols, there was a peculiar, a more than human solemnity in his air and manners, which made my blood run cold, and my whole frame shiver. He then drew a picture of the sufferings of our Saviour; his trial before Pilate; his ascent up Calvary; his crucifixion. I knew

the whole history; but never until then had I heard the circumstances so selected, so arranged, so colored. It was all new; and I seemed to have heard it for the first time in my life. His enunciation was so deliberate that his voice trembled on every syllable; and every heart in the assembly trembled in unison.

5. His peculiar phrases had that force of description that the original scene appeared to be at that moment acting before our eyes. We saw the very faces of the Jews; the staring, frightful distortions of malice and rage. We saw the buffet; my soul kindled with a flame of indignation; and my hands were involuntarily and convulsively clinched.

6. But when he came to touch on the patience, the forgiving meekness of our Saviour; when he drew, to the life, his voice breathing to God a soft and gentle prayer of pardon on his enemies, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do," the voice of the preacher, which had all along faltered, grew fainter, until, his utterance being entirely obstructed by the force of his feelings, he raised his handkerchief to his eyes, and burst into a loud and irrepressible flood of grief. The effect was inconceivable. The whole house resounded with the mingled groans, sobs, and shrieks of the congregation.

7. It was some time before the tumult had subsided, so far as to permit him to proceed. Indeed, judging by the usual, but fallacious standard of my own weakness, I began to be very uneasy for the situation of the preacher. For I could not conceive how he would be able to let his audience down from the height to which he had wound them, without impairing the solemnity and dignity of the subject, or perhaps shocking them by the abruptness of his fall. But, no: the descent was as beautiful and sublime as the elevation had been rapid and enthusiastic.

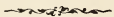
8. The first sentence with which he broke the awful

silence was a quotation from Rousseau: "Socrates died like a philosopher, but Jesus Christ like a God!" I despair of giving you any idea of the effect produced by this short sentence, unless you could perfectly conceive the whole manner of the man, as well as the peculiar crisis in the discourse. Never before did I completely understand what Demosthenes meant by laying such stress on delivery.

9. You are to bring before you the venerable figure of the preacher; his blindness, constantly recalling to your recollection old Homer, Ossian, and Milton, and associating with his performance the melancholy grandeur of their geniuses; you are to imagine that you hear his slow, solemn, well-accented enunciation, and his voice of affecting, trembling melody; you are to remember the pitch of passion and enthusiasm to which the congregation were raised; and then the few moments of portentous, death-like silence which reigned throughout the house; the preacher, removing his white handkerchief from his aged face (even yet wet from the recent torrent of his tears), and slowly stretching forth the palsied hand which held it, begins the sentence, "Socrates died like a philosopher"—then, pausing, raising his other, pressing them both, clasped together, with warmth and energy, to his breast, lifting his "sightless balls" to heaven, and pouring his whole soul into his tremulous voice—"but Jesus Christ—like a God!"

10. This man has been before my imagination almost ever since. A thousand times, as I rode along, I dropped the reins of my bridle, stretched forth my hand, and tried to imitate his quotation from Rousseau; a thousand times I abandoned the attempt in despair, and felt persuaded that his peculiar manner and power arose from an energy of soul which nature could give, but which no human being could justly copy. As I recall, at this moment,

several of his awfully striking attitudes, the chilling tide with which my blood begins to pour along my arteries, reminds me of the emotions produced by the first sight of Gray's introductory picture of his Bard.— *Wirt.*



## LESSON 36.

## THE BOYS.

**H**AS there any old fellow got mixed with the boys?  
If there has, take him out, without making a noise.  
Hang the almanac's cheat and the catalogue's spite!  
Old time is a liar; we're twenty to-night.

## 2.

We're twenty! We're twenty! Who says we are more?  
He's tipsy,— young jackanapes! — show him the door!  
“Gray temples at twenty?”—Yes! *white* if we please;  
Where the snow-flakes fall thickest there's nothing can  
freeze!

## 3.

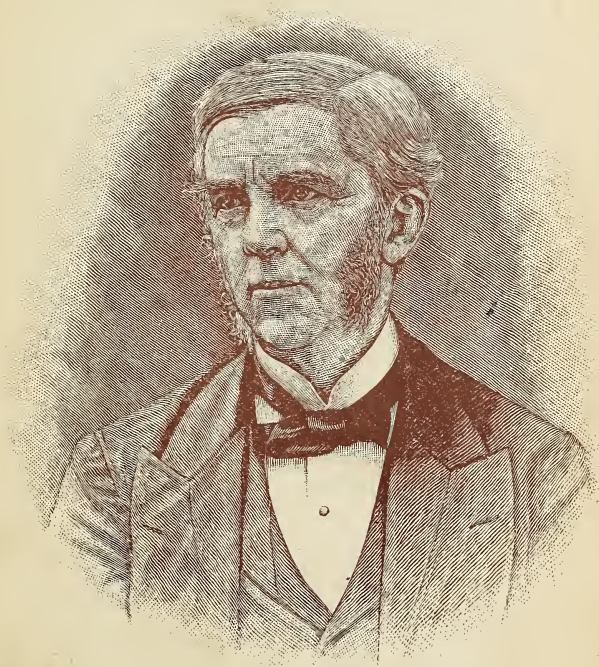
Was it snowing I spoke of? Excuse the mistake!  
Look close,— you will not see a sign of a flake!  
We want some new garlands for those we have shed,  
And these are white roses in place of the red.

## 4.

We've a trick, we young fellows, you may have been told,  
Of talking (in public) as if we were old;  
That boy we call “Doctor” and this we call “Judge”!  
It's a neat little fiction,— of course it's all fudge.

## 5.

That fellow's the “speaker,” the one on the right;  
“Mr. Mayor,” my young one, how are you to-night?



*Oliver Wendell Holmes.*



That's our "Member of Congress," we say when we chaff;

There's the "Reverend" — what's his name? — don't make me laugh.

## 6.

That boy with the grave mathematical look  
Made believe he had written a wonderful book,  
And the Royal Society thought it was *true*!  
So they chose him right in,—a good joke it was, too.

## 7.

There's a boy, we pretend, with a three-decker brain,  
That could harness a team with a logical chain;  
When he spoke for our manhood in syllabled fire;  
We call him "The Justice," but now he's the "Squire."

## 8.

And there's a nice youngster of excellent pith;  
Fate tried to conceal him by naming him Smith;  
But he shouted a song for the brave and the free,—  
Just read on his medal, "My country," "of thee!"

## 9.

You hear that boy laughing? You think he's all fun;  
But the angels laugh, too, at the good he has done;  
The children laugh loud as they troop to his call,  
And the poor man that knows him laughs loudest of all

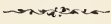
## 10.

Yes, we're boys,—always playing with tongue or with pen;

And I sometimes have asked, Shall we ever be men?  
Shall we always be youthful, and laughing, and gay,  
Till the last dear companion drops smiling away?

## 11.

Then here 's to our boyhood, its gold and its gray!  
The stars of its winter, the dews of its May!  
And when we have done with our life-lasting toys,  
Dear Father, take care of Thy children, THE BOYS!  
*Oliver Wendell Holmes.*



## LESSON 37.

*FATHER 'S GROWING OLD, JOHN.*

OUR father 's growing old, John!  
His eyes are growing dim,  
And years are on his shoulders laid —  
A heavy weight for him.  
And you and I are young and hale,  
And each a stalwart man,  
And we must make his load as light  
And easy as we can.

2. He used to take the brunt, John,  
At cradle and the plough,  
And earned our porridge by the sweat  
That trickled down his brow.  
Yet never heard we him complain,  
Whate'er his toil might be,  
Nor wanted e'er a welcome seat  
Upon his solid knee.
3. And when our boy-strength came, John,  
And sturdy grew each limb,  
He brought us to the yellow field,  
To share the toil with him;  
But he went foremost in the swath,  
Tossing aside the grain,



Just like the plough that heaves the soil,  
Or ships that cleave the main.

4. Now we must lead the van, John,  
Through weather foul and fair,  
And let the old man read and doze,  
And tilt his easy-chair;  
And he'll not mind it, John, you know,  
At eve to tell us o'er  
Those brave old days of British times —  
Our grandsires and the war.

5. I heard you speak of ma'am, John;  
'Tis Gospel what you say,  
That caring for the like of us  
Has turned her hair to gray?  
Yet, John, I do remember well  
When neighbors called her vain,  
And when her hair was long, and like  
A gleaming sheaf of grain.

6. Her lips were cherry red, John,  
Her cheeks were round and fair,  
And like a ripened peach they swelled  
Against her wavy hair.  
Her step fell lightly as the leaf  
From off the summer tree,  
And all day busy at the wheel,  
She sang to you and me.

7. She had a buxom arm, John,  
That wielded well the rod,  
Whene'er with wilful step our feet  
The path forbidden trod;  
But to the heaven of her eye  
We never looked in vain,

And evermore our yielding cry  
Brought down her tears like rain.

8. But this is long ago, John,  
And we are what we are,  
And little heed we, day by day,  
Her fading cheek and hair :  
And when beneath her faithful breast  
The tides no longer stir,  
'Tis then, John, we the most shall feel  
We had no friend like her !

9. Yes, father 's growing old, John,  
His eyes are getting dim,  
And mother's treading softly down  
The deep descent with him ;  
But you and I are young and hale,  
And each a stalwart man,  
And we must make their path as smooth  
And level as we can.



## LESSON 38.

### *MY STOVE—WITH MODERN IMPROVEMENTS.*

IT'S all very well to have a "spandangalous" new stove, with a high-sounding name, such as "Star of the West," or "Triumph of the World," costing forty or fifty dollars—gorgeous in shiny-black fluting and scroll-work, ornamented with artistic dancing maidens (in sheet-iron), and equipped with all the latest quirks and crinkles of improvements—with dampers here, and screws there; things to push in, and things to pull out; things to put on, and things to take off; doors to open, and doors to shut, and doors to stand ajar.

2. It sounds very well, and I felt very grand when the hardware man—or rather men, for it took two of them—perched the “Wonder of the Age” on its four small feet on an elegant round zinc in my unassuming parlor, and presented to me a printed book, containing minute directions for the perfect management of the stranger. It had displaced—by the way—an honest old stove with not a damper about it; nothing but a place to make the fire and a place to take out the ashes, which we had been stupid enough to think all that was necessary till we were enlightened by an unselfish hardware dealer.

3. I felt very fine, I say, and the pert man of iron said, “You’ll find it a great improvement on that old thing,” giving it a contemptuous push with his boot. “As soon as you learn to manage it, you’ll find it very simple, and it will save half your coal for you.”

4. When the man was gone, I sat down to study my new book.

“To build a fire,” said the oracle, “place the grate in such a position,” which I at once did; “turn damper No. 1 up, damper No. 2 down, pull damper No. 3 out, and push damper No. 4 in.”

5. I looked at the dampers, and found no numbers, but on further study I found a diagram of the stove with dampers numbered.

6. Well, I fixed the mysterious dampers; I brought the kindling, I had Jane ready with the scuttle of coal. (One of the delights of these new-fangled stoves is that it requires more brains to manage it than you can hire for four dollars a week.) When I had everything ready I lighted a wisp of paper, according to orders, dropped it into the dark receptacle, which I couldn’t see into, threw in, as per book, a handful of pine-kindlings, then a ditto of hard-wood ditto, though the smoke brought tears to my eyes. Then I shut the door and waited.

7. There was a roar while the paper and pine lasted, and then—a ghastly silence! Jane and I looked at each other.

“It’s gone out, for sure, mim,” said Jane.

“Perhaps I did n’t put in enough; get another handful, Jane,” I said.

Jane ran down to the wood-shed and came up with another load. I did it over again. This time it condescended to light, and, according to rule, Jane poured in the coal—“chestnut,” by the book.

8. It went rattling in, and alas! came rattling down into the ash-pan below. Jane fell on her knees and peered under.

“Sure, mim, the holes in it is big as me head. Sorra a bit of coal can stay in it at all, at all—the boderin’ thing!”

“But some stays in, and perhaps when it gets hot and melted together, it won’t fall out. Anyway, it’s according to the book,” I said, triumphantly.

9. But Jane did not seem to feel unqualified respect for the book.

“Boder the new-fangled notions, anyhow!” said she, under her breath; “the ould kind’s plenty good enough for the likes o’ me.”

“Yes, but, Jane,” said I, “this is a famous saver of coal.”

“I don’t belave in no sort o’ hatin’ without usin’ coal, mim. Leastways, that’s my experience.”

“Well, we shall see,” I said, with dignity.

10. Now the fire seemed to go finely, the coal cracked, and after the proper time—by the book—I had another scuttleful poured in. When that was nicely lighted, and the room getting warm—which feat was accomplished in two or three hours—I proceeded to shut up the stove. Attacking the dampers, I pulled up one and pushed down the other, turned this one straight and

left that one crosswise, and in every particular did as my oracle commanded. Then I took another book and sat down to enjoy a good fire, on scientific, economic principles, that would keep me warm, and not keep John's purse empty.

11. I was interested in my book, and I forgot the fire. After awhile I began to be conscious of a slow baking, and I felt a growing desire to throw open a window. I thought of my stove, and turned that way. Horrors! it was red-hot in three places, one of my parlor chairs was burned to a blister, and I was sure every picture in the room would crack. I threw open a door, and frantically seized my stove-book. Carefully I compared every damper with the printed directions—all was right. But, distrusting my senses, I took the picture labeled "Stove closed up," and compared every damper—all right again.

12. There must be a mistake. I tried experiments. I changed some of the dampers. I opened some doors, and closed others. And, in various ways, I worked over that perverse piece of iron all the afternoon. All of no avail. It got hotter and hotter, and I was just on the point of pouring water in to put out the fire (at least, I wanted to), when John came in.

13. "Hold!" he said, "something's wrong!"

"Is there?" I said, sarcastically; "tell me something I don't know."

"Give me the book," said he.

I gave it, and he seated himself with masculine certainty that he could regulate it in a minute. But the longer he studied, the more foggy he got.

14. "I wish they'd use a little common-sense in giving directions! It would puzzle a Philadelphia lawyer to make this out."

15. "I've studied it nearly all day, and I know the stove is shut up according to the rules," I said, positively.

16. "Where's Charley?" was the next remark.

"In the dining-room," said Jane.

"Send him down to the store for the man who put up this stove."

17. The man came. He looked it over. He couldn't understand it. He looked at it inside and out, above, below, and, at last, he burst out:

"Blest if I didn't put that damper in wrong. When you turned it open, you shut it up. I can't fix it now, while the stove's hot, but turn it so, and it's all right. I'll come up in the morning, ma'am, if you'll let your fire go out to-night, and fix it."

18. "I shall be extremely glad to let the fire go out," said I. "I don't think we will need any more heat this winter."

He smiled a grimy smile—he was the blackest man, for a white one, that I ever saw—and I suppose he was used to seeing people out of temper about that stove. He went out.

19. Well, the stove cooled off. Before long we shut the doors; then we drew our chairs nearer; then we fell to consulting that book again, and making rash experiments on dampers. All to no purpose; that fire wouldn't come up, and the most provoking thing about it was that we couldn't see the coal, and could only guess how it was doing.

Steadily it grew cooler and cooler, and at last was black and dead, and we sat wrapped in shawl and overcoat till bed-time.

20. The trials we had with that miserable combination of iron and dampers are too harrowing to repeat. It would get too hot; the grate would turn most unexpectedly, and let the fire half-down, and stay there and melt, while I burned my fingers, scorched the carpet, and destroyed things generally, trying to get it out in a hurry. The clinkers would choke it up, so that I

shook all the legs loose, in trying to shake it down, and I had to hold the stove up with a plank while Jane pounded the legs in. But John put a screw at the toe (so to speak) of each iron foot, and said I could shake till the windows rattled, if I wanted to.

21. Then on all occasions, on the slightest provocation, especially when I had company, that evil-disposed stove would develop some new crank, and the fire would go out.

22. It did save coal. It saves a great deal of coal—I'll give it that credit. But it kept me in a most unchristian frame of mind, besides keeping my hands in an everlasting state of blackness and roughness, and spoiling my carpet where the ashes fell out.

23. It cultivated profanity to a shocking extent in John, and it caused three girls to leave without giving warning.

24. That was last year. But I've grown wiser. This fall the mass of modern improvement took its ignominious way to an auction-store. The despised, old-fashioned, unaspiring stove was rescued from oblivion in the cellar.

25. We are comfortable once more, our fire hasn't been out this winter, and John pays the coal-bills without a grumble.—*Olive Thorne.*

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## LESSON 39.

### *THE SMACK IN SCHOOL.*

A DISTRICT school, not far away,  
'Mid Berkshire hills, one winter's day  
Was humming with its wonted noise  
Of threescore mingled girls and boys;  
Some few upon their tasks intent,  
But more on furtive mischief bent.

2. The while the master's downward look  
Was fastened on a copy-book,  
When suddenly, behind his back,  
Rose sharp and clear a rousing smack!  
As 't were a battery of bliss  
Let off in one tremendous kiss!
3. "What's that?" the startled master cries;  
"That, thir," a little imp replies,  
"Wath William Willeith, if you pleathe —  
I thaw him kith Thuthanna Peathe!"  
With frown to make a statue thrill,  
The master thundered, "Hither, Will!"
4. Like wretch o'ertaken in his track,  
With stolen chattels on his back,  
Will hung his head in fear and shame,  
And to the awful presence came —  
A great, green, bashful simpleton,  
The butt of all good-natured fun.
5. With smile suppressed, and birch upraised,  
The threatener faltered, "I'm amazed  
That you, my biggest pupil, should  
Be guilty of an act so rude!  
Before the whole set school to boot —  
What evil genius put you to't?"
6. "'T was she, herself, sir," sobbed the lad,  
"I did not mean to be so bad;  
But when Susannah shook her curls,  
And whispered I was 'fraid of girls,  
And durs n't kiss a baby's doll,  
I could n't stand it, sir, at all,



But up and kissed her on the spot!  
I know -- boo-hoo -- I ought to not,  
But, somehow, from her looks -- boo-hoo --  
I thought she kind o' wished me to!"

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## LESSON 40.

### *FOUND DEAD IN THE STREET.*

THE labor is over and done;  
The sun has gone down in the west;  
The birds are asleep every one;  
And the world has gone to its rest.

2. Sleepers on beds of down,  
    'Neath covers of silk and gold;  
Soft, as on roses new blown,  
    Slept the great monarch of old!
3. Sleepers on mother's breast,  
    Sleepers happy and warm,  
Cosy as birds in their nest,  
    With never a thought of harm.
4. Sleepers in garrets high,  
    'Neath coverlet ragged and old;  
And one little sleeper all under the sky,  
    Out in the night and the cold!
5. Alone in the wide, wide world,  
    Christless, motherless he;  
Begging or stealing to live, and whirled  
    Like waif on an angry sea.
6. The daisy looks up from the grass,  
    Fresh from the fingers of Night,

To welcome the birds as they pass,  
And drink in fresh rivers of light.

7. Sleepers on mother's breast,  
Waken to summer and mirth;  
But one little sleeper has gone to his rest,  
Never to waken on earth —
8. Dead — found dead in the street,  
All forsaken and lorn;  
Damp from head to feet,  
With dews of sweet May morn!
9. Dead — for the want of a crust!  
Dead in the cold night air!  
Dead — and under the dust,  
Without ever a word of prayer;
10. In the heart of the wealthiest city,  
In this most Christian land,  
Without ever a word of pity,  
Or the touch of a kindly hand!



## LESSON 41.

### *THE CRICKET ON THE HEARTH.*

THE kettle began it! Don't tell me what Mrs. Peery-bingle said. I know better. Mrs. Peerybingle may leave it on record to the end of time that she could n't say which of them began it; but I say the kettle did. I ought to know, I hope! The kettle began it, full five minutes by the little waxy-faced Dutch clock in the corner, before the Cricket uttered a chirp.

2. As if the clock had n't finished striking, and the

convulsive little Haymaker at the top of it, jerking away right and left with a scythe in front of a Moorish Palace, had n't mowed down half an acre of imaginary grass before the Cricket joined in at all!

3. Why, I am not naturally positive. Every one knows that I would n't set my own opinion against the opinion of Mrs. Peerybingle, unless I were quite sure, on any account whatever. Nothing should induce me. But this is a question of fact. And the fact is, that the kettle began it, at least five minutes before the Cricket gave any sign of being in existence. Contradict me, and I'll say ten.

4. Let me narrate exactly how it happened. I should have proceeded to do so, in my very first word, but for this plain consideration — if I am to tell a story I must begin at the beginning; and how is it possible to begin at the beginning, without beginning at the kettle?

5. It appears as if there were a sort of match, or trial of skill, you must understand, between the kettle and the Cricket. And this is what led to it, and how it came about.

6. Mrs. Peerybingle, going out into the raw twilight, and clicking over the wet stones in a pair of pattens that worked innumerable rough impressions of the first proposition in Euclid all about the yard — Mrs. Peerybingle filled the kettle at the water-butt. Presently returning, less the pattens (and a good deal less, for they were tall and Mrs. Peerybingle was but short), she set the kettle on the fire. In doing which she lost her temper, or mislaid it for an instant; for, the water being uncomfortably cold, and in that slippery, slushy, sleety sort of state wherein it seems to penetrate through every kind of substance, patten-rings included — had laid hold of Mrs. Peerybingle's toes, and even splashed her.

7. Besides, the kettle was aggravating and obstinate. It wouldn't allow itself to be adjusted on the top bar;

it wouldn't hear of accommodating itself kindly to the knobs of coal, it *would* lean forward with a drunken air, and dribble, a very idiot of a kettle, on the hearth. It was quarrelsome, and hissed and spluttered morosely at the fire. To sum up all, the lid, resisting Mrs. Peerybingle's fingers, first of all turned topsy-turvy, and then, with an ingenious pertinacity deserving of a better cause, dived sideways in — down to the very bottom of the kettle. And the hull of the Royal George has never made half the monstrous resistance to coming out of the water, which the lid of that kettle employed against Mrs. Peerybingle, before she got it up again.

8. It looked sullen and pig-headed enough, even then, carrying its handle with an air of defiance, and cocking its spout pertly and mockingly at Mrs. Peerybingle, as if it said, "I won't boil. Nothing shall induce me."

9. But Mrs. Peerybingle, with restored good-humor, dusted her chubby little hands against each other, and sat down before the kettle, laughing. Meantime, the jolly blaze uprose and fell, flashing and gleaming on the little Haymaker at the top of the Dutch clock, until one might have thought he stood stock-still before the Moorish palace, and nothing was in motion but the flame.

10. He was on the move, however, and had his spasms, two to the second, all right and regular. But his sufferings when the clock was going to strike, were frightful to behold; and when a Cuckoo looked out of a trap-door in the Palace, and gave note six times, it shook him, each time, like a spectral voice — or like a something wiry plucking at his legs.

11. It was not until a violent commotion and a whirling noise among the weights and ropes below him had quite subsided, that this terrified Haymaker became himself again. Nor was he startled without reason; for these rattling, bony skeletons of clocks are very disconcerting in their operation, and I wonder very much

how any set of men, but most of all how Dutchmen, can have had a liking to invent them. There is a popular belief that Dutchmen love broad cases and much clothing for their own lower selves, and they might know better than to leave their clocks so very lank and unprotected, surely.

12. Now it was, you observe, that the kettle began to spend the evening. Now it was, that the kettle, growing mellow and musical, began to have irrepressible gurglings in its throat, and to indulge in short vocal snorts, which it checked in the bud, as if it had n't quite made up its mind yet to be good company. Now it was, that after two or three such vain attempts to stifle its convivial sentiments, it threw off all moroseness, all reserve, and burst into a stream of song so cosy and hilarious, as never maudlin nightingale yet formed the least idea of.

13. So plain too! Bless you, you might have understood it like a book — better than some books you and I could name, perhaps. With its warm breath gushing forth in a light cloud which merrily and gracefully ascended a few feet, then hung about the chimney-corner as its own domestic heaven, it trolled its song with that strong energy of cheerfulness, that its iron body hummed and stirred upon the fire; and the lid itself, the recently rebellious lid — such is the influence of a bright example — performed a sort of jig, and clattered like a deaf and dumb young cymbal that had never known the use of its twin brother.

14. That this song of the kettle's was a song of invitation and welcome to somebody out of doors,—to somebody at that moment coming on towards the snug small home and the crisp fire,—there is no doubt whatever. Mrs. Peerybingle knew it perfectly, as she sat musing before the hearth. It's a dark night, sung the kettle, and the rotten leaves are lying by the way; and above, all is mist and darkness, and below, all is mire and clay;

and there's only one relief in all the sad and murky air; and I don't know that it is one, for it's nothing but a glare of deep and angry crimson, where the sun and wind together set a brand upon the clouds for being guilty of such weather; and the widest open country is a long dull streak of black; and there's hoar-frost on the finger-post, and thaw upon the track; and the ice is n't water and the water is n't free; and you could n't say that anything is what it ought to be; but he's coming, coming, coming! —

15. And here, if you like, the Cricket DID chime in with a Chirrup, Chirrup, Chirrup of such magnitude, by way of chorus,—with a voice so astoundingly disproportionate to its size as compared with the kettle, (size! you could n't see it!) that if it had then and there burst itself like an overcharged gun, if it had fallen a victim on the spot, and chirruped its little body into fifty pieces, it would have seemed a natural and inevitable consequence, for which it had expressly labored.

16. The kettle had had the last of its solo performance. It persevered with undiminished ardor; but the Cricket took first fiddle and kept it. Good Heaven, how it chirped! Its shrill, sharp, piercing voice resounded through the house, and seemed to twinkle in the outer darkness like a star. There was an indescribable little trill and tremble in it at its loudest, which suggested its being carried off its legs, and made to leap again, by its own intense enthusiasm. Yet they went very well together, the Cricket and the kettle. The burden of the song was still the same; and louder, louder, louder still they sung it in their emulation.

17. The fair little listener—for fair she was and young, though something of what is called the dumpling shape; but I don't myself object to that—lighted a candle, glanced at the Haymaker on the top of the clock (who was getting in a pretty average crop of minutes), and

looked out of the window, where she saw nothing owing to the darkness, but her own face imaged in the glass. And my opinion is (and so would yours have been), that she might have looked a long way and seen nothing half so agreeable. When she came back and sat down in her former seat, the Cricket and the kettle were still keeping it up, with a perfect fury of competition. The kettle's weak side clearly being, that he didn't know when he was beat.

18. There was all the excitement of a race about it. Chirp, chirp, chirp! Cricket a mile ahead. Hum, hum, hum—m—m! Kettle making play in the distance, like a great top. Chirp, chirp, chirp! Cricket round the corner. Hum, hum, hum—m—m! Kettle sticking to him in his own way; no idea of giving in. Chirp, chirp, chirp! Cricket fresher than ever. Hum, hum, hum—m—m! Kettle slow and steady. Chirp, chirp, chirp! Cricket going in to finish him. Hum, hum, hum—m—m! Kettle not to be finished. Until at last, they got so jumbled together, in the hurry-skurry, helter-skelter of the match, that whether the kettle chirped and the Cricket hummed, or the Cricket chirped and the kettle hummed, or they both chirped and they both hummed, it would have taken a clearer head than yours or mine to decide with anything like certainty.

19. But of this there is no doubt, that the kettle and the Cricket, at one and the same moment, and by some power of amalgamation best known to themselves, sent each his fireside song of comfort streaming into a ray of the candle that shone out through the window, and a long way down the lane. And this light, bursting on a certain person who, on the instant, approached towards it through the gloom, expressed the whole thing to him, literally, in a twinkling, and cried, Welcome home, old fellow! Welcome home, my boy!—*Charles Dickens*.



## LESSON 42.

*FIRST PRAYER IN CONGRESS.*

**O** LORD, our Heavenly Father, high and mighty King of kings, and Lord of lords, who dost from Thy throne behold all the dwellers of the earth, and reignest with power supreme and uncontrolled over all the kingdoms, empires, and governments, look down in mercy, we beseech Thee, on the American States, who have fled to Thee from the rod of the oppressor, and thrown themselves on Thy gracious protection, desiring to be henceforth dependent only on Thee. To Thee they have appealed for the righteousness of their cause; to Thee do they now look up for that countenance and support which Thou alone canst give. Take them, therefore, Heavenly Father, unto Thy nurturing care. Give them wisdom in council and valor in the field. Defeat the malice of our adversaries; convince them of the unrighteousness of their course, and, if they still persist in sanguinary purposes, oh! let the voice of Thine own unerring justice, sounding in their hearts, constrain them to drop the weapons of war from their unnerved hands in the day of battle. Be Thou present, O God of wisdom, and direct the councils of this honorable assembly. Enable them to settle things on the best and surest foundations, that the scenes of blood may be speedily closed, and order, harmony, and peace may be effectually restored, and truth and justice, religion and piety prevail and flourish among Thy people. Preserve the health of their bodies and the vigor of their minds; shower down upon them and the millions they here represent, such temporal blessings as Thou seest expedient for them in this world, and crown them with everlasting glory in the world to come. All this we ask in the name and through the merits of Jesus Christ, Thy Son, our Saviour. Amen.

*Rev. Jacob Duché,*



## LESSON 43.

*THE BAREFOOT BOY.*

BLESSINGS on thee, little man,  
Barefoot boy, with cheek of tan !  
With thy turned-up pantaloons,  
And thy merry whistled tunes ;  
With thy red lip, redder still  
Kissed by strawberries on the hill ;  
With the sunshine on thy face,  
Through thy torn brim's jaunty grace ;  
From my heart I give thee joy ;  
I was once a barefoot boy !

2. Prince thou art — the grown-up man  
Only is republican.  
Let the million-dollared ride !  
Barefoot, trudging at his side,  
Thou hast more than he can buy,  
In the reach of ear and eye —  
Outward sunshine, inward joy :  
Blessings on thee, barefoot boy !
3. Oh ! for boyhood's painless play,  
Sleep that wakes in laughing day ;  
Health that mocks the doctor's rules ;  
Knowledge, never learned of schools.  
Of the wild bee's morning chase,  
Of the wild-flower's time and place,  
Flight of fowl and habitude  
Of the tenants of the wood ;
4. How the tortoise bears his shell,  
How the woodchuck digs his cell,  
And the ground-mole sinks his well ;  
How the robin feeds her young,  
How the oriole's nest is hung ;

Where the whitest lilies blow,  
Where the freshest berries grow,  
Where the ground-nut trails its vine,  
Where the wood-grape's clusters shine;

5. Of the black wasp's cunning way,  
Mason of his walls of clay,  
And the architectural plans  
Of gray hornet artisans! —  
For, eschewing books and tasks,  
Nature answers all he asks;  
Hand-in-hand with her he walks,  
Face to face with her he talks,  
Part and parcel of her joy,—  
Blessings on the barefoot boy!
6. Oh! for boyhood's time of June,  
Crowding years in one brief moon,  
When all things I heard or saw,  
Me, their master, waited for.  
I was rich in flowers and trees,  
Humming-birds and honey-bees;
7. For my sport the squirrel played,  
Plied the snouted mole his spade;  
For my taste the blackberry cone  
Purpled over hedge and stone;  
Laughed the brook for my delight  
Through the day and through the night,  
Whispering at the garden wall,  
Talked with me from fall to fall;
8. Mine the sand-rimmed pickerel pond,  
Mine the walnut slopes beyond,  
Mine, on bending orchard trees,  
Apples of Hesperides!

Still, as my horizon grew,  
Larger grew my riches too;  
All the world I saw or knew  
Seemed a complex Chinese toy,  
Fashioned for a barefoot boy!

9. Oh! for festal dainties spread,  
Like my bowl of milk and bread,  
Pewter spoon and bowl of wood,  
On the door-stone, gray and rude!  
O'er me, like a regal tent,  
Cloudy-ribbed, the sunset bent,  
Purple-curtained, fringed with gold,  
Looped in many a wind-swung fold;  
While for music came the play  
Of the pied frogs' orchestra;  
And, to light the noisy choir,  
Lit the fly his lamp of fire.  
I was monarch: pomp and joy  
Waited on the barefoot boy!
10. Cheerily, then, my little man,  
Live and laugh as boyhood can!  
Though the flinty slopes be hard,  
Stubble-speared the new-mown sward,  
Every morn shall lead thee through  
Fresh baptisms of the dew;  
Every evening from thy feet  
Shall the cool wind kiss the heat:
11. All too soon these feet must hide  
In the prison cells of pride,  
Lose the freedom of the sod,  
Like a colt's for work be shod,  
Made to tread the mills of toil,  
Up and down in ceaseless moil:

12. Happy if their track be found  
Never on forbidden ground ;  
Happy if they sink not in  
Quick and treacherous sands of sin.  
Ah ! that thou couldst know thy joy,  
Ere it passes, barefoot boy !

*J. G. Whittier.*



## LESSON 44.

### *THE COLD-WATER MAN.*

- T**HERE lived an honest fisherman,  
I knew him passing well,  
Who dwelt hard by a little pond,  
Within a little dell.
2. A grave and quiet man was he,  
Who loved his hook and rod ;  
So even ran his line of life,  
His neighbors thought it odd.
3. For science and for books, he said,  
He never had a wish ;  
No school to him was worth a fig,  
Except a "school" of fish.
4. This single-minded fisherman,  
A double calling had,—  
To tend his flocks in winter-time,  
In summer fish for shad.
5. In short, this honest fisherman  
All other toils forsook ;  
And though no vagrant man was he,  
He lived by "hook and crook."

6. All day that fisherman would sit  
    Upon an ancient log,  
And gaze into the water, like  
    Some sedentary frog.
7. A cunning fisherman was he ;  
    His angles all were right ;  
And when he scratched his aged poll,  
    You 'd know he 'd got a bite.
8. To charm the fish he never spoke,  
    Although his voice was fine ;  
He found the most convenient way  
    Was just to "drop a line."
9. And many a "gudgeon" of the pond,  
    If made to speak to-day,  
Would own, with grief, this angler had  
    A mighty "taking way."
10. One day, while fishing on the log,  
    He mourned his want of luck,—  
When, suddenly, he felt a bite,  
    And jerking — caught a duck !
11. Alas ! that day, the fisherman  
    Had taken too much grog ;  
And being but a landsman, too,  
    He could n't "keep the log."
12. In vain he strove with all his might,  
    And tried to gain the shore ;  
Down, down he went to feed the fish  
    He 'd baited oft before !
13. The moral of this mournful tale  
    To all is plain and clear : —

A single "drop too much" of rum,  
May make a watery bier.

14. And he who will not "sign the pledge,"  
And keep his promise fast,  
May be, in spite of fate, a stark  
Cold-water man at last!

*John G. Saxe.*



## LESSON 45.

### *A MOSQUITO HUNT.*

**I**N the sleeping apartments of India, great care is taken to secure coolness. The beds, which are always large and hard, are generally placed as nearly as may be in the very middle of the apartment, in the line of the freest thorough draught which open doors and windows can command. Round each bed is suspended a gauze curtain, without which sleep would be as effectually murdered as ever it was by any tragedy king. For, if even one mosquito contrives to gain admission into your fortress, you may, for that night, bid good-by not only to sleep, but to temper, and almost to health. I defy the most resolute, the most serene, or the most robust person that ever lived between the tropics, to pass the whole night in bed, within the curtains of which a single invader has entered, and not to be found, when the morning comes, in a high fever, with every atom of his patience exhausted.

2. The process of getting into bed, in India, is one requiring great dexterity, and not a little scientific engineering. As the curtains are carefully tucked in close under the mattress, all round, you must decide at once at what part of the bed you choose to make your entry. Having surveyed the ground, and clearly made up your

mind on this point, you take in your right hand a kind of brush, or switch, made of a horse's tail; or, if you be tolerably expert, a towel may answer the purpose. With your left hand you then seize that part of the skirt of the curtain which is thrust under the bedding at the place you intend to enter, and by the light of the coconut-oil lamp you must drive away the mosquitoes from your immediate neighborhood by whisking round your horse-tail switch; and, before proceeding farther, you must be sure you have effectually driven the enemy back.

3. If you fail in this matter, your repose is effectually dashed for that night; for these provoking animals appear to know perfectly well what is going to happen, and assemble with the vigor and bravery of the flank companies appointed to head a storming party, ready in one instant to rush into the breach, careless alike of horses' tails and towels. Let it be supposed, however, that you have successfully beaten back the enemy. You next promptly form an opening, not a hair's breadth larger than your own person, into which you leap, like harlequin through a hoop, closing up, with all the speed of fear, the gap through which you have shot yourself into your sleeping quarters.

4. If all these arrangements have been well managed, you may amuse yourself for a while by scoffing at and triumphing over the clouds of baffled mosquitoes outside, who dash themselves against the meshes of the net, in vain attempts to enter your sanctum. If, however, for your sins, any one of their number has succeeded in entering the place along with yourself, he is not so silly as to betray his presence while you are flushed with victory, wide awake, and armed with the means of his destruction. Far from this, he allows you to chuckle over your fancied great doings, and to lie down with all the complacency and fallacious security of your con-

quest, and under the entire assurance of enjoying a tranquil night's rest. Alas, for such presumptuous hopes! Scarcely have you dropped gradually from these visions of the day to the yet more blessed visions of the night, and the last faint effort of your eyelids has been overcome by the gentle pressure of sleep, when, in deceitful slumber, you hear something like the sound of trumpets.

5. Straightway your imagination is kindled, and you fancy yourself in the midst of a fierce fight, and struggling, not against petty insects, but against armed men and thundering cannon. In the excitement of the mortal conflict of your dream, you awake, not displeased, mayhap, to find that you are safe and snug in bed. But in the next instant what is your dismay, when you are again saluted by the odious notes of a mosquito close to your ear! The perilous fight of the previous dream, in which your honor had become pledged, and your life at hazard, is all forgotten in the pressing reality of this waking calamity. You resolve to do or die, and not to sleep, or even attempt to sleep, till you have finally overcome the enemy.

6. Just as you have made this manly resolve, and, in order to deceive the foe, have pretended to be fast asleep, the wary mosquito is again heard circling over you at a distance, but gradually coming nearer and nearer in a spiral descent, and at each turn gaining upon you one inch, till at length he almost touches your ear, and, as you suppose, is about to settle upon it. With a sudden jerk, and full of wrath, you bring up your hand and give yourself such a box on the ear as would have staggered the best friend you have in the world, and might have crushed twenty thousand mosquitoes had they been there congregated. Being convinced that you have now done for him, you lie down again.

7. In less than ten seconds, however, the very same



felon, whom you fondly hoped you had executed, is again within hail of you, and you can almost fancy there is scorn in the tone of his abominable hum. You, of course, watch his motions still more intently than before, but only by the ear, for you can never see him. We will suppose that you fancy he is aiming at your left hand; indeed, as you are almost sure of it, you wait till he has ceased his song, and then you give yourself another smack, which, I need not say, proves quite as fruitless as the first.

8. About this stage of the action you discover, to your horror, that you have been soundly bitten in one ear and in both heels, but when or how you cannot tell. These wounds, of course, put you into a fine rage, partly from the pain, and partly from the insidious manner in which they have been inflicted. Up you spring on your knees—not to pray, Heaven knows!—but to fight. You seize your horse's tail with spiteful rage, and after whisking it round and round, and cracking it in every corner of the bed, you feel pretty certain you must at last have demolished your friend.

9. In this unequal warfare you pass the livelong night, alternately scratching and cuffing yourself, fretting and fuming to no purpose, feverish, angry, sleepy, provoked, and wounded in twenty different places. At last, just as the long-expected day begins to dawn, you drop off, quite exhausted, into an unsatisfactory, heavy slumber, during which your triumphant enemy banquets upon your carcass at his convenient leisure. As the sun is rising, you awaken only to discover the bloated and satiated monster clinging to the top of your bed—an easy, but useless and inglorious prey.

## LESSON 46.

## THE RETURN OF COLUMBUS.

## DON GOMEZ AND HIS SECRETARY.

DON GOMEZ. What! What is this you tell me? Columbus returned? A new world discovered? Impossible.

2. *Sec.* It is even so, sir. A courier arrived at the palace but an hour since with the intelligence. Columbus was driven by stress of weather to anchor in the Tagus. All Portugal is in a ferment of enthusiasm, and all Spain will be equally excited soon. The sensation is prodigious.

3. *Don G.* Oh, it is a trick! It must be a trick!

4. *Sec.* But he has brought home the proofs of his visit,—gold and precious stones, strange plants and animals; and, above all, specimens of a new race of men, copper-colored, with straight hair.

5. *Don G.* Still I say, a trick! He has been coasting along the African shore, and there collected a few curiosities, which he is palming off for proofs of his pretended discovery.

6. *Sec.* It is a little singular that all his men should be leagued with him in keeping up so unprofitable a falsehood.

7. *Don G.* But 'tis against reason, against common sense, that such a discovery should be made.

8. *Sec.* King John of Portugal has received him with royal magnificence, has listened to his accounts, and is persuaded that they are true.

9. *Don G.* We shall see, we shall see. Look you, sir, a plain matter-of-fact man, such as I, is not to be taken in by any such preposterous story. This vaunted discovery will turn out no discovery at all.

10. *Sec.* The king and queen have given orders for

preparations on the most magnificent scale for the reception of Columbus.

11. *Don G.* What delusion! Her Majesty is so credulous! A practical common-sense man, like myself, can find no points of sympathy in her nature.

12. *Sec.* The Indians on board the returned vessels are said to be unlike any known race of men.

13. *Don G.* Very unreliable all that! I take the common-sense view of the thing. I am a matter-of-fact man; and do you remember what I say, it will all turn out a trick! The crews may have been deceived. Columbus may have steered a southerly course instead of a westerly. Anything is probable, rather than that a coast to the westward of us has been discovered.

14. *Sec.* I saw the courier, who told me he had conversed with all the sailors; and they laughed at the suspicion that there could be any mistake about the discovery, or that any other than a westerly course had been steered.

15. *Don G.* Still I say, a trick! An unknown coast reached by steering west? Impossible! The earth a globe, and men standing with their heads down in space? Folly! An ignorant sailor from Genoa in the right, and all our learned doctors and philosophers in the wrong? Nonsense! I'm a matter-of-fact man, sir. I will believe what I can see, and handle, and understand. But as for believing in the antipodes, or that the earth is round, or that Columbus has discovered land to the west—Ring the bell, sir; call my carriage; I will go to the palace and undeceive the king.

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### EXERCISE.

*Write expressions equivalent to the following:*

1. Columbus was driven by stress of weather.
2. The sensation is prodigious.
3. King John has received him with royal magnificence.

## LESSON 47.

*FROST-WORK.*

A LITTLE one sought me this morning,  
Her blue eyes shining bright,  
While over her cheeks the dimples  
Were playing in changeful light.

2. "Come, come to my room," she whispered;  
"A curious thing is there;—  
A painter has been at work all night  
In the cold and shivering air.
3. "He has made a beautiful castle,  
Far up on a mountain high,  
And a forest of old and stately trees,  
With branches that touch the sky.
4. "He has made both towers and temples,  
And all kinds of curious things;  
You might fancy some were angels,  
With their grand and shining wings.
5. "They are all on my window painted,  
The strange and beautiful things!  
And the morning sun above them  
A rainbow beauty flings."
6. I went with the little prattler,  
The mystical work to see;  
And glorious in the shining sun  
Was the delicate tracery.
7. For all night long the artist  
Had silently wrought away,  
And only put by his pencil  
At the coming in of day;

8. Softly and stealthily toiling,  
By the holy light of the stars,  
And the light that streams like a glory  
From heaven's crystal bars.
9. He had gone, as he came, in silence;  
But his work was left behind,  
Like a friend who sends his favors  
By night to the good and the kind.
10. How often the silent seeker  
For better things above,  
Finds more than angel beauty  
In the Saviour's grace and love!
11. And when lip and brow have faded  
In the dust and gloom of death,  
Their memories come to the living,  
Evangelists of love and faith.
12. Oh! teach me, beautiful frost-work,  
Another lesson in life:—  
The web that is woven by night-time,  
In the morning with gems may be rife.
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## LESSON 48.

*A MAN OVERBOARD.*

OFF the Azores we were overtaken by a series of severe squalls. We were preparing ourselves for the coming storm, when a man, who was coming down from the last reef, slipped as he stepped on the bulwarks, and went over backwards into the waves.

2. In a moment that most terrific of all cries at sea,

"A man overboard! a man overboard!" flew like lightning over the ship. I sprang upon the quarter-deck, just as the poor fellow, with his "fearful human face," riding the top of a billow, fled past.

3. In an instant all was commotion; plank after plank was cast over for him to seize and sustain himself on, till the ship could be put about and the boat lowered. The first mate, a bold, fiery fellow, leaped into the boat that hung at the side of the quarter-deck, and in a voice so sharp and stern that I seem to hear it yet, shouted, "In, men! in, men!"

4. But the poor sailors hung back,—the sea was too wild. The second mate sprang to the side of the first, and the men, ashamed to leave both their officers alone, followed.

5. "Cut away the lashings!" exclaimed the officer. The knife glanced round the ropes, the boat fell to the water, rose on a huge wave far over the deck, and drifted rapidly astern.

6. The brave mate stood erect, the helm in his hand, his flashing eye embracing the whole peril in a single glance, and his hand bringing the head of the gallant little boat on each high sea that otherwise would have swamped her. I watched them till nearly two miles astern, when they lay to, to look for the lost sailor.

7. Just then I turned my eyes to the southern horizon, and saw a squall, blacker and heavier than any we had before encountered, rushing down upon us. The captain also saw it, and was terribly excited.

8. He called for a flag, and, springing into the shrouds, waved it for their return. The gallant fellows obeyed the signal, and pulled for the ship.

9. But it was slow work, for the head of the boat had to be laid on to almost every wave. It was now growing dark, and if the squall should strike the boat before it reached the vessel, there was no hope for it; it would

either go down at once, or drift away into the surrounding darkness, to struggle out the night as it could.

10. I shall never forget that scene. All along the southern horizon, between the black water and the blacker heavens, was a white streak of tossing foam. Nearer and clearer every moment it boiled and roared on its track.

11. I could not look steadily on that gallant little crew, now settling the question of life and death to themselves, and perhaps to us, who would be left almost unmanned in the middle of the Atlantic, and encompassed by a storm.

12. The sea was making fast, and yet that frail thing rode on it like a duck. Every time she sank away she carried my heart down with her; and when she remained a longer time than usual, I would think it was all over, and cover my eyes with horror; the next moment she would appear between us and the black rolling cloud, literally covered with foam and spray.

13. The captain knew that a few minutes more would decide the fate of his officers and crew; he called for his trumpet, and, springing up the ratlines, shouted out over the roar of the blast and waves, "Pull away, my brave boys; the squall is coming! give way, my hearties!" and the bold fellows *did* "give way" with a will.

14. I could see their ashen oars quiver as they rose from the water, while the lifelike boat sprang to their strokes down the billows, like a panther on a leap. On she came, and on came the blast. It was the wildest struggle I ever gazed on; but the gallant little boat conquered.

15. O, how my heart leaped when she at length shot round the stern, and rising on a wave far above our lee-quarter, shook the water from her drenched head, as if in delight to find her shelter again!

16. The chains were fastened, and I never pulled with such right good-will on a rope as on the one that brought

that boat up the vessel's side. As the heads of the crew appeared over the bulwarks, I could have hugged the brave fellows in transport.

17. As they stepped on deck, not a question was asked, no report given; but "Forward, men!" broke from the captain's lips. The vessel was trimmed to meet the blast, and we were again bounding on our way.

18. If that squall had pursued the course of all former ones, we must have lost our crew; but when nearest the boat (and it seemed to me the foam was breaking not a hundred rods off), the wind suddenly veered, and held the cloud in check, so that it swung round close to our bows.

19. The poor sailor was gone; he came not back again. It was his birthday (he was twenty-five years old), and, alas! it was his death-day.

20. We saw him no more, and a gloom fell on the whole ship. There were few of us in all, and we felt his loss. It was a wild and dark night; death had been among us, and had left us with sad and serious hearts.

21. As I walked to the stern, and looked back on the foam and tumult of the vessel's wake, in which the poor sailor had disappeared, I instinctively murmured the mariner's hymn, closing with the sincere prayer,—

"O sailor boy, sailor boy, peace to thy soul!"

*J. T. Headley.*



## LESSON 49.

### *EXPRESSION IN READING.*

'T IS not enough the voice be sound and clear —  
'T is modulation that must charm the ear.

When desperate heroines grieve with tedious moan,  
And whine their sorrows in a see-saw tone,  
The same soft sounds of unimpassioned woes  
Can only make the yawning hearer doze,



*That* voice all modes of passion can express  
Which marks the proper word with proper stress;  
But none emphatic can the reader call  
Who lays an equal emphasis on *all*.

2. Some o'er the tongue the labored measures roll  
Slow and deliberate as the parting toll;  
Point every stop, mark every pause so strong,  
Their words like stage-processions stalk along.  
All affectation but creates disgust,  
And even in speaking we may seem *too* just  
In vain for them the pleasing measure flows,  
Whose recitation runs it all to prose;  
Repeating what the poet sets not down,  
The verb disjoining from its friendly noun,  
While intonation, pause, and break combine  
To make a discord in each tuneful line.
3. Some placid natures fill the allotted scene  
With lifeless drone, insipid and serene;  
While others thunder every couplet o'er,  
And almost crack your ears with rant and roar.  
More nature oft and finer strokes are shown  
In the low whisper than tempestuous tone,  
And Hamlet's hollow voice and fixed amaze  
More powerful terror to the mind conveys  
Than he who, swollen with big impetuous rage,  
Bullies the bulky phantom off the stage.
4. He who in earnest studies o'er his part  
Will find true nature cling about his heart.  
The modes of grief are not included all  
In the white handkerchief and mournful drawl;  
A single look more marks the internal woe  
Than all the windings of the lengthened *O!*

Up to the face the quick sensation flies,  
 And darts its meaning from the speaking eyes;  
 Love, transport, madness, anger, scorn, despair,  
 And all the passions, all the soul, is there.

*Lloyd.*



## LESSON 50.

### TOWN AND COUNTRY.

CHILD of the country! free as air  
 Art thou, and as the sunshine fair;  
 Born like the lily, where the dew  
 Lies odorous when the day is new;  
 Fed 'mid the May-flowers like the bee;  
 Nursed to sweet music on the knee;  
 Lull'd in the breast to that sweet tune  
 Which winds make 'mong the woods of June:  
 I sing of thee; — 't is sweet to sing  
 Of such a fair and gladsome thing.

2. Child of the town! for thee I sigh;  
 A gilded roof's thy golden sky,  
 A carpet is thy daisied sod,  
 A narrow street thy boundless wood;  
 Thy rushing deer's the clattering tramp  
 Of watchmen; thy best light's a lamp,—  
 Through smoke, and not through trellised vines  
 And blooming trees, thy sunbeam shines:  
 I sing of thee in sadness; where  
 Else is wreck wrought in aught so fair?
3. Child of the country! on the lawn  
 I see thee like the bounding fawn,  
 Blithe as the bird which tries its wing  
 The first time on the wings of spring;

Now running, shouting, 'mid sunbeams  
Now groping trouts in lucid streams,  
Now spinning like a mill-wheel round,  
Now hunting Echo's empty sound,  
Now climbing up some old tall tree —  
For climbing's sake,—'t is sweet to thee  
To sit where birds can sit alone,  
Or share with thee thy venturous throne.

4. Child of the town and bustling street,  
What woes and snares await thy feet!  
Thy paths are paved for five long miles,  
Thy groves and hills are peaks and tiles;  
Thy fragrant air is yon thick smoke,  
Which shrouds thee like a mourning cloak;  
And thou art cabined and confined  
At once from sun, and dew, and wind,  
Or set thy tottering feet but on  
Thy lengthened walks of slippery stone.

5. Fly from the town, sweet child! for health  
Is happiness, and strength, and wealth.  
There is a lesson in each flower,  
A story in each stream and bower;  
On every herb o'er which we tread  
Are written words, which, rightly read,  
Will lead you, from earth's fragrant sod,  
To hope, and holiness, and God.

*Allan Cunningham.*

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#### EXERCISE.

*Write expressions equivalent to the following:*

1. Where the dew lies odorous when the day is new.
2. Thy rushing deer's the clattering tramp of watchmen.
3. Where else is wreck wrought in aught so fair?

## LESSON 51.

*CHILDREN—WHAT ARE THEY?*

WHAT are children? Step to the window with me. The street is full of them. Yonder a school is let loose, and here, just within reach of our observation, are two or three noisy little fellows, and there another party mustering for play. Some are whispering together, and plotting so loudly and so earnestly as to attract everybody's attention, while others are holding themselves aloof, with their satchels gaping so as to betray a part of their plans for to-morrow afternoon, or laying their heads together in pairs for a trip to the islands. Look at them, weigh the question I have put to you, and then answer it as it deserves to be answered:—*what are children?*

2. To which you reply at once without any sort of hesitation, perhaps, "Just as the twig is bent the tree's inclined;" or "Men are but children of a larger growth;" or, peradventure, "The child is father of the man." And then perhaps you leave me, perfectly satisfied with yourself and with your answer, having "plucked out the heart of the mystery," and uttered, without knowing it, a string of glorious truths.

3. Among the children who are now playing together, like birds among the blossoms of earth, haunting all the green shadowy places thereof, and rejoicing in the bright air, happy and beautiful creatures, and as changeable as happy, with eyes brimful of joy, and with hearts playing upon their little faces like sunshine upon clear waters; among those who are now idling together on that slope, or pursuing butterflies together on the edge of that wood, a wilderness of roses, you would see not only the gifted and the powerful, the wise and the eloquent, the ambitious and the renowned, the long-lived and the long-to-be-lamented of another age; but the wicked and the

treacherous, the liar and the thief, the abandoned profligate and the faithless husband, the gambler and the drunkard, the robber, the burglar, the murderer, and the betrayer of his country. *The child is father of the man.*

4. Among them and that other little troop just appearing, children with yet happier faces and pleasanter eyes, the blossoms of the future,—the mothers of nations,—you would see the founders of states and the destroyers of their country, the steadfast and the weak, the judge and the criminal, the murderer and the executioner, the exalted and the lowly, the unfaithful wife and the broken-hearted husband, the proud betrayer and his pale victim, the living and breathing portents and prodigies, the embodied virtues and vices of another age and another world,—*and all playing together! Men are but children of a larger growth.*

5. Even fathers and mothers look upon children with a strange misapprehension of their dignity. Even with the poets, they are only the flowers and blossoms, the dewdrops or the playthings of earth. Yet “of such is the kingdom of heaven.” The Kingdom of Heaven! with all its principalities and powers, its hierarchies, dominations, thrones! The Saviour understood them better; to him their true dignity was revealed! Flowers! They are the flowers of the invisible world; indestructible, self-perpetuating flowers, each with a multitude of angels and evil spirits underneath its leaves, toiling and wrestling for dominion over it!

6. Blossoms! They are the blossoms of another world, whose fruitage is angels and archangels. Or dewdrops! They are dewdrops that have their source, not in the chambers of the earth, nor among the vapors of the sky, which the next breath of wind or the next flash of sunshine may dry up forever, but among the everlasting fountains and inexhaustible reservoirs of mercy

and love. Playthings! If the little creatures would but appear to us in their true shape for a moment! We should fall upon our faces before them, or grow pale with consternation, or fling them off with horror and loathing.

7. Now to me there is no study half so delightful as that of these little creatures, with hearts fresh from the gardens of the sky, in their first and fairest and most unintentional disclosures, while they are indeed a mystery,—a fragrant, luminous, and beautiful mystery!

8. Then why not pursue the study for yourself? The subjects are always before you. No books are needed, no costly drawings, no lectures, neither transparencies, nor illustrations. Your specimens are all about you. They come and go at your bidding. They are not to be hunted for along the edge of a precipice, on the borders of the wilderness, in the desert, nor by the seashore. They abound, not in the uninhabited or unvisited place, but in your very dwelling-houses, about the steps of your doors, in every street of every village, in every green field, and every crowded thoroughfare.—*John Neal.*



## LESSON 52.

### GENERAL JACKSON AT NEW ORLEANS.

HIS very physiognomy prognosticated what soul was encased within the spare but well-ribbed form, which had that “lean and hungry look” described by England’s greatest bard as bespeaking little sleep of nights, but much of ambition, self-reliance, and impatience of control. His lip and eye denoted the man of unyielding temper, and his very hair, slightly silvered, stood erect like quills round his wrinkled brow, as if they scorned to bend.

2. Some sneered, it is true, at what they called a military tyro, at the impromptu general who had sprung out of the uncouth lawyer and the unlearned judge, who in arms had the experience of only a few months, acquired in a desultory war against wild Indians, and who was not only without any previous training to his new profession, but also without the first rudiments of a liberal education, for he did not even know the orthography of his own native language.

3. Such was the man who, with a handful of raw militia, was to stand in the way of the veteran troops of England, whose boast it was to have triumphed over one of the greatest captains of known history.

4. But those who entertained such distrust had hardly come in contact with General Jackson, when they felt that they had to deal with a master-spirit. True, he was rough-hewn from the rock, but rock he was, and of that kind of rock which Providence chooses to select as a fit material to use in its structures of human greatness. True, he had not the education of a lieutenant in a European army; but what lieutenant, educated or not, who had the will and the remarkable military adaptation so evident in General Jackson's intellectual and physical organization, ever remained a subaltern? Much less could General Jackson fail to rise to his proper place in a country where there was so much more elbow-room, and fewer artificial obstacles than in less favored lands.

5. But, whatever those obstacles might have been, General Jackson would have overcome them all. His will was of such an extraordinary nature that, like Christian faith, it could almost have accomplished prodigies and removed mountains. It is impossible to study the life of General Jackson without being convinced that this is the most remarkable feature of his character. His will had, as it were, the force and the fixity of fate; that will carried him triumphantly through his

military and civil career, and through the difficulties of private life.

6. So intense and incessantly active this peculiar faculty was in him, that one would suppose that his mind was nothing but will—a will so lofty that it towered into sublimity. In him it supplied the place of genius—or, rather, it was almost genius. On many occasions, in the course of his long, eventful life, when his shattered constitution made his physicians despair of preserving him, he seemed to continue to live merely because it was his will; and when his unconquerable spirit departed from his enfeebled and worn-out body, those who knew him well might almost have been tempted to suppose that he had not been vanquished by death, but had at last consented to repose.

7. This man, when he took the command at New Orleans, had made up his mind to beat the English; and, as that mind was so constituted that it was not susceptible of entertaining much doubt as to the results of any of its resolves, he went to work with an innate confidence which transfused itself into the population he had been sent to protect.—*Charles Gayarre.*



## LESSON 53.

### *'TIS THE LAST ROSE OF SUMMER.*

**T**IS the last rose of summer  
Left blooming alone;  
All her lovely companions  
Are faded and gone;  
No flower of her kindred,  
No rose-bud is nigh,  
To reflect back her blushes,  
Or give sigh for sigh!



2. I'll not leave thee, thou lone one!  
 To pine on the stem;  
 Since the lovely are sleeping,  
 Go, sleep thou with them.  
 Thus kindly I scatter  
 Thy leaves o'er the bed,  
 When thy mates of the garden  
 Lie scentless and dead.
3. So soon may I follow,  
 When friendships decay,  
 And from Love's shining circle  
 The gems drop away!  
 When true hearts lie withered,  
 And fond ones are flown,  
 Oh! who would inhabit  
 This bleak world alone?

*Thomas Moore.*

## LESSON 54.

### *THE PAUPER'S DRIVE.*

THERE'S a grim one-horse hearse in a jolly round trot,  
 To the churchyard a pauper is going, I wot;  
 The road it is rough, and the hearse has no springs;  
 And hark to the dirge which the sad driver sings:  
 Rattle his bones over the stones!  
 He's only a pauper, whom nobody owns!

### 2.

Oh, where are the mourners? Alas! there are none—  
 He has left not a gap in the world now he's gone—  
 Not a tear in the eye of child, woman, or man;  
 To the grave with his carcass as fast as you can:  
 Rattle his bones over the stones!  
 He's only a pauper, whom nobody owns!

## 3.

What a jolting and creaking, and splashing, and din!  
The whip how it cracks, and the wheels how they spin!  
How the dirt, right and left, o'er the hedges is hurled!  
The pauper at length makes a noise in the world!

Rattle his bones over the stones!

He's only a pauper, whom nobody owns!

## 4.

Poor pauper defunct! he has made some approach  
To gentility, now that he's stretched in a coach!  
He's taking a drive in his carriage at last;  
But it will not be long, if he goes on so fast!

Rattle his bones over the stones!

He's only a pauper, whom nobody owns!

## 5.

You bumpkins! who stare at your brother conveyed —  
Behold what respect to a cloddy is paid!  
And be joyful to think, when by death you're laid low,  
You've a chance to the grave like a gemman to go!

Rattle his bones over the stones!

He's only a pauper, whom nobody owns!


## 6.

But a truce to this strain; for my soul it is sad,  
To think that a heart in humanity clad  
Should make, like the brutes, such a desolate end,  
And depart from the light without leaving a friend!

Bear soft his bones over the stones!

Though a pauper, he's one whom his Maker yet owns.

*Thomas Noel.*



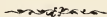
## LESSON 55.

*THE LONG AGO.*

- OH! a wonderful stream is the river Time,  
As it runs through the realm of tears,  
With a faultless rhythm and a musical rhyme  
And a broader sweep and a surge sublime,  
As it blends in the ocean of years!
2. How the winters are drifting like flakes of snow,  
And the summers like birds between,  
And the years in the sheaf, how they come and they go  
On the river's breast with its ebb and flow,  
As it glides in the shadow and sheen!
3. There's a Magical Isle up the river Time,  
Where the softest of airs are playing.  
There's a cloudless sky and tropical clime,  
And a song as sweet as a vesper chime,  
And the Junes with the roses are straying.
4. And the name of this Isle is "the Long Ago,"  
And we bury our treasures there;  
There are brows of beauty and bosoms of snow,  
There are heaps of dust — oh! we love them so —  
And there are trinkets and tresses of hair.
5. There are fragments of songs that nobody sings,  
There are parts of an infant's prayer,  
There's a lute unswept and a harp without strings,  
There are broken vows and pieces of rings,  
And the garments our dead used to wear.
6. There are hands that are waved when the fairy shore  
By the mirage is lifted in air,  
And we sometimes hear through the turbulent roar  
Sweet voices we heard in the days gone before,  
When the wind down the river was fair.

7. Oh ! remembered for age be that blessed isle,  
All the day of life until night ;  
And when evening glows with its beautiful smile,  
And our eyes are closing in slumbers awhile,  
May the greenwood of soul be in sight.

B. F. Taylor.



## LESSON 56.

### *SPEAKING THE TRUTH.*

**H**OW shall we speak the truth? That may seem a strange question, but taking for granted a quick, enlightened conscience, and strong desire for truth in the inward part, there yet remains a necessity for cultivating the *art of speaking the truth*. Instead of assuming an unimpeachable veracity and trustworthiness as the framework of our whole nature, let us grant that we are human, and thus weak and finite, both mentally and morally.

2. The love and habit of truth needs to be guarded and strengthened in us all, in the line both of conscience and intellect. We need the power of clear perception, careful discrimination, and accurate thinking, as well as integrity of speech. There are lies and there are untruths. There is a fault in the mind as well as in the conscience.

3. "A hundred cats !" said my uncle sarcastically, looking across the table to my aunt, who was giving a glowing account of something she had just witnessed.

"I don't care," was the quick retort ; "I saw a hundred cats where you saw but one."

4. There is just that difference in the perceptions of different temperaments, while the fact observed remains the same. The cold, careless, sluggish, fail to see all that really is there. The enthusiastic, impressible, ardent, magnify and duplicate whatever interests them. To see a thing as it is, to have its outlines sharply defined in the

thought, is not so common as we might suppose. If we think loosely, we shall speak loosely. The first step to be taken is to make sure that truth or fact is clearly perceived, and accurately grasped by the mind.

5. The man who never excuses himself for making a mistake, or for a careless, incorrect statement, and will suffer his mind to be in a haze about things concerning which he must deal practically, is not likely to be truthful in his speech. Conversely, the man who is careful in his words, will probably be clear-thoughted on the subjects about which he speaks.

6. Let us not be content with making truth simply a matter of intention. Let us not infer, because we *intend* to speak the truth, that that intention will steer us safely through the misconceptions, blunders, obtuseness, and ignorance incident to our finiteness and moral obliquity. Let us deal frankly with ourselves, and, admitting our faulty mental habits and careless speech, be an uncompromising inquisitor into our thoughts and words until we learn to *know things as they are*, and speak our thoughts honestly and accurately.

7. Especially let children be taught how to speak the truth. Not only should the weak, young conscience be trained into clear moral perceptions and right impulses, braced into fearless courage, and steadied into unyielding adherence to the truth, but through their home and school life children should be helped and required to be exact in statement, to use language intelligently and correctly, to mean the true thing, and express the thing they mean.

8. In short, to speak the truth we must *know* the truth. What we are not sure of, we must not express as fact. Accuracy in the matter in hand may be of little consequence, but accuracy as a mental and moral habit is beyond estimate.

## LESSON 57.

*THE SAGACITY OF THE SPIDER.*

I PERCEIVED, about four years ago, a large spider, in one corner of my room, making its web, and, though the maid frequently leveled her fatal broom against the labors of the little animal, I had the good fortune then to prevent its destruction, and I may say it more than paid me by the entertainment it afforded.

2. In three days the web was with incredible diligence completed; nor could I avoid thinking that the insect seemed to exult in its new abode. It frequently traversed it round, examined the strength of every part of it, retired into its hole, and came out very frequently. The first enemy, however, it had to encounter, was another and a much larger spider, which, having no web of its own, and having probably exhausted all its stock in former labors of this kind, came to invade the property of its neighbor. Soon then a terrible encounter ensued, in which the invader seemed to have the victory, and the laborious spider was obliged to take refuge in its hole. Upon this I perceived the victor using every art to draw the enemy from his stronghold. He seemed to go off, but quickly returned, and when he found all arts vain, began to demolish the new web without mercy. This brought on another battle, and, contrary to my expectations, the laborious spider became conqueror, and fairly killed his antagonist.

3. Now then, in peaceable possession of what was justly its own, it waited three days with the utmost impatience, repairing the breaches of its web, and taking no sustenance that I could perceive. At last, however, a large blue fly fell into the snare, and struggled hard to get loose. The spider gave it leave to entangle itself as much as possible, but it seemed to be too strong for the cobweb. I must own I was greatly surprised when I saw

the spider immediately sally out, and in less than a minute weave a new net round its captive, by which the motion of its wings was stopped, and when it was fairly hampered in this manner, it was seized, and dragged into the hole.

4. In this manner it lived, in a precarious state, and Nature seemed to have fitted it for such a life; for upon a single fly it subsisted for more than a week. I once put a wasp into the nest, but when the spider came out in order to seize it as usual, upon perceiving what kind of an enemy it had to deal with, it instantly broke all the bands that held it fast, and contributed all that lay in its power to disengage so formidable an antagonist. When the wasp was at liberty, I expected the spider would have set about repairing the breaches that were made in its net; but those it seems were irreparable, wherefore the cobweb was now entirely forsaken, and a new one begun, which was completed in the usual time.

5. I had now a mind to try how many cobwebs a single spider could furnish; wherefore I destroyed this, and the insect set about another. When I destroyed the other also, its whole stock seemed entirely exhausted, and it could spin no more. The arts it made use of to support itself, now deprived of its great means of subsistence, were indeed surprising. I have seen it roll up its legs like a ball, and lie motionless for hours together, but cautiously watching all the time; when a fly happened to approach sufficiently near, it would dart out all at once, and often seize its prey.

6. Of this life, however, it soon began to grow weary, and resolved to invade the possession of some other spider, since it could not make a web of its own. It formed an attack upon a neighboring fortification with great vigor, and at first was as vigorously repulsed. Not daunted, however, with one defeat, in this manner it continued to lay siege to another's web for three days, and at

length, having killed the defendant, actually took possession. When smaller flies happen to fall into the snare, the spider does not sally out at once, but very patiently waits till it is sure of them; for, upon his immediately approaching, the terror of his appearance might give the captive strength sufficient to get loose: the manner then is to wait patiently till, by ineffectual and impotent struggles, the captive has wasted all its strength, and then it becomes a certain and easy conquest.

7. The insect I am now describing lived three years; every year it changed its skin, and got a new set of legs. I have sometimes plucked off a leg, which grew again in two or three days. At first it dreaded my approach to its web, but at last it became so familiar as to take a fly out of my hand, and, upon my touching any part of the web, would immediately leave its hole, prepared either for a defence or an attack.—*Oliver Goldsmith.*



## LESSON 58.

### AN ORDER FOR A PICTURE.

OH, good painter, tell me true,  
Has your hand the cunning to draw  
Shapes of things that you never saw?  
Ay? Well, here is an order for you.

#### 2.

Woods and cornfields a little brown,—  
The picture must not be over bright,—  
Yet all in the golden and gracious light  
Of a cloud when the summer sun is down.

#### 3.

Alway and alway, night and morn,  
Woods upon woods, with fields of corn



Lying between them, not quite sere,  
And not in the full, thick, leafy bloom,  
When the wind can hardly find breathing room.

Under their tassels,—cattle near,  
Biting shorter the short green grass,  
And a hedge of sumach and sassafras,  
With bluebirds twittering all around,—  
Ah, good painter, you can't paint sound!

## 4.

These and the little house where I was born,  
Low and little and black and old,  
With children, many as it can hold,  
All at the windows, open wide,—  
Heads and shoulders clear outside,  
And fair young faces all ablush ;  
Perhaps you may have seen, some day,  
Roses crowding the self-same way,  
Out of a wilding, way-side bush.

## 5.

Listen closer. When you have done  
With woods and cornfields and grazing herds,  
A lady, the loveliest ever the sun  
Looked down upon, you must paint for me ;  
Oh, if I only could make you see  
The clear blue eyes, the tender smile,  
The sovereign sweetness, the gentle grace,  
The woman's soul and the angel's face  
That are beaming on me all the while!  
I need not speak these foolish words :  
Yet one word tells you all I would say,—  
She is my mother : you will agree  
That all the rest may be thrown away.

## 6.

Two little urchins at her knee  
You must paint, sir, one like me,—  
The other with a clearer brow,  
And the light of his adventurous eyes  
Flashing with boldest enterprise:  
At ten years old he went to sea,—  
God knoweth if he be living now,—  
He sailed in the good ship "Commodore,"—  
Nobody ever crossed her track  
To bring us news, and she never came back.

## 7.

Ah, 't is twenty long years and more,  
Since that old ship went out of the bay  
With my great-hearted brother on her deck:  
I watched him till he shrank to a speck,  
And his face was toward me all the way.  
Bright his hair was, a golden brown,  
The time we stood at our mother's knee;  
That beauteous head, if it did go down,  
Carried sunshine into the sea!

## 8.

Out in the fields one summer night  
We were together, half afraid  
Of the corn-leaves' rustling, and of the shade  
Of the high hills, stretching so still and far,—  
Loitering till after the low little light  
Of the candle shone through the open door,  
And, over the hay-stack's pointed top,  
All of a tremble, and ready to drop  
The first half-hour, the great yellow star,  
That we, with staring, ignorant eyes,  
Had often and often watched to see

Propped and held in its place in the skies  
By the fork of a tall red mulberry tree,  
Which close in the edge of our flax-field grew,—  
Dead at the top,—just one branch full  
Of leaves, notched round, and lined with wool,  
From which it tenderly shook the dew  
Over our heads, when we came to play  
In its handbreadth of shadow day after day.

## 9.

Afraid to go home, sir ; for one of us bore  
A nest full of speckled and thin-shelled eggs,—  
The other, a bird, held fast by the legs,  
Not so big as a straw of wheat :  
The berries we gave her she would n't eat,  
But cried and cried, till we held her bill,  
So slim and shining, to keep her still.

## 10.

At last we stood at our mother's knee,  
Do you think, sir, if you try,  
You can paint the look of a lie ?  
If you can, pray have the grace  
To put it solely in the face  
Of the urchin that is likest me ;  
I think 't was solely mine, indeed :  
But that's no matter,— paint it so.  
The eyes of our mother — (take good heed—)  
Looking not on the nest-full of eggs,  
Nor the fluttering bird, held so fast by the legs,  
But straight through our faces down to our lies,  
And oh, with such injured, reproachful surprise,  
I felt my heart bleed where that glance went, as though  
A sharp blade struck through it.

## 11.

You, sir, know,  
That you on the canvas are to repeat  
Things that are fairest, things most sweet,—  
Woods and cornfields and mulberry tree,—  
The mother,— the lads, with their bird, at her knee.

But, oh, that look of reproachful woe!  
High as the heavens your name I'll shout,  
If you paint me the picture, and leave that out.

*Alice Carey.*



## LESSON 59.

*THE TWO WEAVERS.*

AS at their work two weavers sat,  
Beguiling time with friendly chat,  
They touched upon the price of meat,—  
So high, a weaver scarce could eat.

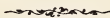
2. "What with my brats and sickly wife,"  
Quoth Dick, "I'm almost tired of life;  
So hard my work, so poor my fare,  
'T is more than mortal man can bear.
3. "How glorious is the rich man's state!  
His house so fine! his wealth so great!  
Heaven is unjust, you must agree;  
Why all to him? why none to me?
4. "In spite of what the Scripture teaches,  
In spite of all the parson preaches,  
This world (indeed I've thought so long)  
Is ruled, methinks, extremely wrong.
5. "Where'er I look, howe'er I range,  
'T is all confused, and hard, and strange;

The good are troubled and oppress'd,  
And all the wicked are the bless'd."

6. Quoth John, " Our ignorance is the cause  
Why thus we blame our Maker's laws ;  
Parts of his ways alone we know ; —  
'T is all that man can see below.
7. " Seest thou that carpet, not half done,  
Which thou, dear Dick, hast well begun ?  
Behold the wild confusion there,  
So rude the mass, it makes one stare !
8. " A stranger, ignorant of the trade,  
Would say, no meaning 's there convey'd ;  
For where 's the middle, where 's the border ?  
Thy carpet now is all disorder."
9. Quoth Dick, " My work is yet in bits,  
But still, in every part it fits ;  
Besides, you reason like a lout —  
Why, man, that *carpet's inside out*."
10. Says John, " Thou say'st the thing I mean,  
And now I hope to cure thy spleen ;  
This world, which clouds thy soul with doubt,  
*Is but a carpet inside out*.
11. " As when we view these shreds and ends,  
We know not what the *whole* intends ;  
So, when on earth things look but odd,  
They 're working still some scheme of God.
12. " No plan, no pattern, can we trace ;  
All wants proportion, truth, and grace,  
The motley mixture we deride,  
Nor see the beauteous upper side.

13. "But when we reach that world of light,  
And view those works of God aright,  
Then shall we see the whole design,  
And own the workman is divine.
14. "What now seem random strokes, will there  
All order and design appear,  
Then shall we praise what here we spurned,  
For then the carpet shall be turned."
15. "Thou 'rt right," quoth Dick, "no more I'll grumble  
That this sad world's so strange a jumble;  
My impious doubts are put to flight,  
For my own carpet sets me right."

*Hannah More.*



## LESSON 60.

### ON RISING WITH THE LARK.

AT what precise minute that little airy musician doffs his night-gear, and prepares to tune up his unseasonable matins, we are not naturalists enough to determine. But, for a mere human gentleman,—that has no orchestra business to call him from his warm bed to such preposterous exercises,—we take ten or half after ten (eleven, of course, during this Christmas solstice) to be the very earliest hour at which he can begin to think of abandoning his pillow. To think of it, we say; for to do it in earnest requires another half-hour's good consideration.

2. Not but there are pretty sunrisings, as we are told, and such like gauds, abroad in the world, in summer-time especially, some hours before what we have assigned; which a gentleman may see, as they say, only for getting up. But, having been tempted once or twice, in earlier

life, to assist at those ceremonies, we confess our curiosity abated. We are no longer ambitious of being the Sun's courtiers, to attend at his morning levees. We hold the good hours of the dawn too sacred to waste them upon such observances; which have in them, besides, something Pagan and Persic. To say truth, we never anticipated our usual hour, or got up with the Sun (as 't is called), to go a journey, or upon a foolish whole day's pleasuring, but we suffered for it all the long hours after in listlessness and headaches; Nature herself sufficiently declaring her sense of our presumption in aspiring to regulate our frail waking courses by the measures of that celestial and sleepless traveler.

3. We deny not that there is something sprightly and vigorous, at the outset especially, in these break-of-day excursions. It is flattering to get the start of a lazy world; to conquer death by proxy in his image. But the seeds of sleep and mortality are in us; and we pay usually, in strange qualms before night falls, the penalty of the unnatural inversion. Therefore, while the busy part of mankind are fast huddling on their clothes, are already up and about their occupations, content to have swallowed their sleep by wholesale, we choose to linger a-bed, and digest our dreams. It is the very time to recombine the wandering images which night in a confused mass presented; to snatch them from forgetfulness; to shape and mould them.

4. Some people have no good of their dreams. Like fast feeders, they gulp them too grossly to taste them curiously. We love to chew the cud of a foregone vision; to collect the scattered rays of a brighter phantasm, or act over again, with firmer nerves, the sadder nocturnal tragedies; to drag into daylight a struggling and half-vanishing nightmare; to handle and examine the terrors, or the airy solaces. We have too much respect for these spiritual communications to

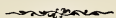
let them go so lightly. We are not so stupid or so careless as that Imperial forgetter of his dreams, that we should need a seer to remind us of the form of them. They seem to us to have as much significance as our waking concerns; or rather to import us more nearly, as more nearly we approach by years to the shadowy world whither we are hastening.

5. We have shaken hands with the world's business; we have done with it; we have discharged ourself of it. Why should we get up? We have neither suit to solicit nor affairs to manage. The drama has shut in upon us at the fourth act. We have nothing here to expect, but in a short time a sick-bed, and a dismissal. We delight to anticipate death by such shadows as night affords. We are already half-acquainted with ghosts. We were never much in the world. Disappointment early struck a dark veil between us and its dazzling illusions. Our spirits showed gray before our hairs. The mighty changes of the world already appear as but the vain stuff out of which dramas are composed. We have asked no more of life than what the mimic images in play-houses present us with. Even those types have waxed fainter. Our clock appears to have struck. We are SUPERANNUATED.

6. In this dearth of mundane satisfaction, we contract politic alliances with shadows. It is good to have friends at Court. The abstracted media of dreams seem no ill introduction to that spiritual presence upon which, in no long time, we expect to be thrown. We are trying to know a little of the usages of that colony; to learn the language, and the faces we shall meet with there, that we may be the less awkward at our first coming among them. We willingly call a phantom our fellow, as knowing we shall soon be of their dark companionship. Therefore we cherish dreams. We try to spell in them the alphabet of the invisible world; and think we know



already how it shall be with us. Those uncouth shapes which, while we clung to flesh and blood, affrighted us have become familiar. We feel attenuated into their meagre essences, and have given the hand of half-way approach to incorporeal being. We once thought life to be something; but it has unaccountably fallen from us before its time. Therefore we choose to dally with visions. The sun has no purposes of ours to light us to. Why should we get up.— *Charles Lamb.*



## LESSON 61.

## TACT AND TALENT.

**T**ALENT is something, but tact is everything. Talent is serious, sober, grave, and respectable; tact is all that, and more too. It is not a sixth sense, but it is the life of all the five. It is the open eye, the quick ear, the judging taste, the keen smell, and the lively touch; it is the interpreter of all riddles, the surmounter of all difficulties, the remover of all obstacles. It is useful in all places, and at all times; it is useful in solitude, for it shows a man his way into the world; it is useful in society, for it shows him his way through the world.

2. Talent is power, tact is skill; talent is weight, tact is momentum; talent knows what to do, tact knows how to do it; talent makes a man respectable, tact will make him respected; talent is wealth, tact is ready money. For all the practical purposes of life, tact carries it against talent, ten to one. Take them to the theatre, and put them against each other on the stage, and talent shall produce you a tragedy that will scarcely live long enough to be condemned, while tact keeps the house in a roar, night after night, with its successful farces. There is no want of dramatic talent, there is no want of dramatic

tact; but they are seldom together: so we have successful pieces which are not respectable, and respectable pieces which are not successful.

3. Take them to the bar, and let them shake their learned curls at each other in legal rivalry; talent sees its way clearly, but tact is first at its journey's end. Talent has many a compliment from the bench, but tact touches fees from attorneys and clients. Talent speaks learnedly and logically, tact triumphantly. Talent makes the world wonder that it gets on no faster, tact excites astonishment that it gets on so fast. And the secret is, that it has no weight to carry; it makes no false steps; it hits the right nail on the head; it loses no time; it takes all hints; and by keeping its eye on the weathercock, is ready to take advantage of every wind that blows. Take them into the church. Talent has always something worth hearing, tact is sure of abundance of hearers; talent may obtain a living, tact will make one; talent gets a good name, tact a great one; talent convinces, tact converts; talent is an honor to the profession, tact gains honor from the profession.

4. Take them to court. Talent feels its weight, tact finds its way; talent commands, tact is obeyed; talent is honored with approbation, and tact is blessed by preferment. Place them in the senate. Talent has the ear of the house, but tact wins its heart, and has its votes; talent is fit for employment, but tact is fitted for it. It has a knack of slipping into place with a sweet silence and glibness of movement, as a billiard-ball insinuates itself into the pocket. It seems to know every thing, without learning any thing. It has served an invisible and extemporary apprenticeship; it wants no drilling; it never ranks in the awkward squad; it has no left hand, no deaf ear, no blind side. It puts on no looks of wondrous wisdom, it has no air of profundity,

but plays with the details of place as dexterously as a well-taught hand flourishes over the keys of the piano-forte. It has all the air of commonplace, and all the forces and power of genius.—*London Atlas.*

## LESSON 62.

### CONVERSATIONAL PLEASANTRY.

SOME wit of old — such wits of old there were —  
 Whose hints showed meaning, whose allusions care,  
 By one brave stroke to mark all human kind,  
 Called clear blank paper every infant mind,  
 Where still, as opening sense her dictates wrote,  
 Fair Virtue put a seal, or Vice a blot.  
 The thought was happy, pertinent, and true! —  
 Methinks a genius might the plan pursue.  
 I — (can you pardon my presumption?) — I  
 No wit, no genius, yet, for once, will try.

#### 2.

Various the papers, various wants produce;  
 The wants of fashion, elegance, and use.  
 Men are as various, and, if right I scan,  
 Each sort of paper represents some man.

#### 3.

Pray note the *fop* — half powder, and half lace!  
 Nice as a bandbox is his dwelling-place;  
 He's the *gilt paper* which fools bargain for,  
 And lock from vulgar hands in the scrutoire.\*

#### 4.

Mechanics, merchants, farmers, and so forth,  
 Are *copy-paper* of superior worth;

---

\* **Scrutoire** (scroo-twor'), a cabinet desk, with a lid on which to write.

Most prized ; most useful ; for your desk decreed ;  
Free to all pens, and prompt at every need.

## 5.

The *miser* next, who 'll freeze, and pinch, and spare,  
Starve, cheat, and pilfer, to enrich an heir,  
Is coarse *brown paper* ; such as peddlers choose  
To wrap up wares, which better men will use.

## 6.

Take next the arrant *spendthrift*, who destroys  
Health, fame, and fortune, in a round of joys.  
Will any paper match him ? Yes, throughout :  
He's a true *sinking paper* past all doubt.

## 7.

The *retail politician's* anxious thought  
Deems this side always right, and that stark naught :  
He foams with censure ; with applause he raves ;  
A dupe to rumors, and a tool to knaves :  
He'll want no *type* his weakness to proclaim,  
While such a thing as *fools-cap* has a name.

## 8.

The *hasty gentleman*, whose blood runs high ;  
Who picks a quarrel if you step awry ;  
Who can't a jest, a hint, or look endure ! —  
What is he ? — What ! — *Touch-paper*, to be sure.

## 9.

Newspaper rhymers ! (take them as they fall —  
Good, bad, rich, poor, much read, not read at all) —  
Them, and their works, in the same class you 'll find :  
They are — the mere *waste paper* of mankind.

## 10.

Observe the *maiden*, innocently sweet!  
She's fair *white paper*! an unsullied sheet,  
On which the happy man, whom fate ordains,  
May write his name, and take her for his pains.

## 11.

One instance more, and only one, I'll bring!  
'Tis *the great man who scorns a little thing*;  
Whose thought, whose deeds, whose maxims are his own,  
Formed on the feelings of his heart alone.  
True, genuine, *royal paper* is his breast:—  
Of all the kinds *most precious, purest, best.*

*Benjamin Franklin.*



## LESSON 63.

ARNOLD WINKELRIED.

MAKE way for liberty!" he cried;  
"Make way for liberty," and died.  
In arms the Austrian phalanx stood,  
A living wall, a human wood!—  
A wall, where every conscious stone  
Seemed to its kindred thousands grown;  
A rampart all assaults to bear,  
Till time to dust their frames should wear.  
So dense, so still the Austrians stood,  
A living wall, a human wood!  
Impregnable their front appears,  
All horrent with projected spears,  
Whose polished points before them shine,  
From flank to flank, one brilliant line,  
Bright as the breakers' splendors run  
Along the billows, to the sun.

2. Opposed to these a hovering band  
Contended for their native land ;  
Peasants, whose new-found strength had broke,  
From manly necks the ignoble yoke,  
And forged their fetters into swords,  
On equal terms to fight their lords ;  
And what insurgent rage had gained,  
In many a mortal fray maintained :  
Marshaled, once more, at Freedom's call,  
They came to conquer or to fall,—  
When he who conquered, he who fell,  
Was deemed a dead or living Tell ! —
3. Such virtue had that patriot breathed,  
So to the soil his soul bequeathed,  
That wheresoe'er his arrows flew,  
Heroes in his own likeness grew,  
And warriors sprang from every sod  
Which his awakening footstep trod.
4. And now the work of life and death  
Hung on the passing of a breath :  
The fire of conflict burned within,—  
The battle trembled to begin.  
Yet, while the Austrians held their ground,  
Point for attack was nowhere found ;  
Where'er the impatient Switzers gazed,  
The unbroken line of lances blazed ;  
The line 't were suicide to meet,  
And perish at their tyrants' feet ; —  
How could they rest within their graves  
And leave their homes, the homes of slaves?  
Would they not feel their children tread  
With clanging chains above their head ?
5. It must not be : — this day, this hour,  
Annihilates the oppressor's power.

All Switzerland is in the field;  
She will not fly,— she cannot yield,—  
She must not fall: her better fate  
Here gives her an immortal date.  
Few were the numbers she could boast;  
But every freeman was a host,  
And felt as though himself were he,  
On whose sole arm hung victory.

6. It did depend on one indeed;  
Behold him — Arnold Winkelried!  
There sounds not to the trump of fame  
The echo of a nobler name.  
Unmarked he stood amid the throng,  
In rumination deep and long,  
Till you might see with sudden grace,  
The very thought come o'er his face;  
And, by the motion of his form,  
Anticipate the bursting storm;  
And, by the uplifting of his brow,  
Tell where the bolt would strike, and how,

7. But 't was no sooner thought than done!  
The field was in a moment won:  
“Make way for liberty!” he cried,  
Then ran with arms extended wide,  
As if his dearest friend to clasp;  
Ten spears he swept within his grasp.  
“Make way for liberty!” he cried;  
Their keen points met from side to side;  
He bowed amongst them like a tree,  
And thus made way for liberty

8. Swift to the breach his comrades fly,  
“Make way for liberty!” they cry,  
And through the Austrian phalanx dart,  
As rushed the spears through Arnold's heart;

While instantaneous as his fall,  
Rout, ruin, panic, scattered all;  
An earthquake could not overthrow  
A city with a surer blow.  
'Thus Switzerland again was free;  
Thus DEATH made way for LIBERTY!

*James Montgomery.*



## LESSON 64.

### *MY UNCLE PETER.*

I WILL tell you the story of my Uncle Peter, who was born on Christmas-day. The first remembrance that I have of him is his taking me one Christmas-eve to the largest toy-shop in London, and telling me to choose any toy whatever that I pleased. He little knew the agony of embarrassment into which this request of his threw his astonished nephew. I wandered about, staring like a distracted ghost at the "wealth of Ormus and of Ind" displayed about me. Uncle Peter followed me with perfect patience; nay, I believe, with a delight that equaled my perplexity, for every now and then, when I looked round to him with a silent appeal for sympathy in the distressing dilemma into which he had thrown me, I found him rubbing his hands and spiritually chuckling over his victim. How long I was in making up my mind I cannot tell, but as I look back upon this splendor of my childhood, I feel as if I must have wandered for weeks through interminable forest-alleys of toy-bearing trees.

2. Uncle Peter was a little round man, and to look at him you could not have fancied a face or a figure with less of the romantic about them, yet I believe that the whole region of his brain was held in fee-simple — whatever that may mean — by a race of fairy architects who



built aerial castles therein, regardless of expense. His imagination was the most distinguishing feature of his character, and to hear him defend any of his extravagances, it would appear that he considered himself especially privileged in that respect. "Ah, my dear," he would say to my mother, when she expostulated with him on making some present far beyond the small means he at that time possessed—"ah, my dear, you see I was born on Christmas-day." I do not think he had more than a hundred pounds a year, and he must have been five and thirty, but Uncle Peter lived in constant hope and expectation of some unexampled good luck befalling him; "For," said he, "I was born on Christmas-day."

3. He was never married. When people ventured to jest with him about being an old bachelor, he used to smile, for anything would make him smile, but he never said anything on the subject, and not even my mother knew whether he had any love-story or not. I have often wondered whether his goodness might not have come in part from his having lost some one very dear to him, and having his life on earth purified by the thoughts of her life in heaven. But I never found out. The lucky fortune which Uncle Peter had anticipated came at last. A cousin of whom he had heard little for a great many years, although they had been warm friends while at school together, died in India, and left him a large estate. But before the legacy was paid to Uncle Peter, he went through a good many of the tortures which result from being "a king and no king." At length, after much skirmishing with the lawyers, he succeeded in getting a thousand pounds on Christmas-eve.

4. "NOW!" said Uncle Peter, in enormous capitals. That night a thundering knock was heard at our door. We were all sitting in our little dining-room—father, mother, and seven children of us—talking about what we should prepare for the next day. The door opened,

and in came the most grotesque figure you could imagine. It was seven feet high at least, without any head, a mere walking tree-stump, as far as shape went, only it looked soft. The little ones were terrified, but not the big ones of us, for from top to toe (if it had a toe) it was covered with toys of every conceivable description, fastened on to it somehow or other. It was a perfect treasure-cave of Ali Baba turned inside out. We shrieked with delight. The figure stood perfectly still, and we gathered round it in a group to have a nearer view of the wonder.

5. We then discovered that on all the articles there were tickets, which we supposed at first to record the price of each. But, upon still closer examination, we discovered that every one of the tickets had one or other of our names upon it. This caused a fresh explosion of joy. Nor was it the children only that were remembered. A little box bore my mother's name. When she opened it, we saw a real gold watch and chain, and seals, and dangles of every sort, of useful and useless kind, and my mother's initials were on the watch. My father had a silver flute, and to the music of it we had such a dance, the strange figure, now considerably lighter, joining in it without uttering a word.

6. During the dance one of my sisters, a very sharp-eyed puss, espied about halfway up the monster two bright eyes looking out of a shadowy depth of something like the skirts of a great coat. She peeped and peeped, and at length, with a perfect scream of exultation, cried out, "It's Uncle Peter! It's Uncle Peter!" The music ceased, the dance was forgotten; we flew upon him like a pack of hungry wolves; we tore him to the ground and despoiled him of coats and plaids, and elevating sticks, and discovered the kernel of the beneficent monster in the person of real Uncle Peter, which, after all, was the best present he could have brought us on Christmas-eve, for we had been very dull for want of him, and had been wondering why he did not come.— *Geo. MacDonald.*

## LESSON 65.

*PIZARRO ON THE ISLE OF GALLO.*

**P**IZARRO and his little band had been sorely tried by the perils they had encountered. They were now experiencing untold miseries on the desolate island of Gallo. They had to endure the pangs of hunger even in a greater degree than they had formerly experienced in the wild woods of the neighboring continent. Their principal food was crabs and such shell-fish as they could scantily pick up along the shores. Incessant storms of thunder and lightning swept over the devoted island and drenched them with a perpetual flood.

2. Thus, half-naked, and pining with famine, there were few in that little company who did not feel the spirit of enterprise quenched within them, or who looked for any happier termination of their difficulties than that afforded by a return to Panama. The appearance of Tafur,\* therefore, with two vessels, well stored, was greeted with all the rapture that the crew of a sinking wreck might feel on the arrival of some unexpected succor; and the only thought, after satisfying the immediate cravings of hunger, was to embark and leave the detested isle for ever.

3. But by the same vessel letters came to Pizarro from his two confederates, Luque† and Almagro,‡ beseeching him not to despair in his present extremity, but to hold fast to his original purpose. To return under the present circumstances would be to seal the fate of the expedition; and they solemnly engaged, if he would remain firm at his post, to furnish him in a short time with the necessary means for going forward.

4. A ray of hope was enough for the courageous spirit of Pizarro. It does not appear that he himself had entertained, at any time, thoughts of returning. If

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Pron. \* Tāh'foor.

† Loo'kā.

‡ Ahlmāh'gro.

he had, these words of encouragement entirely banished them from his bosom, and he prepared to stand the fortune of the cast on which he had so desperately ventured. He knew, however, that solicitations or remonstrances would avail little with the companions of his enterprise; and he probably did not care to win over the more timid spirits who, by perpetual looking back, would only be a clog on his future movements. He announced his own purpose, however, in a laconic but decided manner, characteristic of a man more accustomed to act than to talk, and well calculated to make an impression on his rough followers.

5. Drawing his sword, he traced a line with it on the sand from east to west. Then turning towards the south, "Friends and comrades!" he said, "on that side are toil, hunger, nakedness, the drenching storm, desertion, and death; on this side, ease and pleasure. There lies Peru with its riches; here Panama and its poverty. Choose, each man, what best becomes a brave Castilian. For my part, I go to the south." So saying, he stepped across the line. He was followed by the brave pilot Ruiz; next by Pedro de Candia, a cavalier, born, as his name imports, in one of the isles of Greece. Eleven others successively crossed the line, thus intimating their willingness to abide the fortunes of their leader for good or for evil.

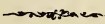
6. Fame, to quote the enthusiastic language of an ancient chronicler, has commemorated the names of this little band, "who thus, in the face of difficulties unexampled in history, with death rather than riches for their reward, preferred it all to abandoning their honor, and stood firm by their leader as an example of loyalty to future ages."

7. But the act excited no such admiration in the mind of Tafur, who looked on it as one of gross disobedience to the commands of the governor, and as little better than madness, involving the certain destruction of the parties engaged in it. He refused to give his sanction to

it himself by leaving one of his vessels with the adventurers to prosecute their voyage, and it was with great difficulty that he could be persuaded even to allow them a part of the stores which he had brought for their support. This had no influence on their determination, and the little party, bidding adieu to their returning comrades, remained unshaken in their purpose of abiding the fortunes of their commander.

8. There is something striking to the imagination in the spectacle of these few brave spirits, thus consecrating themselves to a daring enterprise, which seemed as far above their strength as any recorded in the fabulous annals of knight-errantry. A handful of men without food, without clothing, almost without arms, without knowledge of the land to which they were bound, without vessel to transport them, were here left on a lonely rock in the ocean with the avowed purpose of carrying on a crusade against a powerful empire, staking their lives on its success. What is there in the legends of chivalry that surpasses it?

9. This was the crisis of Pizarro's fate. There are moments in the lives of men, which, as they are seized or neglected, decide their future destiny. Had Pizarro faltered from his strong purpose, and yielded to the occasion, now so temptingly offered, for extricating himself and his broken band from their desperate position, his name would have been buried with his fortunes, and the conquest of Peru would have been left for other and more successful adventurers. But his constancy was equal to the occasion, and his conduct here proved him competent to the perilous post he had assumed, and inspired others with a confidence in him which was the best assurance of success.—*W. H. Prescott.*



## LESSON 66.

*IN THE BARN.*

## THE SWALLOWS.

A GREAT, dim barn with the fragrant bay  
Up to the beam with the winter's hay,  
And its shrunken siding, wasp-nest gray,  
Where the cracks, between, run up and down,  
Like the narrow lines in a striped gown,  
And let in light of a golden brown.

2. They are bars of bronze, they are silver snow,  
As the sunshine falls, or, sifting slow,  
The white flakes drift on the wealth below  
Of the clover blossoms, faint with June,  
That had heard, all day, his small bassoon,  
As the ground-bee played his hum-drum tune.
3. Ah, what would you give to have again  
Your pulse keep time with the dancing rain  
When, flashing through at the diamond pane,  
You saw the swallows' rapier wings,  
As they cut the air in ripples and rings,  
And laughed and talked like human things,—
4. When they drank each other's health, you thought,—  
For the creak of the corks you surely caught,—  
And all day long at their cabins wrought,  
Till the mud-walled homes, with a foreign look,—  
A pictured street in an Aztec book,—  
Began to show in each raftered nook?
5. Never again! Alack and alas!  
Like a breath of life on the looking-glass,  
Like a censer smoke, the pictures pass.

## THE FLAILS.

6. "Well, Jack and Jim," said the farmer gray,  
"The flour is out, and we'll thrash to-day!"—  
A hand is on the granary door,  
And a step is on the threshing-floor,—  
It is not his, and it is not theirs,—  
He went above by the Golden Stairs;  
The boys are men, and the nicknames grown,—  
'Tis James, Esquire, and Reverend John.
7. How they waltzed the portly sheaves about,  
As they loosed their belts, and shook them out  
In double rows on the threshing-floor,  
Clean as the deck of a seventy-four!  
And, down the midst, in a tawny braid,  
The sculptured heads of the straw were laid.  
It looked a poor man's family bed!  
Ah, more than that, 't was a carpet fair,  
Whereon the flails, with their measured tread,  
Should time the step of the answered prayer,—  
"Give us this day our daily bread!"
8. Then, the light half-whirl and the hickory clash,  
With the full, free swing of a buckskin lash,  
And the trump—tramp—trump, when the bed is new,  
In regular, dull, monotonous stroke,  
And the click—clack—click, on the floor of oak,  
When straw grows thin and the blows strike through;  
And the French-clock ticks to the dancing feet,  
With the small tattoo of the driven sleet,  
When the bouncing kernels, bright and brown,  
Leap lightly up, as the flails come down.

## THE FANNING-MILL.

9. Hang up the flails by the big barn door!  
Bring out the mill of the one-boy power!



Nothing at all but a breeze in a box,  
 Clumsy and red, it rattles and rocks,  
 Sieves to be shaken and hopper to feed,  
 A Chinaman's hat turned upside down,  
 The grain slips through at a hole in the crown —  
 Out with the chaff and in with the speed!

10. The crank clanks round with a boy's quick will,  
 The fan flies fast, till it fills the mill  
 With its breezy vanes, as the whirled leaves fly  
 In an open book, when the gust goes by,  
 And the jerky jar and the zigzag jolt  
 Of the shaken sieves, and the jingling bolt,  
 And the grate of cogs, and the axle's clank,  
 And the rowlock jog of the crazy crank,  
 And the dusty rush of the gusty chaff,  
 The worthless wreck of the harvest's raff,  
 And never a lull, the brisk breeze blows  
 From the troubled grain its tattered clothes,  
 Till, tumbled and tossed, it downward goes,  
 The rickety route by the rackety stair,  
 Clean as the sand that the simoom snows,  
 And drifts, at last, in a bank so fair,  
 You *know* you have found the Answered Prayer.  
*Benjamin F. Taylor.*

## LESSON 67.

### THE FARM-YARD SONG.

*Reading*  
**O**VER the hill the farm-boy goes:  
 His shadow lengthens along the land,  
 A giant staff in giant hand;  
 In the poplar-tree above the spring  
 The katydid begins to sing;  
 The early dews are falling:



Into the stone-heap darts the mink,  
 The swallows skim the river's brink,  
 And home to the woodland fly the crows,  
 When over the hill the farm-boy goes,

Cheerily calling —

“Co', boss! co', boss! co'! co'! co'!”

Farther, farther over the hill,  
 Faintly calling, calling still —

“Co', boss! co', boss! co'! co'!”

2. Into the yard the farmer goes,  
 With grateful heart, at the close of day:  
 Harness and chain are hung away;  
 In the wagon-shed stand yoke and plough;  
 The straw 's in the stack, the hay in the mow;

The cooling dews are falling:

The friendly sheep his welcome bleat,  
 The pigs come grunting to his feet,  
 The whinnying mare her master knows,  
 When into the yard the farmer goes,

His cattle calling —

“Co', boss! co', boss! co'! co'! co'!”

While still the cow-boy far away,  
 Goes seeking those that have gone astray —

“Co', boss! co', boss! co'! co'!”

3. Now to her task the milkmaid goes;  
 The cattle come crowding through the gate,  
 Lowing, pushing, little and great;  
 About the trough, by the farm-yard pump,  
 The frolicsome yearlings frisk and jump,  
 While the pleasant dews are falling:  
 The new milch heifer is quick and shy,  
 But the old cow waits with tranquil eye,

And the white stream into the bright pail flows,  
When to her task the milkmaid goes,

Soothingly calling —

“So, boss! so, boss! so! so! so!”

The cheerful milkmaid takes her stool,  
And sits and milks in the twilight cool,  
Saying, “So, so, boss! so! so!”

4. To supper at last the farmer goes:

The apples are pared, the paper read,  
The stories are told, then all to bed:  
Without, the cricket's ceaseless song  
Makes shrill the silence all night long;

The heavy dews are falling:

The housewife's hand has turned the lock;  
Drowsily ticks the kitchen clock;  
The household sinks to deep repose;  
But still in sleep the farm-boy goes

Singing, calling —

“Co’, boss! co’, boss! co’! co’! co’!”

And oft the milkmaid, in her dreams,  
Drums in the pail with the flashing streams,  
Murmuring, “So, boss! so!”

*J. T. Trowbridge.*

## LESSON 68.

### *TOM BROWN'S VISIT TO DR. ARNOLD'S TOMB.*

THERE was no flag flying on the round tower; the school-house windows were all shuttered up; and when the flag went up again, and the shutters came down, it would be to welcome a stranger. All that was left on earth of him whom he had honored was lying cold and still under the chapel floor. He would go in and see the place once more, and then leave it once for all. New

men and new methods might do for other people; let those who would, worship the rising star, he, at least, would be faithful to the sun which had set. He rose, and walked to the chapel door and unlocked it, fancying himself the only mourner in all the broad land, and feeding on his own selfish sorrow.

2. He passed through the vestibule, and then paused for a moment to glance over the empty benches. His heart was still proud and high, and he walked up to the seat which he had last occupied as a sixth-form boy, and seated himself to collect his thoughts. Truth to tell, they needed collecting and setting in order not a little. The memories of eight years were all dancing through his brain, and carrying him about whither they would; while, beneath them all, his heart was throbbing with the dull sense of a loss that could never be made up to him.

3. The rays of the evening sun came solemnly through the painted windows above his head, and fell in gorgeous colors on the opposite wall, and the perfect stillness soothed his spirit by little and little. He turned to the pulpit, and looked at it, and then, leaning forward, with his head on his hands, groaned aloud: "If I could only have seen the Doctor again for one five minutes, to have told him all that was in my heart, what I owed to him, how I loved and revered him, and how I would, by God's help, follow his steps in life and death, I could have borne it all without a murmur.

4. "But that he should have gone away without knowing it all, is too much to bear. But am I sure that he does not know it all?" — the thought made him start — "May he not even now be near me, in this very chapel? If he be, am I sorrowing as he would have me sorrow — as I shall wish to have sorrowed, when I shall meet him again?"

5. He raised himself and looked around; and, after a

minute, rose and walked humbly down to the lowest bench, and sat on the very seat which he had occupied on his first Sunday at Rugby. Then, the old memories rushed back again, but softened and subdued, soothing him as he let himself be carried away by them.

6. He looked up at the great painted window above the altar, and remembered how, when a little boy, he used to try not to look through it at the elm trees and the rocks, before the painted glass came — and the subscription for the painted glass, and the letter he wrote home for money to give to it. And there, down below, was the name of the boy who sat on his right hand on that first day, scratched rudely in the oak paneling.

7. Then came the thought of all his old school-fellows; and form after form of boys, nobler, and braver, and purer than he, rose, and seemed to rebuke him. Could he not think of them, and what they had felt and were feeling; they who had honored and loved from the first the man whom he had taken years to know and love? Could he not think of those yet dearer to him who was gone, who bore his name and shared his blood, and were now without a husband or a father?

8. Then the grief which he began to share with others became gentle and holy, and he rose once more, and walked up the steps to the altar; and, while the tears flowed freely down his cheeks, kneeled humbly and hopefully to lay there his share of a burden which had proved itself too heavy for him to bear in his own strength.

9. Here let us leave him — where better could we leave him, than at the altar, before which he had first caught a glimpse of the glory of his birthright, and felt the drawing of the bond which links all living souls together in one brotherhood — at the grave, beneath the altar, of him who had opened his eyes to see that glory, and softened his heart, till it could feel that bond? — *Thomas Hughes.*

## LESSON 69.

*ICHABOD CRANE'S RIDE.*

THE revel now gradually broke up. The old farmers gathered together their families in their wagons, and were heard for some time rattling along the hollow roads and over the distant hills. Some of the damsels mounted on pillions behind their favorite swains, and their light-hearted laughter, mingling with the clatter of hoofs, echoed along the silent woodlands, sounding fainter and fainter, until they gradually died away. The late scene of noise and frolic was all silent and deserted.

2. Ichabod stole forth with the air of one who had been sacking a hen-roost rather than a fair lady's heart. Without looking to the right or left to notice the scene of rural wealth on which he had so often gloated, he went straight to the stable, and, with several hearty cuffs and kicks, roused his steed most uncourteously from the comfortable quarters in which he was soundly sleeping.

3. It was the very witching time of night that Ichabod, heavy-hearted and crest-fallen, pursued his travel homewards, along the sides of the lofty hills which rise above Tarrytown. The hour was as dismal as himself. Far below him the Tappan Zee spread its dusky and indistinct waste of waters, with here and there the tall mast of a sloop riding quietly at anchor under the land. In the dead hush of midnight, he could even hear the barking of the watch-dog from the opposite shore of the Hudson; but it was so vague and faint as only to give an idea of his distance from this faithful companion of man. Now and then, too, the long-drawn crowing of a cock, accidentally awakened, would sound far, far off, from some farm-house away among the hills. No signs of life occurred near him, but occasionally the melancholy chirp of a cricket, or perhaps the guttural twang of a

bull-frog from a neighboring marsh, as if sleeping uncomfortably, and turning suddenly in his bed.

4. The night grew darker and darker, the stars seemed to sink deeper in the sky, and driving clouds occasionally hid them from his sight. He had never felt so lonely and dismal. In the centre of the road stood an enormous tulip-tree, which towered like a giant above all the other trees of the neighborhood, and formed a kind of landmark. It was connected with the tragical story of the unfortunate André, who had been taken prisoner hard by, and was universally known by the name of Major André's tree. The common people regarded it with a mixture of respect and superstition.

5. As Ichabod approached this fearful tree, he began to whistle. He thought his whistle was answered. It was but a blast sweeping sharply through the dry branches. As he approached a little nearer, he thought he saw something white hanging in the midst of the tree. He paused, and ceased whistling; but on looking more narrowly, perceived that it was a place where the tree had been scathed by lightning, and the white wood lay bare. Suddenly he heard a groan. His teeth chattered, and his knees smote against the saddle. It was but the rubbing of one huge bough upon another as they were swayed about by the breeze. He passed the tree in safety, but new perils lay before him.

6. About two hundred yards from the tree a small brook crossed the road, and ran into a marshy and thickly-wooded glen, known by the name of Wiley's swamp. A few rough logs, laid side by side, served for a bridge over this stream. To pass this bridge was the severest trial. It was at this identical spot that the unfortunate André was captured, and this has ever since been considered a haunted stream, and fearful are the feelings of the school-boy who has to pass it alone after dark.

7. As he approached the stream, his heart began to thump. He summoned up, however, all his resolution, gave his horse half a score of kicks in the ribs, and attempted to dash briskly across the bridge. But instead of starting forward, the perverse old animal made a lateral movement, and ran broadside against the fence. Ichabod, whose fears increased with the delay, jerked the reins on the other side, and kicked lustily with the contrary foot. It was all in vain. His steed started, it is true, but it was only to plunge to the opposite side of the road into a thicket of brambles and alder bushes.

8. The schoolmaster now bestowed both whip and heel upon the starveling ribs of old Gunpowder, who dashed forward, snuffling and snorting, but came to a stand just by the bridge with a suddenness which had nearly sent his rider sprawling over his head. Just at this moment a plashy tramp by the side of the bridge caught the sensitive ear of Ichabod. In the dark shadow of the grove, on the margin of the brook, he beheld something huge, misshapen, black, and towering. It stirred not, but seemed gathered up in the gloom, like some gigantic monster ready to spring upon the traveler.

9. The hair of the affrighted pedagogue rose upon his head with terror. What was to be done? To turn and fly was now too late. Summoning up, therefore, a show of courage, he demanded, in stammering accents, "Who are you?" He received no reply. He repeated his demand in a still more agitated voice. Still there was no answer. Once more he cudgeled the sides of the inflexible Gunpowder, and, shutting his eyes, broke forth with involuntary fervor into a psalm tune. Just then the shadowy object of alarm put itself in motion, and, with a scramble and a bound, stood at once in the middle of the road.

10. Though the night was dark and dismal, yet the form of the unknown might now, in some degree, be



ascertained. He appeared to be a horseman of large dimensions, and mounted on a black horse of powerful frame. He made no offer of molestation or sociability, but kept aloof on one side of the road.

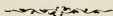
11. Ichabod, who had no relish for this strange midnight companion, now quickened his steed in hopes of leaving him behind. The stranger quickened his horse to an equal pace. Ichabod pulled up, and fell into a walk, thinking to lag behind. The other did the same. His heart began to sink within him. He endeavored to resume his psalm tune, but his parched tongue clove to the roof of his mouth, and he could not utter a stave. There was something in the moody and dogged silence of this pertinacious companion that was mysterious and appalling. It was soon fearfully accounted for. On mounting a rising ground, which brought the figure of his fellow-traveler in relief against the sky, gigantic in height and muffled in a cloak, Ichabod was horror-struck on perceiving that he was headless! But his horror was still more increased on observing that the head, which should have rested on his shoulders, was carried before him on the pommel of his saddle! His terror rose to desperation. He rained a shower of kicks and blows upon Gunpowder, hoping by a sudden movement to give his companion the slip. But the spectre started full jump with him.

12. Away then they dashed, through thick and thin, stones flying and sparks flashing at every bound. An opening in the trees now cheered him with the hopes that the church bridge was at hand. The wavering reflection of a silver star in the bosom of the brook told him that he was not mistaken. "If I can but reach that bridge," thought Ichabod, "I am safe." Just then he heard the black steed panting and blowing close behind him; he even fancied that he felt his hot breath. Another convulsive kick in the ribs, and old Gunpowder sprang



upon the bridge; he thundered over the resounding planks; he gained the opposite side; and now Ichabod cast a look behind to see if his pursuer should vanish, according to rule, in a flash of fire and brimstone. Just then he saw the goblin rising in his stirrups, and in the very act of hurling his head at him. Ichabod endeavored to dodge the horrible missile, but too late. It encountered his cranium with a tremendous crash. He was tumbled headlong into the dust, and Gunpowder, the black steed, and the goblin rider passed by like a whirlwind.

13. The next morning the old horse was found without his saddle, and with the bridle under his feet, soberly cropping the grass at his master's gate, while near the bridge, beyond which, on the bank of a broad part of the brook, where the water ran deep and black, was found the hat of the unfortunate Ichabod, and close beside it a shattered pumpkin.—*Irving's Sleepy Hollow.*



## LESSON 70.

### THE BLUEBIRD.

I KNOW the song that the bluebird is singing,  
Out in the apple-tree where he is swinging:  
Brave little fellow! the skies may be dreary:  
Nothing cares he while his heart is so cheery.

2. Hark! how the music leaps out from his throat—  
Hark! was there ever so merry a note?  
Listen a while, and you'll hear what he's saying,  
Up in the apple-tree, swinging, and swaying.
3. "Dear little blossoms, down under the snow,  
You must be weary of winter, I know;

Hark while I sing you a message of cheer —  
*Summer* is coming! and *spring-time* is here!

4. "Little white snowdrop! I pray you, arise;  
 Bright yellow crocus! come, open your eyes;  
 Sweet little violets, hid from the cold,  
 Put on your mantles of purple and gold:  
 Daffodils! daffodils! say, do you hear? —  
*Summer* is coming! and *spring-time* is here!"  
*Emily Huntington Miller.*

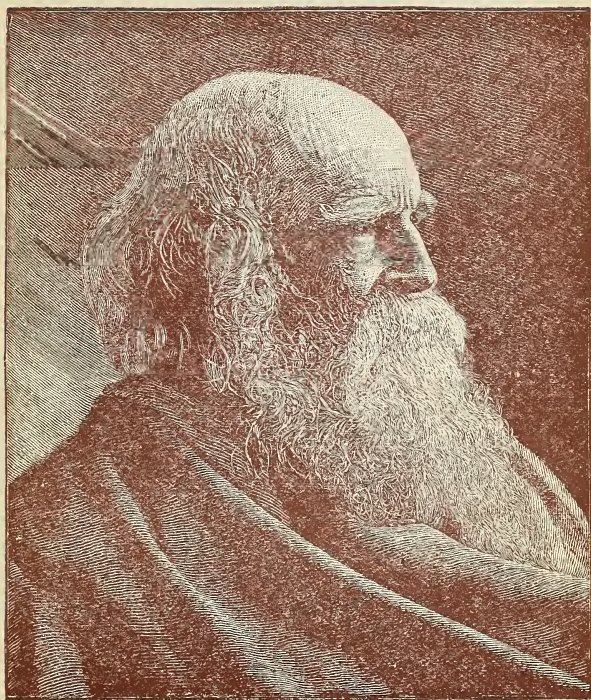
## LESSON 71.

### TO THE EVENING WIND.

SPIRIT that breathest through my lattice, thou  
 That cool'st the twilight of the sultry day,  
 Gratefully flows thy freshness round my brow;  
 Thou hast been out upon the deep at play,  
 Riding, all day, the wild blue waves till now,  
 Roughening their crests, and scattering high their  
 spray,  
 And swelling the white sail. I welcome thee  
 To the scorched land, thou wanderer of the sea!

### 2.

Nor I alone,—a thousand bosoms round  
 Inhale thee in the fullness of delight;  
 And languid forms rise up, and pulses bound  
 Livelier, at coming of the wind of night;  
 And, languishing to hear thy grateful sound,  
 Lies the vast inland stretched beyond the sight.  
 Go forth, into the gathering shade; go forth,  
 God's blessing breathed upon the fainting earth!



W. Cullen Bryant.



## 3.

Go, rock the little wood-bird in his nest,  
Curl the still waters, bright with stars; and rouse  
The wide old wood from his majestic rest,  
Summoning from the innumerable boughs  
The strange, deep harmonies that haunt his breast;  
Pleasant shall be thy way where meekly bows  
The shutting flower, and darkling waters pass,  
And 'twixt the o'ershadowing branches and the grass.

## 4.

The faint old man shall lean his silver head  
To feel thee; thou shalt kiss the child asleep,  
And dry the moistened curls that overspread  
His temples, while his breathing grows more deep;  
And they who stand about the sick man's bed,  
Shall joy to listen to thy distant sweep,  
And softly part his curtains to allow  
Thy visit, grateful to his burning brow.

## 5.

Go — but the circle of eternal change,  
Which is the life of nature, shall restore,  
With sounds and scents from all thy mighty range,  
Thee to thy birthplace of the deep once more:  
Sweet odors in the sea-air, sweet and strange,  
Shall tell the home-sick mariner of the shore;  
And, listening to thy murmur, he shall deem  
He hears the rustling leaf and running stream.

*W. C. Bryant.*

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**EXERCISE.**

*Write expressions equivalent to the following:*

1. Languid forms rise up, and pulses bound livelier.
2. Go, rock the little wood-bird in his nest.

## LESSON 72.

*THE MARINER'S DREAM.*

IN slumbers of midnight the sailor-boy lay,  
His hammock swung loose at the sport of the wind  
But, watch-worn and weary, his cares flew away,  
And visions of happiness danced o'er his mind.

## 2.

He dream'd of his home, of his dear native bowers,  
And pleasures that waited on life's merry morn,  
While Memory each scene gayly cover'd with flowers,  
And restored every rose, but secreted the thorn.

## 3.

Then Fancy her magical pinions spread wide,  
And bade the young dreamer in ecstasy rise ;  
Now, far, far behind him the green waters glide,  
And the cot of his forefathers blesses his eyes.

## 4.

The jessamine clambers in flower o'er the thatch,  
And the swallow sings sweet from her nest in the wall :  
All trembling with transport he raises the latch,  
And the voices of lov'd ones reply to his call.

## 5.

A father bends o'er him with looks of delight ;  
His cheek is impearl'd with a mother's warm tear ;  
And the lips of the boy in a love-kiss unite  
With the lips of the maid whom his bosom holds dear.

## 6

The heart of the sleeper beats high in his breast,  
Joy quickens his pulse, all his hardships seem o'er,

And a murmur of happiness steals through his rest —

“O God! thou hast blest me, I ask for no more.”

## 7.

Ah! whence is that flame which now bursts on his eye?

Ah! what is that sound that now 'larums his ear?

'Tis the lightning's red glare painting hell on the sky!

'Tis the crashing of thunders, the groan of the sphere!

## 8.

He *springs* from his hammock, he *flies* to the deck;

Amazement confronts him with images dire;

Wild winds and mad waves drive the vessel a wreck,

The masts fly in splinters, the shrouds are on fire!

## 9.

Like mountains the billows tumultuously swell,

In vain the lost wretch calls on mercy to save;

Unseen hands of spirits are ringing his knell,

And the death-angel flaps his broad wings o'er the wave.

## 10.

Oh, sailor-boy! woe to thy dream of delight!

In darkness dissolves the gay frostwork of bliss;

Where now is the picture that fancy touched bright?

Thy parents' fond pressure, and love's honey'd kiss?

## 11.

Oh, sailor-boy! sailor-boy! never again

Shall home, love, or kindred, thy wishes repay;

Unblest'd and unhonored, down deep in the main,

Full many a score fathom, thy frame shall decay.

## 12.

No tomb shall e'er plead to remembrance for thee,

Or redeem form or fame from the merciless surge;

But the white foam of waves shall thy winding-sheet be,  
And winds, in the midnight of winter, thy dirge.

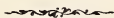
## 13.

On beds of green sea-flower thy limbs shall be laid,  
Around thy white bones the red coral shall grow;  
Of thy fair yellow locks threads of amber be made,  
And every part suit to thy mansion below.

## 14.

Days, months, years, and ages shall circle away,  
And still the vast waters above thee shall roll;  
Earth loses thy pattern forever and aye:  
Oh, sailor-boy! sailor-boy! peace to thy soul.

*Dymond.*



## LESSON 73.

*THE DEATH OF HAMILTON.*

HAMILTON yielded to the force of an imperious custom. And yielding, he sacrificed a life in which all had an interest, and he is lost — lost to his country — lost to his family — lost to us. For this act, because he disclaimed it, and was penitent, I forgive him. But there are those whom I cannot forgive. I mean not his antagonist — over whose erring steps, if there be tears in heaven, a pious mother looks down and weeps. If he be capable of feeling, he suffers already all that humanity can suffer. Suffers, and wherever he may fly will suffer, with the poignant recollection of taking the life of one who was too magnanimous in return to attempt his own.

2. Had he known this, it must have paralyzed his arm while he pointed at so incorruptible a bosom the instrument of death. Does he know this now, his heart, if it be not adamant, must soften — if it be not ice, it must



melt. But on this article I forbear. Stained with blood as he is, if he be penitent, I forgive him; and if he be not, before these altars, where all of us appear as suppliants, I wish not to excite your vengeance, but rather, in behalf of an object rendered wretched and pitiable by crime, to wake your prayers.

3. . . . Would to God I might be permitted to approach for once the late scene of death. Would to God, I could there assemble on the one side the disconsolate mother with her seven fatherless children, and on the other those who administer the justice of my country. Could I do this, I would point them to these sad objects. I would entreat them by the agonies of bereaved fondness, to listen to the widow's heartfelt groans; to mark the orphans' sighs and tears; and having done this, I would uncover the breathless corpse of Hamilton—I would lift from his gaping wound his bloody mantle—I would hold it up to heaven before them, and I would ask, in the name of God, I would ask, whether at the sight of it they felt no compunction. Ye who have hearts of pity—ye who have experienced the anguish of dissolving friendship—who have wept, and still weep over the mouldering ruins of departed kindred, ye can enter into this reflection.

4. O thou disconsolate widow! robbed, so cruelly robbed, and in so short a time, both of a husband and a son! what must be the plenitude of thy sufferings! Could we approach thee, gladly would we drop the tear of sympathy, and pour into thy bleeding bosom the balm of consolation. But how could we comfort her whom God hath not comforted! To his throne, let us lift up our voice and weep. O God! if thou art still the widow's husband, and the father of the fatherless—if, in the fullness of thy goodness, there be yet mercies in store for miserable mortals, pity, O pity this afflicted mother, and grant that her helpless orphans may find a friend, a benefactor, a father in thee!—*Pres. Nott.*

## LESSON 74.

*INDEPENDENT VOTERS.*

THE noise and bustle which ushered in the morning were sufficient to dispel from the mind of the most romantic visionary in existence any associations but those which were immediately connected with the rapidly approaching election. The beating of drums, the blowing of horns and trumpets, the shouting of men and tramping of horses, echoed and re-echoed through the streets from the earliest dawn of day, and an occasional fight between the light skirmishers of either party at once enlivened the preparations and agreeably diversified their character.

2. "Well, Sam," said Mr. Pickwick, as his valet appeared at his bed-room door just as he was concluding his toilet, "all alive to-day, I suppose?" "Reg'lar game, sir," replied Mr. Weller; "our people's a-collecting down on the Town Arms, and they're a hollering themselves hoarse already." "Ah!" said Mr. Pickwick; "do they seem devoted to their party, Sam?" "Never see such devotion in my life, sir." "Energetic, eh?" said Mr. Pickwick. "Uncommon," replied Sam. "I never see men eat and drink so much afore; I wonder they a'n't afeerd of bustin'."

3. "That's the mistaken kindness of the gentry here," said Mr. Pickwick. "Wery likely," replied Sam, briefly. "Fine, fresh, hearty fellows, they seem," said Mr. Pickwick, glancing from the window. "Werry fresh," replied Sam; "me and the two waiters at the Peacock has been a-pumpin' over the independent woters as supped there last night." "Pumping over independent voters!" exclaimed Mr. Pickwick. "Yes," said Sam; "every man slept where he fell down; we dragged 'em out one by one this mornin' and put 'em under the pump, and they're in reg'lar fine order now. Shillin' a head the committee paid for that 'ere job."

4. "Can such be!" exclaimed the astonished Mr. Pickwick. "Lord bless your heart, sir," said Sam, "why where was you half baptized? That's nothin', that a'n't." "Nothing, nothing?" said Mr. Pickwick. "Nothin' at all, sir," replied Sam. "The night afore the last day of the last election here the opposite party bribed the barmaid at the Town Arms to hocus the brandy and water of fourteen expected electors as was a-stoppin' in the house." "What do you mean by hocusing brandy and water?" inquired Mr. Pickwick.

5. "Puttin' laud'num in it," replied Sam. "Blessed if she did n't send them all to sleep till twelve hours arter the election was over! They took one man up to the booth in a truck fast asleep, by way of experiment, but it was no go—they wouldn't let him vote; so they bro't him back and put him to bed again." "Strange practices, these," said Mr. Pickwick, half speaking to himself and half addressing Sam. "Not half so strange as a miraculous circumstance as happened to my own father at an election-time in this wery place, sir," replied Sam. "What was that?" inquired Mr. Pickwick.

6. "Why he drove a coach down here once," said Sam; "lection-time came on, and he was engaged to vun party to bring down woters from London. Night afore he was a-goin' to drive up, committee on t'other side sends for him quietly, and away he goes with the messenger, who shows him in—large room, lots of gen'l'm'n, heaps of papers, pens and ink, and all that 'ere. 'Ah, Mr. Weller,' says the gen'l'm'n in the chair; 'glad to see you, sir; how are you?' 'Wery well, thank'ee, sir,' says my father; 'I hope you're pretty middlin',' says he. 'Pretty well, thank'ee, sir,' says the gen'l'm'n; 'sit down, Mr. Weller—pray sit down, sir.'

7. "So my father sits down, and he and the gen'l'm'n looks wery hard at each other. 'You don't remember me?' says the gen'l'm'n. 'Can't say I do,' says my

father. 'Oh, I know you,' says the gen'l'm'n; 'know'd you ven you vas a boy,' says he. 'Well, I don't remember you,' says my father. 'That's wery odd,' says the gen'l'm'n. 'Wery,' says my father. 'You must have a bad memory, Mr. Weller,' says the gen'l'm'n. 'Well, it is a wery bad 'un,' says my father. 'I thought so,' says the gen'l'm'n. So then they pours him out a glass of wine, and gammons him about his driving, and gets him into a reg'lar good humor, and at last shoves a twenty-pound note into his hand.

8. "'It's a wery bad road between this and London,' says the gen'l'm'n. 'Here and there it is a wery heavy road,' says my father. 'Specially near the canal, I think,' says the gen'l'm'n. 'A bad bit, that 'ere,' says my father. 'Well, Mr. Weller,' says the gen'l'm'n, 'you're a wery good whip, and can do what you like with your horses, we know. We're all wery fond of you, Mr. Weller; so in case you should have an accident when you're bringin' these here woters down, and should tip 'em over into the canal without hurtin' them, this is for yourself,' says he. 'Gen'l'm'n, you're wery kind,' says my father, 'and I'll drink your health in another glass of wine,' says he; vich he did, and then buttons up the money and bows himself out.

9. "You would n't believe, sir," continued Sam, with a look of inexpressible impudence at his master, "that on the wery day as he came down with them woters his coach was upset on that 'ere wery spot, and ev'ry man on 'em was turned into the canal." "And got out again?" inquired Mr. Pickwick, hastily. "Why," replied Sam, very slowly, "I rather think one old gen'l'm'n was mis-sin'. I know his hat was found, but I a'n't quite certain whether his head war in it or not. But what I look at is the hextrahordinary and wonderful coincidence that arter what that gen'l'm'n said, my father's coach should be upset in that wery place and on that wery day."

*Chas. Dickens.*

## LESSON 75.

*THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH.*

UNDER a spreading chestnut tree  
The village smithy stands;  
The smith, a mighty man is he,  
With large and sinewy hands;  
And the muscles of his brawny arms  
Are strong as iron bands.

2. His hair is crisp, and black, and long;  
His face is like the tan;  
His brow is wet with honest sweat;  
He earns whate'er he can,  
And looks the whole world in the face,  
For he owes not any man.
3. Week in, week out, from morn till night,  
You can hear his bellows blow;  
You can hear him swing his heavy sledge  
With measur'd beat and slow,  
Like a sexton ringing the village bell,  
When the evening sun is low.
4. And children coming home from school  
Look in at the open door;  
They love to see the flaming forge,  
And hear the bellows roar,  
And catch the burning sparks that fly  
Like chaff from a threshing-floor.
5. He goes, on Sunday, to the church,  
And sits among his boys;  
He hears the parson pray and preach;  
He hears his daughter's voice  
Singing in the village choir,  
And it makes his heart rejoice.

6. It sounds to him like her mother's voice,  
Singing in Paradise!

He needs must think of her once more,  
How in the grave she lies;  
And with his hard, rough hand he wipes  
A tear out of his eyes.

7. Toiling, rejoicing, sorrowing,  
Onward through life he goes;  
Each morning sees some task begin,  
Each evening sees it close;  
Something attempted, something done,  
Has earn'd a night's repose.

8. Thanks, thanks to thee, my worthy friend,  
For the lesson thou hast taught!  
Thus, at the flaming forge of life,  
Our fortunes must be wrought!  
Thus, on its sounding anvil, shaped  
Each burning deed and thought.

*H. W. Longfellow.*



## LESSON 76.

### *THE CLOSING YEAR.*

**T**IS midnight's holy hour, and silence now  
Is brooding, like a gentle spirit, o'er  
The still and pulseless world. Hark! on the winds  
The bell's deep tones are swelling; 't is the knell  
Of the departed year. No funeral train  
Is sweeping past; yet, on the stream and wood,  
With melancholy light, the moonbeams rest  
Like a pale, spotless shroud; the air is stirr'd,  
As by a mourner's sigh; and on yon cloud,  
That floats so still and placidly through heaven,

The spirits of the Seasons seem to stand —  
Young Spring, bright Summer, Autumn's solemn form,  
And Winter, with his aged locks,— and breathe  
In mournful cadences, that come abroad  
Like the far wind-harp's wild and touching wail,  
A melancholy dirge o'er the dead year,  
Gone from the earth forever.

## 2.

'T is a time  
For memory and for tears. Within the deep,  
Still chambers of the heart, a specter dim,  
Whose tones are like the wizard voice of Time,  
Heard from the tomb of ages, points its cold  
And solemn finger to the beautiful  
And holy visions, that have pass'd away,  
And left no shadow of their loveliness  
On the dead waste of life. The specter lifts  
The coffin-lid of Hope, and Joy, and Love,  
And bending mournfully above the pale,  
Sweet forms that slumber there, scatters dead flowers,  
O'er what has pass'd to nothingness.

## 3.

The year  
Has gone, and with it many a glorious throng  
Of happy dreams. Its mark is on each brow,  
Its shadow in each heart. In its swift course,  
It waved its scepter o'er the beautiful,  
And they are not. It laid its pallid hand  
Upon the strong man, and the haughty form  
Is fallen, and the flashing eye is dim.  
It trod the hall of revelry, where thronged  
The bright and joyous; and the tearful wail  
Of stricken ones is heard, where erst the song  
And reckless shout resounded. It pass'd o'er



The battle-plain, where sword, and spear, and shield,  
Flash'd in the light of mid-day ; and the strength  
Of serried hosts is shiver'd, and the grass,  
Green from the soil of carnage, waves above  
The crush'd and mouldering skeleton. It came,  
And faded like a wreath of mist at eve ;  
Yet, ere it melted in the viewless air,  
It heralded its millions to their home,  
In the dim land of dreams.

## 4.

## Remorseless Time !

Fierce spirit of the glass and scythe ! What power  
Can stay him in his silent course, or melt  
His iron heart to pity ! On, still on,  
He presses, and forever. The proud bird,  
The condor of the Andes, that can soar  
Through heaven's unfathomable depths, or brave  
The fury of the northern hurricane,  
And bathe his plumage in the thunder's home,  
Furls his broad wing at night-fall, and sinks down  
To rest upon his mountain crag ; but Time  
Knows not the weight of sleep or weariness ;  
And Night's deep darkness has no chain to bind  
His rushing pinion.

## 5.

## Revolutions sweep

O'er earth, like troubled visions o'er the breast  
Of dreaming sorrow ; cities rise and sink  
Like bubbles on the water ; fiery isles  
Spring blazing from the ocean, and go back  
To their mysterious caverns ; mountains rear  
To heaven their bald and blacken'd cliffs, and bow  
Their tall heads to the plain ; and empires rise,  
Gathering the strength of hoary centuries,



And rush down, like the Alpine avalanche,  
Startling the nations ; and the very stars,  
Yon bright and glorious blazonry of God,  
Glitter awhile in their eternal depths,  
And, like the Pleiad, loveliest of their train,  
Shoot from their glorious spheres, and pass away  
To darkle in the trackless void ; yet Time,  
Time, the tomb-builder, holds his fierce career,  
Dark, stern, all pitiless, and pauses not  
Amid the mighty wrecks that strew his path,  
To sit and muse, like other conquerors,  
Upon the fearful ruin he hath wrought.

*Geo. D. Prentice.*

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#### EXERCISE.

*Write equivalent expressions for the following .*

1. 'Tis the knell of the departed year.
2. No funeral train is sweeping past.
3. And breathe in mournful cadences.
4. It waved its scepter o'er the beautiful,  
And they are not.
5.       And the tearful wail  
Of stricken ones is heard, where erst the song  
And reckless shout resounded.
6. The strength of serried hosts is shivered.
7. It heralded its millions to their home  
In the dim land of dreams.
8. And bathe his plumage in the thunder's home.
9. Fiery isles spring blazing from the ocean.
10. And pass away to darkle in the trackless void,

## LESSON 77.

*TRUTH AND TRUTHFULNESS.*

ONE of the rarest powers possessed by man is the power to state a fact. It seems a very simple thing to tell the truth, but, beyond all question, there is nothing half so easy as lying. To comprehend a fact in its exact length, breadth, relations, and significance, and to state it in language that shall represent it with exact fidelity, are the work of a mind singularly gifted, finely balanced, and thoroughly practiced in that special department of effort.

2. The men are comparatively few who are in the habit of telling the truth. We all lie, every day of our lives — almost in every sentence we utter — not consciously and criminally, perhaps, but really, in that our language fails to represent truth, and state facts correctly. Our truths are half-truths, or distorted truths, or exaggerated truths, or sophisticated truths. Much of this is owing to carelessness, much to habit, and, more than has generally been supposed, to mental incapacity.

3. I have known eminent men who had not the power to state a fact, in its whole volume and outline, because, first, they could not comprehend it perfectly, and, second, because their power of expression was limited. The lenses by which they apprehended their facts were not adjusted properly; so they saw everything with a blur. Definite outlines, cleanly-cut edges, exact apprehension of volume and weight, nice measurement of relations, were matters outside of their observation and experience. They had broad minds, but bungling; and their language was no better than their apprehensions — usually it was worse, because language is rarely as definite as apprehension. Men rarely do their work to suit them, because their tools are imperfect.

4. There are men in all communities who are believed to be honest, yet whose word is never taken as authority upon any subject. There is a flaw or a warp somewhere in their perceptions, which prevents them from receiving truthful impressions. Everything comes to them distorted, as natural objects are distorted by reaching the eye through wrinkled window-glass. Some are able to apprehend a fact and state it correctly, if it have no direct relation to themselves; but the moment their personality, or their personal interest, is involved, the fact assumes false proportions and false colors.

5. I know a physician whose patients are always alarmingly sick when he is first called to them. As they usually get well, I am bound to believe that he is a good physician; but I am not bound to believe that they are all as sick at beginning as he supposes them to be. The first violent symptoms operate upon his imagination and excite his fears; and his opinion as to the degree of danger attaching to the diseases of his patients is not worth half so much as that of any sensible old nurse. In fact, nobody thinks of taking it all; and those who know him, and who hear his sad representations of the condition of his patients, show equal distrust of his word and faith in his skill, by taking it for granted that they are in a fair way to get well.—*Dr. J. G. Holland.*

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#### EXERCISE.

*Write equivalent expressions for the following:*

1. Our truths are half truths, or distorted truths, or exaggerated truths, or sophisticated truths.
2. The lenses by which they apprehended their facts were not adjusted properly.
3. Language is rarely as definite as apprehension.
4. Everything comes to them distorted.

## LESSON 78.

## WINTER BEAUTY.

NATURE is very exacting. You may make her a flying visit in August, and she will, indeed, unfold to you the beauties of dew-drop, and thunder-shower, and evening sky, but to know her in her *wholeness*, to drink in full measure the "life that hides in the marsh and wold," to conceive all her magnificent possibilities, you must woo her from New Year to New Year, and every New Year shall bring you a fairer picture, a richer blessing, than the last.

2. You shall look out upon a gray, frozen earth and a gray, chilling sky. The trees stretch forth to you their naked branches as if imploringly. The air pinches and pierces you; a home-sick desolation clasps around your shivering, shrinking heart; and then God works a miracle. The windows of heaven are opened, and thence comes forth a blessing. The gray, wintry sky unlocks her treasures; and softness, and whiteness, and warmth, and beauty float gently down upon both the evil and the good.

3. Through all the long night, while you sleep, the work goes noiselessly on. Earth puts off her earthliness; and when the morning comes, she stands before you in the white robes of a saint. The sun hallows her with baptismal touch, and she is glorified. There is no longer on her pure brow anything common or unclean.

4. The Lord God hath wrapped her about with light as with a garment. His divine charity hath covered the multitude of her sins; and there is no scar or stain, no "mark of her shame," no "seal of her sorrow."

5. The far-off hills swell their white purity against the pure blue of the heavens. The sheeted splendor of the fields sparkles back a thousand suns for one. The trees lose their nakedness and misery and desolation, and

every slender twig is clothed upon with glory. All the roofs are blanketed with snow; all the fences are bordered. Every gate-post is statuesque; every wood-pile is a marble quarry. Harsh outlines are softened. Instead of angles and ruggedness and squalor, there are billowy, fleecy undulations.

6. Nothing so rough, so common, so ugly, but it has been transfigured into newness of life. Everywhere the earth has received "beauty for ashes, the oil of joy for mourning, the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness." Without sound of hammer or ax, without the grating of saw or the click of chisel, prose has been sculptured into poetry. The actual has put on the silver vail of the ideal.

7. Will you look more closely? A *part* is, if possible, more beautiful than the *whole*. On the texture of your coat-sleeve one wandering snow-flake has alighted. Gaze at it before it vanishes from your sight. What a world of symmetry it discloses to you! What an airy, fairy, crystalline splendor! What delicate spires of feathery light shoot out from the center, with tiny fringes, and rosy, radiating bars!

8. In all your life you have never seen anything more beautiful, more perfect; and you may stand "breast-high" in just such marvelous radiance. Talk of robbers' caves and magic lamps! No Eastern imagination, rioting in "barbaric pearl and gold," can eclipse the magnificence in which you live and move and have your being.

9. And there is a deeper beauty than this. It is not only that the snow makes fair what was good before, but it is a *messenger of love from heaven*, bearing glad tidings of great joy. Hope for the future comes down to the earth in every tiny flake. Underneath the deep and wide-spreading snow-drifts, as they span the hill-side and lie lightly piled in the valleys, the earth-spirits and fairies are ceaselessly working out their multifold plans.

10. The grasses hold high carnival safe under their crystal roof. The roses and lilies keep holiday. The snow-drops and hyacinths and the pink-lipped May-flower wait as they that watch for the morning. The life that stirs beneath thrills to the life that stirs above. The spring sun will mount higher and higher in the heavens; the sweet snow will sink down into the arms of the violets; and, at the word of the Lord, the earth shall come up once more as a bride adorned for her husband.

11. "For as the rain cometh down, and the snow from heaven, and returneth not thither, but watereth the earth, and maketh it bring forth and bud, that it may give seed to the sower, and bread to the eater; so shall my word be that goeth forth out of my mouth: it shall not return unto me void, but it shall accomplish that which I please, and it shall prosper in the thing whereto I sent it."

*Gail Hamilton.*



## LESSON 79.

### *THE BETTER SERVICE.*

I FREIGHTED a little boat  
With the loveliest flowers that grow;  
Pinks from the edge of my garden-walk,  
Fair queen lilies — seven to the stalk —  
Round and smooth as a lady's throat;  
Roses, reddest that blow:  
Drenched to the heart with sweet June wines,  
There were purple pansies and columbines;  
Pied petunias and shy sweet-peas,  
Lost in a tangle of gadding stems;  
Soft balsams, fretted with feet of bees,  
And foxgloves, yellow, with crimson hems;

Over all, like a vail, I cast  
White clematis, as soft as wool —  
It filled like a sail when the breeze was full;  
A bunch of kissed violets — they were the last!

## 2.

I launched my little boat  
On the saddest river I know;  
With careful hands I set it afloat,  
And bade it speed to the place of graves,  
That the indolent water laps and laves  
Many a mile below.  
I deemed it would strike on the shallow bar  
Of the little nook where the willows are,  
And fling its treasure on one low mound,  
That is only with long, straight grasses crowned;  
Where never a wilding blossom is found,  
Never a daisy as Springs go round.  
O long prone grass! with your fibres fine  
Bleaching yellow in storm and shine,  
You never can rival the shimmering flow  
Of beautiful tresses that bleach below.

## 3.

But a storm was loosed in heaven:  
The lightnings came out apace,  
And the wide-mouthed winds gave chase;  
In their jaws my boat was driven  
Wide of its destined place.  
They bore my boat to a desolate land;  
They tossed my flowers on a barren strand,  
Where huts of dwellers were far and few,  
Where rank salt-fennel and bitterweed grew.  
O bald, blank rock! did you temper the shock,  
As you could, to my delicate crew?

Do not die, sweet roses, on that rude breast —  
For a cottage-window that looks to the west  
Has lighted its signal for you;  
And feet of children come pattering out,  
Plashing the rainy pools about.  
They look at the flowers, the rock, the skies —  
“T was the thunder,” they say, with satisfied eyes;  
“It shook so hard in heaven, up there,  
The flowers came falling right down through the air!”

## 4.

Did I mourn for my boat that sailed  
No more to the beckoning west?  
For Love's fond mission that failed?  
For the flowers I had thought so blest  
To die where the long grass vailed  
The place of my darling's rest?  
No! At evening-time it was light:  
I said to my heart: “Let us see  
How God is wiser than we,  
And guideth the storms aright,  
On the rivers that roll to His sea.”  
For the cottager kissed his wife that night,  
For the moist red rose in her hair,  
And the smile that she used to wear —  
And the babes were given a lily to keep  
Each in its bosom, awake or asleep,  
And the praises their sweet lips said  
Were better than flowers for my dead!

*Helen L. Bostwick.*





## LESSON 80.

*THE RISING IN 1776.*

OUT of the North the wild news came,  
Far flashing on its wings of flame,  
Swift as the boreal light which flies  
At midnight through the startled skies.  
And there was tumult in the air,  
The fife's shrill note, the drum's loud beat,  
And through the wide land everywhere  
The answering tread of hurrying feet;  
While the first oath of Freedom's gun  
Came on the blast from Lexington;  
And Concord, roused, no longer tame,  
Forgot her old baptismal name,  
Made bare her patriot arm of power,  
And swelled the discord of the hour.

2. Within its shade of elm and oak  
The church of Berkley Manor stood;  
There Sunday found the rural folk,  
And some esteemed of gentle blood.  
In vain their feet with loitering tread  
Passed 'mid the graves where rank is naught;  
All could not read the lesson taught  
In that republic of the dead.
3. How sweet the hour of Sabbath talk,  
The vale with peace and sunshine full,  
Where all the happy people walk,  
Decked in their homespun flax and wool!  
Where youth's gay hats with blossoms bloom;  
And every maid, with simple art,  
Wears on her breast, like her own heart,  
A bud whose depths are all perfume;  
While every garment's gentle stir  
Is breathing rose and lavender.

4. The pastor came : his snowy locks  
    Hallowed his brow of thought and care ;  
And calmly, as shepherds lead their flocks,  
    He led into the house of prayer.  
The pastor rose ; the prayer was strong ;  
The psalm was warrior David's song ;  
The text, a few short words of might,—  
    “ The Lord of hosts shall arm the right ! ”
5. He spoke of wrongs too long endured,  
    Of sacred rights to be secured ;  
Then from his patriot tongue of flame  
The startling words for Freedom came.  
The stirring sentences he spake  
Compelled the heart to glow or quake,  
And, rising on his theme's broad wing,  
    And grasping in his nervous hand  
    The imaginary battle-brand,  
In face of death he dared to fling  
Defiance to a tyrant king.
6. Even as he spoke, his frame, renewed,  
    In eloquence of attitude,  
Rose, as it seemed, a shoulder higher ;  
Then swept his kindling glance of fire  
From startled pew to breathless choir ;  
When suddenly his mantle wide  
His hands impatient flung aside,  
And, lo ! he met their wondering eyes  
Complete in all a warrior's guise.
7. A moment there was awful pause,—  
    When Berkley cried, “ Cease, traitor ! cease !  
God's temple is the house of peace ! ”  
    The other shouted, “ Nay, not so,  
When God is with our righteous cause ;

His holiest places then are ours,  
His temples are our forts and towers  
That frown upon the tyrant foe;  
In this, the dawn of Freedom's day,  
There is a time to fight and pray!"

8. And now before the open door —

The warrior-priest had ordered so —  
The enlisting trumpet's sudden roar  
Rang through the chapel, o'er and o'er,  
Its long reverberating blow,  
So loud and clear, it seemed the ear  
Of dusty death must wake and hear.  
And there the startling drum and fife  
Fired the living with fiercer life;  
While overhead, with wild increase,  
Forgetting its ancient toll of peace,  
The great bell swung as ne'er before.  
It seemed as it would never cease;  
And every word its ardor flung  
From off its jubilant iron tongue  
Was, "War! War! War!"

9. "Who dares?" — this was the patriot's cry,  
As striding from the desk he came,—  
"Come out with me, in Freedom's name,  
For her to live, for her to die?"  
A hundred hands flung up reply,  
A hundred voices answered, "I."

*T. Buchanan Read.*



## LESSON 81.

*THE SCHOOLMASTER.*

THE schoolmaster's occupation is laborious and ungrateful; its rewards are scanty and precarious. He may indeed be, and he ought to be, animated by the consciousness of doing good, that best of all consolations, that noblest of all motives. But that too must be often clouded by doubt and uncertainty. Obscure and inglorious as his daily occupation may appear to learned pride or worldly ambition, yet to be truly successful and happy he must be animated by the spirit of the same great principles which inspired the most illustrious benefactors of mankind.

2. If he bring to his task high talent and rich acquirement, he must be content to look into distant years for the proof that his labors have not been wasted, that the good seed which he daily scatters abroad does not fall on stony ground and wither away, or among thorns to be choked by the cares, the delusions, or the vices of the world. He must solace his toils with the same prophetic faith that enabled the greatest of modern philosophers, amidst the neglect or contempt of his own times, to regard himself as sowing the seeds of truth for posterity and the care of Heaven.

3. He must arm himself against disappointment and mortification with a portion of that same noble confidence which soothed the greatest of modern poets when weighed down by care and danger, by poverty, old age, and blindness, still

“ — In prophetic dreams he saw  
The youth unborn with pious awe  
Imbibe each virtue from his sacred page.”

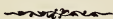
4. He must know and he must love to teach his pupils not the meager elements of knowledge, but the secret and

the use of their own intellectual strength, exciting and enabling them hereafter to raise for themselves the vail which covers the majestic form of Truth. He must feel deeply the reverence due to the youthful mind fraught with mighty though undeveloped energies and affections, and mysterious and eternal destinies. Thence he must have learned to reverence himself and his profession, and to look upon its otherwise ill-requited toils as their own exceeding great reward.

5. If such are the difficulties and the discouragements, such the duties, the motives, and the consolations of teachers who are worthy of that name and trust, how imperious then the obligation upon every enlightened citizen who knows and feels the value of such men to aid them, to cheer them, and to honor them.

6. But let us not be content with barren honor to buried merit. Let us prove our gratitude to the dead by faithfully endeavoring to elevate the station, to enlarge the usefulness, and to raise the character of the schoolmaster among us. Thus shall we best testify our gratitude to the teachers and guides of our own youth, thus best serve our country, and thus most effectually diffuse over our land light and truth and virtue.

*Gulian C. Verplanck.*



## LESSON 82.

### CONSEQUENCES OF EXPOSING AN OLD ERROR.

**D**ID you never, in walking in the fields, come across a large flat stone which had lain, nobody knows how long, just where you found it, with the grass forming a little hedge, as it were, all round it, close to its edges,—and have you not, in obedience to a kind of feeling that told you it had been lying there long enough, insinuated

your stick, or your foot, or your fingers, under its edge, and turned it over as a housewife turns a cake, when she says to herself, "It's done brown enough by this time?"

2. What an odd revelation, and what an unforeseen and unpleasant surprise to a small community, the very existence of which you had not suspected, until the sudden dismay and scattering among its members produced by your turning the old stone over!

3. Blades of grass flattened down, colorless, matted together, as if they had been bleached and ironed; hideous crawling creatures, some of them coleopterous or horny-shelled,—turtle-bugs one wants to call them; some of them softer but cunningly spread out and compressed like Lepine watches; (Nature never loses a crack or a crevice, mind you, or a joint in a tavern bedstead, but she always has one of her flat pattern live timekeepers to slide into it;) black, glossy crickets, with their long filaments sticking out like the whips of four-horse stage-coaches; motionless, slug-like creatures, young larvæ, perhaps more horrible in their pulpy stillness than even in the infernal wriggle of maturity.

4. But no sooner is the stone turned, and the whole some light of day let upon this compressed and blinded community of creeping things, than all of them which enjoy the luxury of legs—and some of them have a good many—rush round wildly, butting each other, and everything in their way, and end in a general stampede for underground retreats from the region poisoned by sunshine. *Next year* you will find the grass growing tall and green where the stone lay; the ground-bird builds her nest where the beetle had his hole; the dandelion and the buttercup are growing there, and the broad fans of insect angels open and shut over their golden disks, as the rhythmic waves of blissful consciousness pulsate through their glorified being.

5. The young fellow whom they call John saw fit to

say, in his very familiar way,—at which I do not choose to take offence, but which I something think it necessary to repress,—that I was coming it rather strong on the butterflies.

6. No, I replied; there is meaning in each of those images, the butterfly as well as the others. The stone is ancient error. The grass is human nature borne down and bleached of all its color by it. The shapes which are found beneath are the crafty beings that thrive in darkness, and the weaker organisms kept helpless by it. He who turns the stone over is whosoever puts the staff of truth to the old lying incubus, no matter whether he do it with a serious face or a laughing one.

7. The next year stands for the coming time. Then shall the nature which had lain blanched and broken, rise in its full stature and native hues, in the sunshine. Then shall God's minstrels build their nests in the hearts of a new-born humanity. Then shall beauty—Divinity taking outlines and color—light upon the souls of men as the butterfly, image of the beautified spirit rising from the dust, soars from the shell that held a poor grub, which would never have found wings, had not the stone been lifted.

8. You never need think you can turn over any old falsehood without a terrible squirming and scattering of the horrid little population that dwells under it.

*Oliver Wendell Holmes.*



## LESSON 83.

### *HENRY V. TO HIS TROOPS.*

ONCE more unto the breach, dear friends, once more;  
Or close the wall up with our English dead.  
In *peace*, there's nothing so becomes a man  
As modest stillness and humility;


But when the blast of *war* blows in our ears,  
Then imitate the action of the tiger ;  
*Stiffen the sinews, summon up the blood,*  
Disguise fair nature with hard-favor'd rage :  
Then lend the eye a terrible aspect ;  
Let it pry through the portage of the head,  
Like the brass cannon ; let the brow o'erwhelm it,  
As fearfully as doth a galled rock  
O'erhang and jutty his confounded base,  
Swill'd with the wild and wasteful ocean.

## 2.

Now *set the teeth*, and *stretch the nostril wide*,  
*Hold hard the breath*, and *bend up every spirit*  
To his full height ! *On, on*, you noble English !  
Whose blood is fet from fathers of war-proof ;  
Fathers, that, like so many Alexanders,  
Have in these parts from morn till even fought,  
And sheath'd their swords for lack of argument ;  
Be copy now to men of grosser blood,  
And teach them how to war !

## 3.

And *you*, good yeomen,  
Whose limbs were made in England, show us here  
The mettle of your pasture ; let us swear  
That you are worth your breeding : which I doubt not ;  
For there is none of you so mean and base,  
That hath not noble luster in your eyes.  
I see you stand like greyhounds in the slips,  
Straining upon the start. The game's afoot :  
Follow your spirit ; and, upon this charge,  
Cry — *God for Harry ! England ! and St. George !*  
*Shakespeare.*





## LESSON 84.

*THE LIGHT OF OTHER DAYS.*

OFt in the stilly night,  
Ere slumber's chain has bound me,  
Fond memory brings the light  
Of other days around me ;  
The smiles, the tears  
Of boyhood's years,  
The words of love then spoken ;  
The eyes that shone,  
Now dimm'd and gone,  
The cheerful hearts now broken !  
Thus in the stilly night,  
Ere slumber's chain has bound me,  
Sad memory brings the light  
Of other days around me.

## 2.

When I remember all  
The friends, so linked together,  
I've seen around me fall,  
Like leaves in wintry weather,  
I feel like one  
Who treads alone  
Some banquet hall deserted,  
Whose lights are fled,  
Whose garlands dead,  
And all but him departed !  
Thus in the stilly night,  
Ere slumber's chain has bound me,  
Sad memory brings the light  
Of other days around me.

*Thomas Moore.*

## LESSON 85.

*THE BATTLE OF EUTAW.*

HARK ! 't is the voice of the mountain,  
And it speaks to our heart in its pride,  
As it tells of the bearing of heroes  
Who compassed its summits and died !  
How they gathered to strife as the eagles,  
When the foeman had clambered the height !  
How, with scent keen and eager as beagles,  
They hunted him down for the fight.

2. Hark ! through the gorge of the valley,  
'T is the bugle that tells of the foe ;  
Our own quickly sounds for the rally,  
And we snatch down the rifle and go.  
As the hunter who hears of the panther,  
Each arms him and leaps to his steed,  
Rides forth through the desolate antre,  
With his knife and his rifle at need.
3. From a thousand deep gorges they gather,  
From the cot lowly perched by the rill,  
The cabin half hid in the heather,  
'Neath the crag where the eagle keeps still ;  
Each lonely at first in his roaming,  
Till the vale to the sight opens fair,  
And he sees the low cot through the gloaming,  
When his bugle gives tongue to the air.
4. Thus a thousand brave hunters assemble  
For the hunt of the insolent foe,  
And soon shall his myrmidons tremble  
'Neath the shock of the thunderbolt's blow.

Down the lone heights now wind they together,  
As the mountain-brooks flow to the vale,  
And, now, as they group on the heather,  
The keen scout delivers his tale :

5. "The British — the tories are on us,  
And now is the moment to prove  
To the women whose virtues have won us,  
That our virtues are worthy their love!  
They have swept the vast valleys below us,  
With fire, to the hills from the sea;  
And here would they seek to o'erthrow us  
In a realm which our eagle makes free!"
6. No war council suffered to trifle  
With the hours devote to the deed;  
Swift followed the grasp of the rifle,  
Swift followed the bound to the steed;  
And soon, to the eyes of our yeomen,  
All panting with rage at the sight,  
Gleamed the long wavy tents of the foeman,  
As he lay in his camp on the height.
7. Grim dashed they away as they bounded,  
The hunters to hem in the prey,  
And with Deckard's long rifles surrounded,  
Then the British rose fast to the fray;  
And never, with arms of more vigor,  
Did their bayonets press through the strife,  
Where, with every swift pull of the trigger,  
The sharp-shooters dashed out a life!
8. 'T was the meeting of eagles and lions;  
'T was the rushing of tempests and waves,—  
Insolent triumph 'gainst patriot defiance,  
Born freemen 'gainst sycophant slaves;

Scotch Ferguson sounding his whistle,  
As from danger to danger he flies,  
Feels the moral that lies in Scotch thistle,  
With its "touch me who dare!" and he dies!

9. An hour, and the battle is over;  
The eagles are rending the prey;  
The serpents seek flight into cover,  
But the terror still stands in the way:  
More dreadful the doom that on treason  
Averages the wrongs of the state;  
And the oak-tree for many a season  
Bears fruit for the vultures of fate!

*W. G. Simms.*

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## LESSON 86.

### *DESCRIPTION OF THE SUNRISE.*

MUCH, however, as we are indebted to our observatories for elevating our conceptions of the heavenly bodies, they present even to the unaided sight, scenes of glory which words are too feeble to describe. I had occasion, a few weeks since, to take the early train from Providence to Boston; and for this purpose rose at two o'clock in the morning. Everything around was wrapt in darkness and hushed in silence, broken only by what seemed at that hour the unearthly clank and rush of the train. It was a mild, serene, midsummer's night; the sky was without a cloud, the winds were whist.

2. The moon, then in the last quarter, had just risen, and the stars shone with a spectral luster but little affected by her presence. Jupiter, two hours high, was the herald of the day; the Pleiades, just above the horizon, shed their sweet influence in the east; Lyra sparkled near the zenith; Andromeda veiled her newly-

discovered glories from the naked eye, in the south; the steady Pointers, far beneath the pole, looked meekly up from the depths of the north, to their sovereign.

3. Such was the glorious spectacle as I entered the train. As we proceeded, the timid approach of twilight became more perceptible; the intense blue of the sky began to soften; the smaller stars, like little children, went first to rest; the sister beams of the Pleiades soon melted together; but the bright constellations of the west and north remained unchanged. Steadily the wondrous transfiguration went on. Hands of angels, hidden from mortal eyes, shifted the scenery of the heavens; the glories of night dissolved into the glories of the dawn.

4. The blue sky now turned more softly gray; the great watch-stars shut up their holy eyes; the east began to kindle. Faint streaks of purple soon blushed along the sky; the whole celestial concave was filled with the inflowing tides of the morning light, which came pouring down from above in one great ocean of radiance; till at length, as we reached the Blue Hills, a flash of purple fire blazed out from above the horizon, and turned the dewy tear-drops of flower and leaf into rubies and diamonds. In a few seconds, the everlasting gates of the morning were thrown wide open, and the lord of day, arrayed in glories too severe for the gaze of man, began his state.

5. I do not wonder at the superstition of the ancient Magians, who, in the morning of the world, went up to the hill-tops of Central Asia, and, ignorant of the true God, adored the most glorious work of His hand. But I am filled with amazement when I am told that in this enlightened age, and in the heart of the Christian world, there are persons who can witness this daily manifestation of the power and wisdom of the Creator, and yet say in their hearts, "there is no God."—*Edward Everett.*

## LESSON 87.

## LOVE OF BIRDS AND SQUIRRELS.

WILSON'S thrush comes every year to remind me of that most poetic of ornithologists. He flits before me through the pine-walk like the very genius of solitude. A pair of pewees have built immemorially on a jutting brick in the arched entrance to the ice-house. Always on the same brick, and never more than a single pair, though two broods of five each are raised there every summer. How do they settle their claim to the homestead? By what right of primogeniture? Once, the children of a man employed about the place oölogized the nest, and the pewees left us for a year or two.

2. I felt towards those boys as the messmates of the Ancient Mariner did towards him after he had shot the albatross. But the pewees came back at last, and one of them is now on his wonted perch, so near my window that I can hear the click of his bill as he snaps a fly on the wing. . . . The pewee is the first bird to pipe up in the morning; and, during the early summer, he preludes his matutinal ejaculation of *pewee* with a slender whistle, unheard at any other time. He saddens with the season, and, as summer declines, he changes his note to *cheu, pewee!* as if in lamentation. Had he been an Italian bird, Ovid would have had a plaintive tale to tell about him. He is so familiar as often to pursue a fly through the open window into my library.

3. There is something inexpressibly dear to me in these old friendships of a lifetime. There is scarce a tree of mine but has had, at some time or other, a happy homestead among its boughs, to which I cannot say,

“Many light hearts and wings,  
Which now be dead, lodged in thy living bowers.”

4. My walk under the pines would lose half its sum-

mer charm were I to miss that shy anchorite, the Wilson's thrush, nor hear in haying-time the metallic ring of his song, that justifies his rustic name of *scythe-whet*. I protect my game as jealously as an English squire. If anybody had oölogized a certain cuckoo's nest I know of (I have a pair in my garden every year), it would have left me a sore place in my mind for weeks. I love to bring these aborigines back to the mansuetude they showed to the early voyagers, and before (forgive the involuntary pun) they had grown accustomed to man, and knew his savage ways. And they repay your kindness with a sweet familiarity too delicate ever to breed contempt.

5. I have made a Penn-treaty with them, preferring that to the Puritan way with the native, which converted them to a little Hebraism and a great deal of Medford rum. If they will not come near enough to me (as most of them will), I bring them close with an opera-glass,—a much better weapon than a gun. I would not, if I could, convert them from their pretty pagan ways.

6. The only one I sometimes have savage doubts about is the red squirrel. I *think* he oölogizes; I *know* he eats cherries, (we counted five of them at one time in a single tree, the stones pattering down like the sparse hail that preludes a storm,) and that he gnaws off the small end of pears to get at the seeds. He steals the corn from under the noses of my poultry. But what would you have? He will come down upon the limb of the tree I am lying under, till he is within a yard of me.

7. He and his mate will scurry up and down the great black walnut for my diversion, chattering like monkeys. Can I sign his death-warrant who has tolerated me about his grounds so long? Not I. Let them steal, and welcome. I am sure I should, had I the same bringing up and the same temptation. As for the birds, I do not believe there is one of them but does more good than harm; and of how many featherless bipeds can this be said.

*James Russell Lowell.*

## LESSON 88.

*CENTENNIAL HYMN.*

SUNG AT THE OPENING OF THE INTERNATIONAL  
EXHIBITION, PHILADELPHIA, MAY 10, 1876.

OUR fathers' God! from out whose hand  
The centuries fall like grains of sand,  
We meet to-day, united, free,  
And loyal to our land and Thee,  
To thank Thee for the era done,  
And trust Thee for the opening one.

2. Here, where of old, by Thy design,  
The fathers spake that word of Thine  
Whose echo is the glad refrain  
Of rended bolt and falling chain,  
To grace our festal time, from all  
The zones of earth our guests we call.
3. Be with us while the New World greets  
The Old World thronging all its streets,  
Unvailing all the triumphs won  
By art or toil beneath the sun;  
And unto common good ordain  
This rivalry of hand and brain.
4. Thou, who hast here in concord furled  
The war flags of a gathered world,  
Beneath our Western skies fulfil  
The Orient's mission of good-will,  
And, freighted with love's Golden Fleece,  
Send back its Argonauts of peace.
5. For art and labor met in truce,  
For beauty made the bride of use,



We thank Thee ; but, withal, we crave  
The austere virtues strong to save,  
The honor proof to place or gold,  
The manhood never bought nor sold !

6. Oh, make Thou us, through centuries long,  
In peace secure, in justice strong ;  
Around our gift of freedom draw  
The safeguards of Thy righteous law ;  
And cast in some diviner mould,  
Let the new cycle shame the old !

*J. G. Whittier.*

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## LESSON 89.

### *MORNING HYMN OF ADAM AND EVE.*

THESE are Thy glorious works, Parent of good,  
Almighty ! Thine this universal frame,  
Thus wondrous fair ! Thyself how wondrous then !  
Unspeakable, who sitt'st above these heavens,  
To us invisible, or dimly seen  
In these Thy lowest works ; yet these declare  
Thy goodness beyond thought and power divine.  
Speak, ye who best can tell, ye sons of light,  
Angels ; for ye behold Him, and with songs  
And choral symphonies, day without night,  
Circle his throne rejoicing — ye in heaven !  
On earth join, all ye creatures, to extol  
Him first, Him last, Him midst, and without end.

### 2.

Fairest of stars, last in the train of night,  
If better thou belong not to the dawn —  
Sure pledge of day, that crowned the smiling morn  
With thy bright circlet — praise Him in thy sphere,

While day arises, that sweet hour of prime.  
Thou sun — of this great world both eye and soul —  
Acknowledge Him thy greater ; sound his praise  
In thy eternal course, both when thou climb'st,  
And when high noon hast gained, and when thou fall'st.

## 3.

Moon, that now meet'st the Orient sun, now fliest  
With the fixed stars, fixed in their orb that flies,  
And ye five other wandering fires that move  
In mystic dance not without song, resound  
His praise who out of darkness called up light.  
Ye mists and exhalations that now rise  
From hill or steaming lake, dusky or gray,  
Till the sun paint your fleecy skirts with gold,  
In honor to the world's great Author, rise ;  
Whether to deck with clouds the uncolored sky  
Or wet the thirsty earth with falling showers,  
Rising or falling still advance his praise.

## 4.

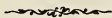
His praise, ye winds, that from four quarters blow,  
Breathe soft or loud ; and wave your tops, ye pines,  
With every plant, in sign of worship wave.  
Fountains, and ye that warble, as ye flow,  
Melodious murmurs, warbling, tune his praise!  
Join voices, all ye *living* souls ; ye birds,  
That singing up to heaven-gate ascend,  
Bear on your wings and in your notes his praise.

## 5.

Ye that in waters glide, and ye that walk  
The earth and stately tread or lowly creep,  
Witness if I be silent, morn or even,  
To hill or valley, fountain or fresh shade,  
Made vocal by my song, and taught his praise,

Hail, universal Lord ! be bounteous still  
Tc give us only good ; and if the night  
Have gathered aught of evil, or concealed,  
Disperse it as now light dispels the dark.

*Milton.*



## LESSON 90.

### *PUMPKINS AND ENTERPRISE.*

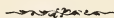
LAST summer, I remember, a little vine — a pumpkin vine — came out of the ground in a corn-field, “up the road,” and there it was, in the midst of the corn, unseeing and unseen. So there was nothing for it but to make the best of its way out to the fence that bounded the road, some eighteen or twenty feet distant, where there would be some prospect of its being appreciated, if it could.

2. COULD? But it *did*; for away it went, vine and leaves, baggage and all, through the corn, this way and that, out to the fence, and up the fence, three rails, and through the fence. And what do you think it did then? Just unraveled a delicate yellow blossom, and held it there, for every one passing to see, saying all the time, as well as it could,—and it could as well as anybody,—“See what *I’ve* done,—this! *Is n’t* it pretty?”

3. Well, there it held it, and everybody saw it, and nobody thought anything about it. Passing that way in the fall, lo! a PUMPKIN, rotund, golden, magnificent; held out at arm’s length by the little vine; held in the air; held week after week, and never laid down, nights nor Sundays, nor *any* time.

4. Now, “man your brakes;” rig your levers, ye Archimedes-es, and pump up from the earth, and along that vine, and from the surrounding air, the *raw material* for just

such another article as that, and you shall have *two* summers to do it in. Bring on the alembic wherein shall be distilled from the falling rain the essence of Pumpkin, and we'll let it go without painting.—*B. F. Taylor.*



## LESSON 91.

### *CHOICE BOOKS, GOOD COMPANY.*

GRANTING that we had both the will and the sense to choose our friends well, how few of us have the power! or, at least, how limited, for most, is the sphere of choice! Nearly all of our associates are determined by chance or necessity, and restricted within a narrow circle. We cannot know whom we would; and those whom we know, we cannot have at our side when we most need them.

2. All the higher circles of human intelligence are, to those beneath, only momentarily and partially open. We may, by good fortune, obtain a glimpse of a great poet, and hear the sound of his voice; or put a question to a man of science, and be answered good-humoredly. We may intrude ten minutes' talk on a cabinet minister, answered probably with words worse than silence, being deceptive; or snatch, once or twice in our lives, the privilege of throwing a bouquet in the path of a princess, or of arresting the kind glance of a queen.

3. And yet, these momentary chances we covet; and spend our years, and passions, and powers, in pursuit of little more than these; while, meantime, there is a society continually open to us, of people who will talk to us as long as we like, whatever our rank or occupation;—talk to us in the best words they can choose, and with thanks, if we listen to them.

4. And this society, because it is so numerous and so

gentle, and can be kept waiting round us all day, not to grant audience, but to gain it, — kings and statesmen, linger patiently in those plainly furnished and narrow anterooms, our book-case shelves,—we make no account of that company, perhaps, never listen to a word they would say, all day long!

5. You may tell me, perhaps, or think within yourselves, that the apathy with which we regard this company of the noble, who are praying us to listen to them, and the passion with which we pursue the company, probably, of the ignoble, who despise us, or who have nothing to teach us, are grounded in this,—that we can see the faces of the living men, and it is themselves, and not their sayings, with which we desire to become familiar; but it is not so.

6. Suppose you never were to see their faces; suppose you would be just behind a screen in the statesman's cabinet, or the prince's chamber, would you not be glad to listen to their words, though you were forbidden to advance beyond the screen? And when the screen is only a little less folded in two instead of four, and you can be hidden behind the cover of the two boards that bind a book, and listen, all day long, not to the casual talk, but to the studied, determined, chosen addresses of the wisest men;—this station of audience and honorable private counsel, you despise.

7. But perhaps you will say that it is because the living people talk of things that are passing, and are of immediate interest to you, that you desire to hear them. Nay; that cannot be so, for the living people will themselves tell you about passing matters, much better in their writings than in their careless talk. But I admit that this motive does influence you, so far as you prefer those rapid and ephemeral writings to slow and enduring writings,—books, properly so called. For all books are divisible into two classes, the books of the hour, and the books of all time.

8. The good book of the hour is simply the useful or pleasant talk of some person with whom you cannot otherwise converse, printed for you. Very useful, often, telling you what you need to know ; very pleasant, often, as a sensible friend's present talk would be.

9. These bright accounts of travels, good-humored and witty discussions of questions, lively or pathetic story-telling in the form of a novel, firm fact-telling by the real agents concerned in the events of passing history,—all these books of the hour, multiplying among us as education becomes more general, are a peculiar characteristic and possession of the present age. We ought to be entirely thankful for them, and entirely ashamed of ourselves, if we make no good use of them ; but we make the worst possible use, if we allow them to usurp the place of true books ; for, strictly speaking, they are not books at all, but merely letters or newspapers in good print.

10. A book is, essentially, not a talked thing, but a written thing ; and written, not with the view of mere communication, but of permanence. The book of talk is printed only because its author cannot speak to thousands of people at once ; if he could, he would ; the volume is mere multiplication of his voice. You cannot talk to your friend in India ; if you could, you would ; you write instead : that is mere conveyance of voice. But a book is written, not to multiply the voice merely, not to carry it merely, but to preserve it.

11. The author has something to say which he perceives to be true and useful, or helpfully beautiful. So far as he knows, no one has yet said it ; so far as he knows, no one else can say it. He is bound to say it clearly and melodiously, if he can ; clearly, at all events. In the sum of his life, he finds this to be the thing, or group of things, manifest to him ; this the piece of true knowledge, or sight, which his share of sunshine and earth has permitted him to seize.

12. He would fain set it down forever, engrave it on rock, if he could; saying, "This is the best of me; for the rest, I ate, and drank, and slept, loved and hated, like another; my life was as the vapor, and is not; but this I saw and knew; this, if anything of mine, is worth your memory." That is his "writing;" it is, in his small human way, and with whatever degree of true inspiration is in him, his inscription, or scripture. That is a "Book."

13. Now books of this kind have been written in all ages by their greatest men; by great leaders, great statesmen, and great thinkers. These are all at your choice; and life is short. You have heard as much before; yet have you measured and mapped out this short life and its possibilities? Do you know, if you read this, that you cannot read that; what you lose to-day, you cannot gain to-morrow?

14. Will you go and gossip with your house-maid, or your stable-boy, when you may talk with kings and queens; or flatter yourselves that it is with any worthy consciousness of your own claims to respect, that you jostle with the common crowd for *entrée* here, and audience there, when all the while this eternal court is open to you, with its society wide as the world, multitudinous as its days, the chosen and the mighty of every place and time?

15. Into that you may enter always; in that you may take fellowship and rank according to your wish; from that, once entered into it, you can never be outcast but by your own fault. By your aristocracy of companionship there, your own inherent aristocracy will be assuredly tested, and the motives with which you strive to take a high place in the society of the living, measured, as to all the truth and sincerity that are in them, by the place you desire to take in this company of the Dead.

*John Ruskin.*



## LESSON 92.

*THE CLOUD.*

I BRING fresh showers for the thirsting flowers,  
From the seas and the streams;  
I bear light shade for the leaves when laid  
In their noonday dreams.  
From my wings are shaken the dews that waken  
The sweet birds every one,  
When rocked to rest on their mother's breast,  
As she dances about the sun.  
I wield the flail of the lashing hail,  
And whiten the green plains under;  
And then again I dissolve it in rain,  
And laugh as I pass in thunder.

## 2.

I sift the snow on the mountains below,  
And their great pines groan aghast;  
And all the night 't is my pillow white,  
While I sleep in the arms of the blast.  
Sublime on the towers of my skyey bowers  
Lightning, my pilot, sits;  
In a cavern under it fettered the thunder;  
It struggles and howls by fits;  
Over earth and ocean, with gentle motion,  
This pilot is guiding me,  
Lured by the love of the genii that move  
In the depths of the purple sea;  
Over the rills, and the crags, and the hills,  
Over the lakes and the plains,  
Wherever he dreams, under mountain or stream,  
The spirit he loves remains;  
And I all the while bask in heaven's blue smile,  
While he is dissolving in rains.



## 3.

The sanguine sunrise, with his meteor eyes,  
And his burning plumes outspread,  
Leaps on the back of my sailing rack  
When the morning star shines dead ;  
As on the jag of a mountain crag,  
Which an earthquake rocks and swings,  
An eagle alit one moment may sit  
In the light of its golden wings.  
And when sunset may breathe, from the lit sea beneath,  
Its ardors of rest and of love,  
And the crimson pall of eve may fall  
From the depth of heaven above,  
With wings folded I rest on my airy nest,  
As still as a brooding dove.

## 4.

That orb'd maiden, with white fire laden,  
Whom mortals call the moon,  
Glides glimmering o'er my fleece-like floor,  
By the midnight breezes strewn ;  
And wherever the beat of her unseen feet,  
Which only the angels hear,  
May have broken the woof of my tent's thin roof,  
The stars peep behind her and peer ;  
And I laugh to see them whirl and flee,  
Like a swarm of golden bees,  
When I widen the rent in my wind-built tent,  
Till the calm river, lakes, and seas,  
Like strips of the sky fallen through me on high,  
Are each paved with the moon and these.

## 5.

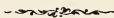
I bind the sun's throne with a burning zone,  
And the moon's with a girdle of pearl ;

The volcanoes are dim, and the stars reel and swim,  
When the whirlwinds my banner unfurl.  
From cape to cape, with a bridge-like shape,  
Over a torrent sea,  
Sunbeam proof, I hang like a roof,  
The mountains its columns be.  
The triumphal arch through which I march,  
With hurricane, fire, and snow,  
When the powers of the air are chained to my chair,  
Is the million-colored bow;  
The sphere-fire above its soft colors wove,  
While the moist earth was laughing below.

## 6.

I am the daughter of the earth and water,  
And the nursling of the sky;  
I pass through the pores of the ocean and shores;  
I change, but I cannot die.  
For after the rain, when, with never a stain,  
The pavilion of heaven is bare,  
And the winds and sunbeams, with their convex gleams,  
Build up the blue dome of air,  
I silently laugh at my own cenotaph,  
And out of the caverns of rain,  
Like a child from the womb, like a ghost from the tomb,  
I arise and unbuild it again.

*P. B. Shelley.*



## LESSON 93.

*BUGLE SONG.*

THE splendor falls on castle walls,  
And snowy summits old in story;  
The long light shakes across the lakes,  
And the wild cataract leaps in glory.

Blow, bugle, blow! set the wild echoes flying;  
Blow, bugle; answer, echoes,—dying, dying, dying!

2. O hark! O hear! how thin and clear,  
And thinner, clearer, farther going!  
O sweet and far, from cliff and scar,  
The horns of Elfland faintly blowing!  
Blow! let us hear the purple glens replying:  
Blow, bugle; answer, echoes,—dying, dying, dying!

3. O love, they die in yon rich sky;  
They faint on hill, or field, or river:  
Our echoes roll from soul to soul,  
And grow forever and forever.  
Blow, bugle, blow! set the wild echoes flying,  
And answer, echoes, answer,—dying, dying, dying!  
*Tennyson.*

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## LESSON 94.

### SOLOMON AND THE BEES.

WHEN Solomon was reigning in his glory,  
Unto his throne the Queen of Sheba came—  
(So in the *Talmud* you may read the story,)—  
Drawn by the magic of the monarch's fame,  
To see the splendors of his court, and bring  
Some fitting tribute to the mighty king.

2. Nor this alone: much had her Highness heard  
What flowers of learning graced the royal speech;  
What gems of wisdom dropped with every word;  
What wholesome lessons he was wont to teach  
In pleasing proverbs; and she wished, in sooth,  
To know if Rumor spoke the simple truth.

3. Besides, the Queen had heard (which piqued her most)  
How through the deepest riddles he could spy;  
How all the curious arts that women boast  
Were quite transparent to his piercing eye;  
And so the Queen had come — a royal guest —  
To put the sage's cunning to the test.
4. And straight she held before the monarch's view,  
In either hand, a radiant wreath of flowers;  
The one, bedecked with every charming hue,  
Was newly culled from Nature's choicest bowers;  
The other, no less fair in every part,  
Was the rare product of divinest Art.
5. "Which is the true, and which the false?" she said.  
Great Solomon was silent. All amazed,  
Each wondering courtier shook his puzzled head;  
While at the garlands long the monarch gazed,  
As one who sees a miracle, and fain,  
For very rapture, ne'er would speak again.
6. "Which is the true?" once more the woman asked,  
Pleased at the fond amazement of the King;  
"So wise a head should not be hardly tasked,  
Most learned Liege, with such a trivial thing!"  
But still the sage was silent; it was plain  
A deepening doubt perplexed the royal brain.
7. While thus he pondered, presently he sees,  
Hard by the casement,—so the story goes,—  
A little band of busy, bustling bees,  
Hunting for honey in a withered rose.  
The monarch smiled, and raised his royal head:  
"Open the window!"—that was all he said.
8. The window opened at the King's command;  
Within the rooms the eager insects flew,

And sought the flowers in Sheba's dexter hand!

And so the King and all the courtiers knew  
That wreath was Nature's;—and the baffled Queen  
Returned to tell the wonders she had seen.

9. My story teaches (every tale should bear  
A fitting moral) that the wise may find  
In trifles light as atoms in the air  
Some useful lesson to enrich the mind,—  
Some truth designed to profit or to please,—  
As Israel's king learned wisdom from the bees!

*John G. Saxe.*



## LESSON 95.

### *TEA-PARTIES IN OLD TIMES.*

IN those happy days, a well-regulated family always rose with the dawn, dined at eleven, and went to bed at sundown. Dinner was invariably a private meal, and the fat old burghers showed incontestable symptoms of disapprobation and uneasiness at being surprised by a visit from a neighbor on such occasions. But though our worthy ancestors were thus singularly averse to giving dinners, yet they kept up the social bonds of intimacy by occasional banquetings, called tea-parties.

2. As this is the first introduction of those delectable orgies, which have since become so fashionable in this city, I am conscious my fair readers will be very curious to receive information on the subject. Sorry am I that there will be but little, in my description, calculated to excite their admiration. I can neither delight them with accounts of suffocating crowds, nor brilliant drawing-rooms, nor towering feathers, nor sparkling diamonds, nor immeasurable trains. I can detail no choice anecdotes of scandal, for in those primitive times the simple

folk were either too stupid or too good-natured to pull each other's characters to pieces; nor can I furnish any whimsical anecdotes of brag—how one lady cheated, or another bounced into a passion; for, as yet, there was no junto of dulcet old dowagers who met to win each other's money and lose their own tempers at a card-table.

3. These fashionable parties were generally confined to the higher classes, or noblesse—that is to say, such as kept their own cows and drove their own wagons. The company commonly assembled at three o'clock, and went away about six, unless it was in winter time, when the fashionable hours were a little earlier, that the ladies might get home before dark. I do not find that they ever treated their company to iced creams, jellies, or syllabubs, or regaled them with musty almonds, mouldy raisins, or sour oranges, as is often done in the present age of refinement. Our ancestors were fond of more sturdy, substantial fare. The tea-table was crowned with a huge earthen dish, well stored with slices of fat pork, fried brown, cut up into morsels, and swimming in gravy.

4. The company being seated around the genial board, and each furnished with a fork, evinced their dexterity in launching at the fattest pieces of this mighty dish, in much the same manner as sailors harpoon porpoises at sea, or our Indians spear salmon in the lakes. Sometimes the table was graced with immense apple-pies, or saucers full of preserved peaches and pears; but it was always sure to boast of an enormous dish of balls of sweetened dough fried in hog's fat, and called doughnuts; a delicious kind of cake, at present scarce known in this city, excepting in genuine Dutch families.

5. The tea was served out of a majestic delft teapot, ornamented with paintings of fat little Dutch shepherds and shepherdesses tending pigs, with boats sailing in the air, and houses built in the clouds, and sundry other ingenious Dutch fantasies. The beaux distinguished them-

selves by their adroitness in replenishing this pot from a huge copper tea-kettle, which would have made the pigmy macaronies of these degenerate days sweat merely to look at it. To sweeten the beverage, a lump of sugar was laid beside each cup, and the company alternately nibbled and sipped with great decorum, until an improvement was introduced by a shrewd and economic old lady, which was to suspend a large lump directly over the tea-table by a string from the ceiling, so that it could be swung from mouth to mouth — an ingenious expedient, which is still kept up by some families in Albany, but which prevails, without exception, in Communipaw, Bergen, Flat-Bush, and all our uncontaminated Dutch villages.

6. At these primitive tea-parties the utmost propriety and dignity of deportment prevailed. No flirting nor coquetting, no gambling of old ladies, nor hoyden chattering and romping of young ones, no self-satisfied struttings of wealthy gentlemen with their brains in their pockets; nor amusing conceits and monkey divertissements of smart young gentlemen with no brains at all.

7. The parties broke up without noise and without confusion. They were carried home by their own carriages — that is to say, by the vehicles nature had provided them, excepting such of the wealthy as could afford to keep a wagon. The gentlemen gallantly attended their fair ones to their respective abodes, and took leave of them with a hearty smack at the door; which, as it was an established piece of etiquette, done in perfect simplicity and honesty of heart, occasioned no scandal at that time, nor should it at the present — if our great-grandfathers approved of the custom, it would argue a great want of reverence in their descendants to say a word against it.—*Washington Irving.*



## LESSON 96.

*IMMENSITY OF THE UNIVERSE.*

GO with me to yonder "light-house of the skies." Poised on its rocky base, behold that wondrous tube which lifts the broad pupil of its eye high up, as if gazing instinctively into the mighty deep of space. Look out upon the heavens, and gather into your eye its glittering constellations. Pause, and reflect that over the narrow zone of the retina of your eye a universe is pictured, painted by light in all its exquisite and beautiful proportions.

2. Look upon that luminous zone which girdles the sky,—observe its faint and cloudy light. How long, think you, has that light been streaming, day and night, with a swiftness which flashes it on its way twelve millions of miles in each and every minute?—how long has it fled and flashed through space to reach your eye and tell its wondrous tale? Not less than a century has rolled away since it left its home!

3. Hast thou taken it at the bound thereof? Is this the bound,—here the limit from beyond which light can never come? Look to yonder point in space, and declare that thou beholdest nothing, absolutely nothing; all is blank, and deep, and dark. You exclaim, Surely no ray illuminates that deep profound! Place your eye for one moment to the tube that now pierces that seeming domain of night, and, lo! ten thousand orbs, blazing with light unutterable, burst on the astonished sight.

4. Whence start these hidden suns? Whence comes this light from out deep darkness? Knowest thou, O man! the paths to the house thereof? Ten thousand years have rolled away since these wondrous beams set out on their mighty journey! Then you exclaim, We have found the boundary of light; surely none can lie beyond this stupendous limit: far in the deep beyond, darkness unfathomable reigns.



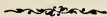
5. Look once more. The vision changes ; a hazy cloud of light now fills the field of the telescope. Whence comes the light of this mysterious object ? Its home is in the mighty deep, as far beyond the limit you had vainly fixed,—ten thousand times as far,—as that limit is beyond the reach of human vision.

6. And thus we mount, and rise, and soar, from height to height, upward, and ever upward still, till the mighty series ends, because vision fails, and sinks, and dies.

7. Hast thou then pierced the boundary of light ? Hast thou penetrated the domain of darkness ? Hast thou, weak mortal, soared to the fountain whence come these wondrous streams, and taken the light at the hand thereof ? Knowest thou the paths to the house thereof ?

8. Hast thou stood at yonder infinite origin, and bid that flash depart and journey onward,—days, and months, and years, century on century, through countless ages,—millions of years, and never weary in its swift career ?

9. Knowest thou when it started ? Knowest thou it because thou wast then born, and because the number of thy days is great ? Such, then, is the language addressed by Jehovah to weak, erring, mortal man. How has the light of science flooded with meaning this astonishing passage ? Surely, surely we do not misread,—the interpretation is just. —*O. M. Mitchell.*



## LESSON 97.

### *THE GLOVE AND THE LIONS.*

**K**ING FRANCIS was a hearty king, and loved a royal sport,  
And one day, as his lions fought, sat looking on the court ;  
The nobles filled the benches, with the ladies in their pride,  
And 'mongst them sat the Count de Lorge, with one for whom he sighed ;

And truly 't was a gallant thing to see that crowning  
show,—  
Valor and love, and a king above, and the royal beasts  
below.

## 2.

Ramped and roared the lions, with horrid laughing jaws;  
They bit, they glared, gave blows like beams, a wind  
went with their paws;  
With wallowing might and stifled roar, they rolled on  
one another,  
Till all the pit, with sand and mane, was in a thunderous  
smother;  
The bloody foam above the bars came whisking through  
the air:  
Said Francis, then, "Faith, gentlemen, we're better here  
than there."

## 3.

De Lorge's love o'erheard the king,— a beauteous, lively  
dame,  
With smiling lips, and sharp, bright eyes, which always  
seemed the same;  
She thought, "The Count, my lover, is brave as brave  
can be,  
He surely would do wondrous things to show his love of  
me;  
King, ladies, lovers, all look on; the occasion is divine;  
I'll drop my glove, to prove his love; great glory will be  
mine."

## 4.

She dropped her glove, to prove his love; then looked at  
him, and smiled;  
He bowed, and in a moment leaped among the lions wild:  
The leap was quick, return was quick, he soon regained  
the place,  
Then threw the glove, but not with love, right in the  
lady's face.

„In faith,” cried Francis, “rightly done!” and he rose from where he sat;  
„No love,” quoth he, “but *vanity*, sets love a task like that.” — *Leigh Hunt*.

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## LESSON 98.

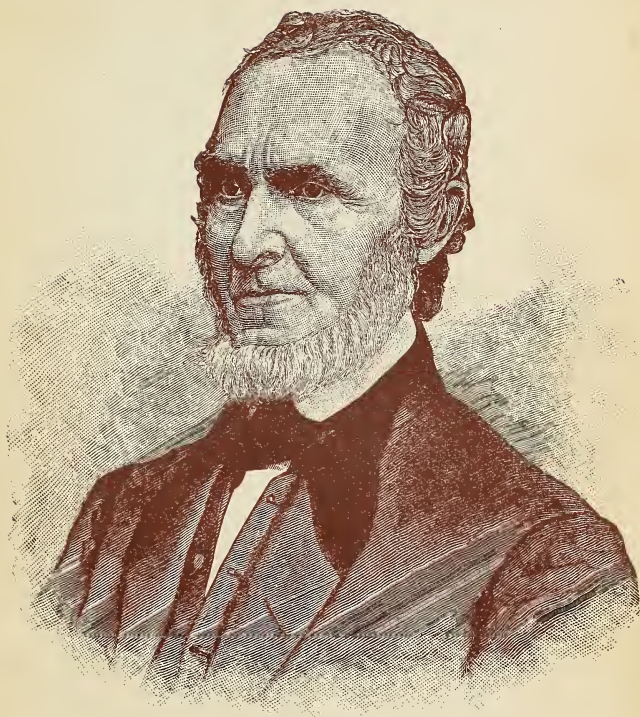
### SNOW-BOUND.

THE moon above the eastern wood  
Shone at its full; the hill-range stood  
Transfigured in the silver flood,  
Its blown snows flashing cold and keen,  
Dead white, save where some sharp ravine  
Took shadow, or the sombre green  
Of hemlocks turned to pitchy black  
Against the whiteness at their back.  
For such a world and such a night  
Most fitting that unwarming light,  
Which only seemed where'er it fell  
To make the coldness visible.

2. Shut in from all the world without,  
We sat the clean-winged hearth about,  
Content to let the north wind roar  
In baffled rage at pane and door,  
While the red logs before us beat  
The frost-line back with tropic heat;  
And ever, when a louder blast  
Shook beam and rafter as it passed,  
The merrier up its roaring draught  
The great throat of the chimney laughed.
3. The house-dog on his paws outspread  
Laid to the fire his drowsy head,

The cat's dark silhouette on the wall  
A couchant tiger's seemed to fall;  
And, for the winter fireside meet,  
Between the andirons' straddling feet,  
The mug of cider simmered slow,  
The apples sputtered in a row,  
And, close at hand, the basket stood  
With nuts from brown October's wood.

4. What matter how the night behaved?  
What matter how the north wind raved?  
Blow high, blow low, not all its snow  
Could quench our hearth-fire's ruddy glow.  
O Time and Change!—with hair as gray  
As was my sire's that winter day,  
How strange it seems, with so much gone  
Of life and love, to still live on!  
Ah, brother! only I and thou  
Art left of all that circle now,—  
The dear home faces whereupon  
That fitful firelight paled and shone.
5. Henceforward, listen as we will,  
The voices of that hearth are still;  
Look where we may, the wide earth o'er,  
Those lighted faces smile no more.  
We tread the paths their feet have worn,  
We sit beneath their orchard trees,  
We hear, like them, the hum of bees  
And rustle of the bladed corn;  
We turn the pages that they read,  
Their written words we linger o'er,  
But in the sun they cast no shade,  
No voice is heard, no sign is made,  
No step is on the conscious floor!



John Greenleaf Whittier



6. Yet Love will dream and Faith will trust,  
(Since He who knows our need is just,)        
That, somehow, somewhere, meet we must.  
Alas for him who never sees  
The stars shine through his cypress trees!  
Who, hopeless, lays his dead away,  
Nor looks to see the breaking day  
Across the mournful marbles play!  
Who hath not learned, in hours of faith,  
The truth to flesh and sense unknown,  
The Life is ever lord of Death,  
And Love can never lose its own!

*J. G. Whittier.*



## LESSON 99.

### *OVERTHROW OF BELSHAZZAR.*

**B**ELSHAZZAR is king! Belshazzar is lord!  
And a thousand dark nobles all bend at his board;—  
Fruits glisten, flowers blossom, meats steam, and a flood  
Of the wine that man loveth, runs redder than blood:  
Wild dancers are there, and a riot of mirth,  
And the beauty that maddens the passions of earth;  
And the crowds all shout,  
Till the vast roofs ring,  
“All praise to Belshazzar, Belshazzar the king!”

#### 2.

“Bring forth,” cries the monarch, “the vessels of gold  
Which my father tore down from the temples of old:  
Bring forth; and we’ll drink, while the trumpets are  
blown,  
To the gods of bright silver, of gold, and of stone:  
Bring forth!”—and before him the vessels all shine,  
And he bows unto Baal, and he drinks the dark wine;

While the trumpets bray,  
And the cymbals ring,  
“Praise, praise to Belshazzar, Belshazzar the king!”

## 3.

Now, what cometh? — look, look! — Without menace,  
or call,

Who writes, with the lightning's bright hand, on the  
wall?

What pierceth the king, like the point of a dart?

What drives the bold blood from his cheek to his heart?

“Chaldeans! magicians! the letters expound!”

They are read; — and Belshazzar is dead on the ground!

Hark! — the Persian is come,

On a conqueror's wing;

And a Mede's on the throne of Belshazzar the king!

*Barry Cornwall.*



## LESSON 100.

*DEATH OF LITTLE NELL.*

SHE was dead. No sleep so beautiful and calm, so free from trace of pain, so fair to look upon. She seemed a creature fresh from the hand of God, and waiting for the breath of life; not one who had lived and suffered death. Her couch was dressed with here and there some winter-berries and green leaves, gathered in a spot she had been used to favor. “When I die, put near me something that has loved the light, and had the sky above it always.” Those were her words.

2. She was dead. Dear, gentle, patient, noble Nell was dead. Her little bird, a poor, slight thing, which the pressure of a finger would have crushed, was stirring nimbly in its cage; and the strong heart of its child-mistress was mute and motionless forever. Where were



the traces of her early cares, her sufferings, and fatigues? All gone. Sorrow was dead, indeed, in her; but peace and perfect happiness were born — imaged — in her tranquil beauty and profound repose. And still her former self lay there, unaltered in this change.

3. Yes; the old fireside had smiled upon that same sweet face, which had passed, like a dream, through haunts of misery and care. At the door of the poor school-master on the summer evening, before the furnace-fire upon the cold wet night, at the same still bedside of the dying boy, there had been the same mild and lovely look.

4. The old man took one languid arm in his, and held the small hand to his breast for warmth. It was the hand she had stretched out to him with her last smile,—the hand that had led him on through all their wanderings. Ever and anon he pressed it to his lips; then hugged it to his breast again, murmuring that it was warmer now; and, as he said it, he looked in agony to those who stood around, as if imploring them to help her.

5. She was dead, and past all help or need of it. The ancient rooms she had seemed to fill with life, even while her own was waning fast, the garden she had tended, the eyes she had gladdened, the noiseless haunts of many a thoughtful hour, the paths she had trodden, as it were, but yesterday, could know her no more.

6. She had been dead two days. They were all about her at the time, knowing that the end was drawing on. She died soon after daybreak. They had read and talked to her in the earlier portion of the night; but, as the hours crept on, she sunk to sleep. They could tell, by what she faintly uttered in her dreams, that they were of her journeyings with the old man: they were of no painful scenes, but of those who had helped and used them kindly; for she often said "God bless you!" with great fervor. Waking, she never wandered in her mind but once; and that was at beautiful music which she said was in the air. God knows. It may have been.

7. Opening her eyes at last from a very quiet sleep, she begged that they would kiss her once again. That done, she turned to the old man, with a lovely smile upon her face,—such, they said, as they had never seen, and never could forget,—and clung with both arms about his neck, They did not know that she was dead at first.

8. She had spoken very often of the two sisters, who, she said, were like dear friends to her. She wished they could be told how much she thought about them, and how she had watched them as they walked together by the river-side. She would like to see poor Kit, she had often said of late. She wished there was somebody to take her love to Kit, and even then she never thought or spoke about him but with something of her old, clear, merry laugh.

9. For the rest, she had never murmured or complained; but, with a quiet mind, and manner quite unaltered, save that she every day became more earnest and more grateful to them, she faded like the light upon the summer's evening.

10. The child who had been her little friend came there, almost as soon as it was day, with an offering of dried flowers, which he asked them to lay upon her breast. He begged hard to see her, saying that he would be very quiet, and that they need not fear his being alarmed, for he sat alone by his younger brother all day long when he was dead, and had felt glad to be so near him.

11. They let him have his wish; and, indeed, he kept his word; and was, in his childish way, a lesson to them all. Up to that time the old man had not spoken once,—except to her,—or stirred from the bedside. But, when he saw her little favorite, he was moved as they had not seen him yet, and made as though he would have come nearer.

12. Then, pointing to the bed, he burst into tears for

the first time; and they who stood by, knowing that the sight of this child had done him good, left them alone together. Soothing him with his artless talk of her, the child persuaded him to take some rest, to walk abroad, to do almost as he desired him. And when the day came on which they must remove her in her earthly shape from earthly eyes forever, he led him away, that he might not know when she was taken from him.

13. And now the bell — the bell she had so often heard by night and day, and listened to it with solemn pleasure, almost as a living voice — rung its remorseless toll for her, so young, so beautiful, so good. Decrepit age, and vigorous life, and blooming youth, and helpless infancy, poured forth — on crutches, in the pride of health and strength, in the full blush of promise, in the mere dawn of life — to gather round her tomb.

14. Old men were there, whose eyes were dim and senses failing; grandmothers, who might have died ten years ago and still been old; the deaf, the blind, the lame, the palsied, the living dead, in many shapes and forms, were there, to see the closing of that early grave. Along the crowded path they bore her now, pure as the newly-fallen snow that covered it, whose day on earth had been as fleeting.

15. Under that porch, where she had sat when Heaven in its mercy brought her to that peaceful spot, she passed again; and the old church received her in its quiet shade. They carried her to an old nook, where she had many and many a time sat musing, and laid their burden softly on the pavement. The light streamed on it through the colored window,—a window where the boughs of trees were ever rustling in the summer, and where the birds sang sweetly all day long. With every breath of air that stirred among those branches in the sunshine, some trembling, changing light would fall upon her grave.

16. Earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust! Many

a young hand dropped in its little wreath; many a stifled sob was heard. Some — and they were not a few — knelt down. All were sincere and truthful in their sorrow. The service done, the mourners stood apart, and the villagers closed round to look into the grave before the stone should be replaced.

17. One called to mind how he had seen her sitting on that very spot, and how her book had fallen on her lap, and she was gazing with a pensive face upon the sky. Another told how he had wondered much that one so delicate as she should be so bold; how she had never feared to enter the church alone at night, but had loved to linger there when all was quiet, and even to climb the tower-stair with no more light than that of the moon-rays stealing through the loopholes in the thick old walls.

18. A whisper went about among the oldest there that she had seen and talked with angels; and, when they called to mind how she had looked and spoken, and her early death, some thought it might be so indeed. Thus coming to the grave in little knots, and glancing down, and giving place to others, and falling off in whispering groups of three or four, the church was cleared in time of all but the sexton and the mourning friends.

19. Then, when the dusk of evening had come on, and not a sound disturbed the sacred stillness of the place, when the bright moon poured in her light on tomb and monument, on pillar, wall, and arch, and most of all, it seemed to them, upon her quiet grave — in that calm time when all outward things and inward thoughts teem with assurances of immortality, and worldly hopes and fears are humbled in the dust before them,—then, with tranquil and submissive hearts, they turned away, and left the child with God.

20. Oh! it is hard to take to heart the lesson that such deaths will teach: but let no man reject it; for it is one that all must learn. When death strikes down the inno-

cent and young, for every fragile form from which he lets the panting spirit free a hundred virtues rise, in shapes of mercy, charity, and love, to walk the world and bless it with their light. Of every tear that sorrowing mortals shed on such green graves some good is born, some gentler nature comes. In the Destroyer's steps there spring up bright creations that defy his power; and his dark path becomes a way of light to heaven. — *Charles Dickens.*

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## LESSON 101.

*DISCRETION AND CUNNING.*

**T**HOUGH a man has all other perfections, and wants discretion, he will be of no great consequence in the world; but, if he has this single talent in perfection, and but a common share of others, he may do what he pleases in his particular situation of life. At the same time that I think discretion the most useful talent a man can be master of, I look upon *cunning* to be the accomplishment of little, mean, ungenerous minds.

2. Discretion points out the noblest ends to us, and pursues the most proper and laudable methods of attaining them. Cunning has only private, selfish aims, and sticks at nothing which may make them succeed. Discretion has large and extended views, and, like a well-formed eye, commands a whole horizon. Cunning is a kind of short-sightedness, which discovers the minutest objects which are near at hand, but is not able to discern things at a distance.

3. Discretion, the more it is discovered, gives a greater authority to the person who possesses it. Cunning, when it is once detected, loses its force, and makes a man incapable of bringing about even those events which he might have done, had he passed only for a plain man.

Discretion is the perfection of reason, and a guide to us in all the duties of life; cunning is a kind of instinct that looks out after our immediate interests and welfare.

4. Discretion is only found in men of strong sense and good understandings; cunning is often to be met with in brutes themselves, and in persons who are the fewest removes from them. In short, cunning is only the mimic of discretion, and may pass upon weak men, in the same manner as vivacity is often mistaken for wit, and gravity for wisdom.—*Joseph Addison.*



## LESSON 102.

### *BINGEN ON THE RHINE.*

A SOLDIER of the Legion lay dying in Algiers,  
There was lack of woman's nursing, there was dearth  
of woman's tears;  
But a comrade stood beside him, while his life-blood  
ebbed away,  
And bent, with pitying glances, to hear what he might  
say:  
The dying soldier faltered, and he took that comrade's  
hand,  
And he said, "I never more shall see my own, my native  
land:  
Take a message, and a token, to some distant friends of  
mine,  
For I was born at Bingen,—at Bingen on the Rhine.

### 2.

"Tell my brothers and companions, when they meet and  
crowd around  
To hear my mournful story in the pleasant vineyard  
ground,

That we fought the battle bravely, and when the day was  
done,  
Full many a corpse lay ghastly pale, beneath the setting  
sun.  
And 'mid the dead and dying were some grown old in  
wars,  
The death-wound on their gallant breasts, the last of  
many scars ;  
And some were young, and suddenly beheld life's morn  
decline,—  
And one had come from Bingen,—fair Bingen on the  
Rhine.

## 3.

“Tell my mother, that her other son shall comfort her  
old age ;  
For I was still a truant bird, that thought his home a  
cage.  
For my father was a soldier, and even as a child  
My heart leaped forth to hear him tell of struggles fierce  
and wild ;  
And when he died, and left us to divide his scanty hoard,  
I let them take whate'er they would,—but kept my  
father's sword ;  
And with boyish love I hung it where the bright light  
used to shine,  
On the cottage wall at Bingen,—calm Bingen on the  
Rhine.

## 4.

“Tell my sister not to weep for me, and sob with droop-  
ing head,  
When the troops come marching home again, with glad  
and gallant tread ;  
But to look upon them proudly, with a calm and stead-  
fast eye,  
For her brother was a soldier, too, and not afraid to die :



And if a comrade seek her love, I ask her in my name,  
To listen to him kindly, without regret or shame;  
And to hang the old sword in its place (my father's sword  
and mine),  
For the honor of old Bingen,—dear Bingen on the Rhine.

## 5.

“There’s another — not a sister; in the happy days gone  
by;  
You’d have known her by the merriment that sparkled  
in her eye;  
Too innocent for coquetry,— too fond for idle scorning,—  
O, friend! I fear the lightest heart makes sometimes  
heaviest mourning!  
Tell her the last night of my life,— (for ere the moon be  
risen,  
My body will be out of pain, my soul be out of prison,)—  
I dreamed I stood with *her*, and saw the yellow sunlight  
shine  
On the vine-clad hills of Bingen,—fair Bingen on the  
Rhine.

## 6.

“I saw the blue Rhine sweep along,— I heard, or seemed  
to hear,  
The German songs we used to sing, in chorus sweet and  
clear;  
And down the pleasant river, and up the slanting hill,  
The echoing chorus sounded, through the evening calm  
and still;  
And her glad blue eyes were on me, as we passed with  
friendly talk,  
Down many a path beloved of yore, and well-remembered  
walk;  
And her little hand lay lightly, confidingly in mine,—  
But we’ll meet no more at Bingen,—loved Bingen on  
the Rhine.”



## 7.

His trembling voice grew faint and hoarse,—his grasp  
was childish weak,—

His eyes put on a dying look,—he sighed and ceased to  
speak :

His comrade bent to lift him, but the spark of life had  
fled,—

The soldier of the Legion in a foreign land is dead !

And the soft moon rose up slowly, and calmly she looked  
down

On the red sand of the battle-field, with bloody corpses  
strewn ;

Yes, calmly on that dreadful scene her pale light seemed  
to shine,

As it shone on distant Bingen,—fair Bingen on the  
Rhine.

*Mrs. Caroline E. S. Norton.*

N A N A M E Rodishhole.  
LESSON 103.

*THE WIND IN A FROLIC.*

THE wind, one morning, sprang up from sleep,

Saying, "Now for a frolic! now for a leap!

Now for a madcap galloping chase!

I'll make a commotion in every place!"

## 2.

So it swept with a bustle right through a great town,  
Creaking the signs, and scattering down

Shutters, and whisking, with merciless squalls,

Old women's bonnets and gingerbread stalls.

There never was heard a much lustier shout,

As the apples and oranges tumbled about ;

And the urchins, that stand with their thievish eyes

Forever on watch, ran off each with a prize.

## 3.

Then away to the fields it went blustering and humming,  
And the cattle all wondered whatever was coming.  
It plucked by their tails the grave, matronly cows,  
And tossed the colts' manes all about their brows,  
Till, offended at such a familiar salute,  
They all turned their backs, and stood silently mute.

## 4.

So on it went, capering and playing its pranks;  
Whistling with reeds on the broad river banks;  
Puffing the birds, as they sat on the spray,  
Or the traveler grave on the king's highway.

## 5.

It was not too nice to bustle the bags  
Of the beggar, and flutter his dirty rags.  
'T was so bold that it feared not to play its joke  
With the doctor's wig, and the gentleman's cloak.

## 6.

Through the forest it roared, and cried gayly, "Now,  
You sturdy old oaks, I'll make you bow!"  
And it made them bow without more ado,  
Or it cracked their great branches through and through.

## 7.

Then it rushed, like a monster, o'er cottage and farm,  
Striking their inmates with sudden alarm;  
And they ran out, like bees, in a midsummer swarm.  
There were dames, with their kerchiefs tied over their  
caps,  
To see if their poultry were free from mishaps;  
The turkeys they gobbled, the geese screamed aloud,  
And the hens crept to roost, in a terrified crowd:

There was rearing of ladders, and logs laying on,  
Where the thatch from the roof threatened soon to be  
gone.

8.

But the wind had passed on, and had met in a lane  
With a schoolboy, who panted and struggled in vain;  
For it tossed him, and twirled him, then passed, and he  
stood

With his hat in a pool and his shoe in the mud.

*Wm. Howitt.*



## LESSON 104.

### *THE SOLDIER'S REST.*

SOLDIER, rest! thy warfare o'er,  
Sleep the sleep that knows no breaking;  
Dream of battle-fields no more,  
Days of danger, nights of waking,  
In our isle's enchanted hall,  
Hands unseen thy couch are strewing,  
Fairy strains of music fall,  
Every sense in slumber dewing.  
Soldier, rest! thy warfare o'er,  
Sleep the sleep that knows no breaking;  
Dream of battle-fields no more,  
Morn of toil, nor night of waking.

2. No rude sound shall reach thine ear,  
Armor's clang, or war-steed champng,  
Trump nor pibroch summon here,  
Mustering clan, or squadron tramping.  
Yet the *lark's* shrill fife may come,  
At the daybreak from the fallow,  
And the *bittern* sound *his* drum,  
Booming from the sedgy shallow.

*Ruder* sounds shall *none* be near,  
 Guards nor warders challenge here ;  
 Here 's no war-steed's neigh and champing,  
 Shouting clans or squadrons stamping.

3. Huntsman, rest ! thy chase is done ;  
     While our slumb'rous spells assail ye,  
 Dream not with the rising sun,  
     Bugles here shall sound reveille.  
 Sleep ! the deer is in his den ;  
     Sleep ! thy hounds are by thee lying ;  
 Sleep ! nor dream in yonder glen,  
     How thy gallant steed lay dying.  
 Huntsman, rest ! thy chase is done ;  
 Think not of the rising sun,  
 For at dawning to assail ye,  
 Here no bugle sounds reveille.

*Sir Walter Scott.*



## LESSON 105.

### *POOR BLENNERHASSETT.*

THE life and misfortunes of this man may at least serve to illustrate the homely old saying, that a fool and his money are soon parted. He was the younger son of an ancient and somewhat wealthy Irish family, of the county of Kerry ; though he himself was born in England, while his parents were visiting a friend in that country, in 1765. After attending the usual period at Westminster School, in London, and at Trinity College, Dublin, he was put to the study of the law, and in 1790, when he was twenty-five years of age, he was admitted to the Irish bar, as a barrister.

2. He never practised his profession ; for he had no

sooner completed his legal studies than the death of his elder brother made him the heir to the family estates. Instead, therefore, of settling down to a lifetime of honorable labor, he put money in his purse, and started to make the tour of Europe. He happened to arrive at Paris about the time when the French people were in the early delirium of their revolution, and he was present at the first annual celebration of the destruction of the Bastile, when five hundred thousand Frenchmen, assembled in one vast amphitheatre, took the oath of fidelity to the nation, to the constitution, and to the king.

3. He returned to Ireland full of those dreams and fancies which characterize the light-headed liberal of the period. He was a republican; and seeing no prospect of the emancipation of his native land, he determined to sell off his estates, and remove to the republic on the other side of the Atlantic, over which General Washington was presiding with so much eclat and dignity. His Irish property yielded him twenty thousand pounds, which, small as it sounds to our ears, was, for that, a really handsome fortune. It was probably equivalent in purchasing power, and in the importance it gave to its possessor, to more than a quarter of a million of our present dollars.

4. While making his arrangements to remove, he fell in love with a young lady, Miss Agnew, the child of a distinguished military family. She was of a romantic turn of mind, and thought it delightful to marry an Irish republican whose sister was an Irish peeress, and to emigrate with him to the wilderness of America. On the first of August, 1796, when Blennerhassett was thirty-one years of age, they landed in New York; where, it seems, the mosquitoes attacked them with such unrelenting pertinacity that they were glad to go into the country for a few weeks until the hot weather was over.

5. His first letter from New York gives a curious account of the fury of speculation then prevailing among business men; which he thought was the cause of the extravagant prices of everything and the high rate of wages. Men-servants, he said, received twelve dollars a month, mechanics sixteen shillings a day, and a good house was two hundred pounds a year. There was a perfect mania for speculation in real estate, fortunes made and lost every day by buying and selling lots and lands. He saw almost everything in a favorable light. Witness his description of Newark, nine miles from the city of New York.

6. "Newark is perhaps the handsomest village in the world. Of extent, nearly three miles; it is seated in a plain, clear and level as a parlor floor, on the banks of the Passaic, in an amphitheatre environed by gently swelling hills. Its academy, court-house, and two neat buildings for public worship, added to nine stages, which, besides an infinity of wagons, every day pass through it between New York and Philadelphia, give an air of business and gayety to the place. It is also the residence of many private families of respectability."

7. Our romantic adventurers were bound westward—for the *far* West—which was then the shores of the Ohio River, between Pittsburg and the site of Cincinnati. The next winter found them at Marietta, in Ohio, whence he made excursions into the universal wilderness in quest of suitable land upon which to establish himself. Near the village is an eminence of some elevation, from the summit of which an extensive view is afforded of the river and the surrounding country. No site could have been more inconvenient; but, as in the old world many a picturesque height was crowned by a picturesque castle, the relic of barbarous times, the Blennerhassetts thought it would be a fine thing to place upon this height the mansion they

intended to build. Abandoning this absurdity, they plunged into another still more ridiculous.

8. Near Marietta, there is a low island in the Ohio River, about three miles long, and perhaps one hundred yards wide. It lies flat upon the surface of the water, bending with the bend of the stream, like a long green snake, the lofty banks of the Ohio hemming it in on every side, like two ranges of wood-covered mountains. The river is so narrow there, that a man upon the shore of the island, and one standing upon the main land, can converse together without any great inconvenience. It was upon this island that Blennerhassett bought a farm of one hundred and seventy acres, for four thousand five hundred dollars, and took up his abode upon it in a small block-house, with his pretty and romantic young wife.

9. He proceeded forthwith to erect a curious and remarkably ugly house, with barns, out-houses, and various other structures, at a cost of thirty thousand dollars; so that by the time his house was finished and furnished, he had expended about half his capital. From the picture of this house, which is now before me, I should suppose it a miracle of inconvenience and absurdity; and, so far from having an elegant appearance, it resembles nothing so much as those temporary wooden barracks which are sometimes erected, in time of peace, outside of fortified places.

10. What next? If his house was uncomfortable and inelegant, his establishment was large and expensive; and he was no more capable of extracting a livelihood from his farm than a child. A child indeed he was in everything but years. He tried to experiment in chemistry; he played the violin; he bought electrical apparatus; he collected books; and he even tried, short-sighted as he was, to shoot game. In this last amusement he was assisted frequently by his wife, who aimed the gun at the bird, and told him when to fire.



11. He was so much afraid of lightning, that when a thunder-storm was coming up, he would shut the doors and windows, and get into bed. In short, he was one of the most foolish, incompetent, unpractical men that ever squandered a fortune and brought a family to beggary. And his wife, in her way, was not much wiser than himself, although abundantly competent, if she had remained at home, to shine in the sphere in which she was born.

12. So passed eight years. In 1805, Aaron Burr set on foot his famous expedition for the conquest of Mexico, and on his way to the west to make preparations, and to beat up recruits, he became acquainted with the Blennerhassetts. Already they were embarrassed for money, and were more anxious to sell their estate than they had ever been to acquire it. Burr offered him a share in his dazzling enterprise; and probably conveyed, in some way, to the eager and credulous Irishman, that when the prize had been won, it was he who should represent the empire of Aaron I. at the Court of St. James. So far as we know, Burr practised no deception upon him; for if there was a man in the world who more entirely believed in the feasibility of his Mexican enterprise than any other man, it was Aaron Burr himself.

13. Before the scheme was well organized, as all the world knows, President Jefferson shattered it to pieces with a bolt no more formidable than a proclamation. Burr was arrested and taken to Richmond for trial. Blennerhassett, charged with complicity with him, was also conveyed to Richmond a prisoner. His island was overrun by wild Ohio militia; his gardens trampled into ruin; his out-houses destroyed, and his mansion defaced. After a detention in Richmond of many tedious and expensive months, he was discharged, and rejoined his family at Natchez.

14. He then gathered the remains of his property, and bought a cotton plantation of a thousand acres in Missis-



ssippi; and upon it he placed a few slaves. An able man could have made a fortune upon that virgin soil, in that early day of the cotton culture; as, indeed, many of his neighbors did, who had never seen an electrical machine, and knew not a note of music.

15. It was Mrs. Blennerhassett who managed the plantation, so far as it was managed. It was she who, at the dawn, mounted her horse and saw that the labors of the day were begun. Her exertions, however, were not adequate to the situation, and the struggle was unsuccessful. His creditors being clamorous, he offered his plantation and twenty two negroes for sale, after he had held them about seven years; they realized enough to pay his debts, and leave a small sum over for investment.

16. In 1819, being fifty-four years of age, but more worn by misfortunes than years, he removed to Montreal, took a partner, and tried to get into the practice of the law. The attempt not succeeding, he sailed for Ireland, where he made a futile attempt to recover some estates to which he fancied he had a legal title. Then he directed his energies to getting a place under government. Some of his old Westminster school-fellows were now ministers, generals, lords, and dukes, and to them he addressed letters asking their interest in promoting his object; to which they uniformly sent polite replies of refusal.

17. In 1825, he returned to Canada, but only to close up his affairs in America, and, taking with him his wife and children, leave forever a continent in which he had experienced little but unhappiness. A maiden sister who lived in England had offered him a share of her cottage, which was not very spacious, and a subsistence upon her income, which was not very large. In this last refuge he lived six years, and there he died, in 1831, in his sixty-third year. — *James Parton.*

## LESSON 106.

*PAMPERING THE BODY AND STARVING THE SOUL.*

WHAT! feed a child's body, and let his soul hunger? pamper his limbs, and starve his faculties? What! plant the earth, cover a thousand hills with your droves of cattle, pursue the fish to their hiding-places in the sea, and spread out your wheat-fields across the plain, in order to supply the wants of that body, which will soon be as cold and as senseless as the poorest clod, and let the pure spiritual essence within you, with all its glorious capacities for improvement, languish and pine?

2. What! build factories, turn in rivers upon the water-wheels, unchain the imprisoned spirits of steam, to weave a garment for the body, and let the soul remain unadorned and naked? What! send out your vessels to the farthest ocean, and make battle with the monsters of the deep, in order to obtain the means of lighting up your dwellings and workshops, and prolonging the hours of labor for the meat that perisheth, and permit that vital spark, which God has kindled, which he has intrusted to our care, to be fanned into a bright and heavenly flame — permit it, I say, to languish and go out?

3. What considerate man can enter a school, and not reflect, with awe, that it is a seminary where immortal minds are training for eternity? What parent but is at times weighed down with the thought, that *there* must be laid the foundations of a building which will stand when not merely temple and palace, but the perpetual hills and adamantine rocks on which they rest, have melted away? — that a light may *there* be kindled which will shine, not merely when every artificial beam is extinguished, but when the affrighted sun has fled away from the heavens?

*Edward Everett.*

## LESSON 107.

## THE GAMBLER'S WIFE.

**D**ARK is the night!—How dark! No light! No fire!  
Cold on the hearth, the last faint sparks expire!  
Shivering, she watches, by the cradle side,  
For him who pledged her love—last year a bride!

## 2.

“Hark! ’T is his footstep!—’T is past: ’t is gone!  
Tick!—Tick! How wearily the time crawls on!  
Why should he leave me thus? He *once* was kind!  
And I believed ’t would last—how mad!—how blind!

## 3.

“Rest thee, my babe!—Rest on!—’T is hunger’s cry!  
Sleep!—for there is no food!—The fount is dry!  
Famine and cold their wearying work have done—  
My heart must break!—and thou!”—The clock strikes  
one.

## 4.

“Hush! ’t is the dice-box! Yes, he’s there, he’s there:  
For this!—for this, he leaves me to despair!  
Leaves love! leaves truth! his wife! his child! For what?  
The wanton’s smile—the villain—and the sot!

## 5.

“Yet I’ll not curse him! No! ’t is all in vain!  
’T is long to wait, but sure he’ll come again!  
And I could starve and bless him, but for you,  
My child!—*his* child!—Oh, fiend!”—The clock strikes  
two.

## 6.

“Hark! How the sign-board creaks! The blast howls  
by!  
Moan! Moan! A dirge swells through the cloudy sky:

Ha! 't is his knock! he comes!—he comes once more!—  
'T is but the lattice flaps!" Thy hope is o'er!

## 7.

"Can he desert me thus? He knows I stay  
Night after night in loneliness, to pray  
For his return—and yet he sees no tear!  
No! no! It *can* not be. He *will* be here.

## 8.

"Nestle more closely, dear one, to my heart!  
Thou 'rt cold! Thou 'rt freezing! But we will not part!  
Husband!—I die!—Father!—It is not he!  
O God! protect my child!"—The clock strikes three.

## 9.

They 're gone! They 're gone! the glimmering spark  
hath sped!  
The wife and child are numbered with the dead!  
On the cold hearth, outstretched in solemn rest,  
The babe lay frozen on its mother's breast!  
The gambler came at last—but all was o'er—  
Dead silence reigned around.—The clock struck four.  
*Reynell Coates.*

## LESSON 108.

JOHN MAYNARD.

"T WAS on Lake Erie's broad expanse,  
One bright midsummer day,  
The gallant steamer Ocean Queen  
Swept proudly on her way.  
Bright faces clustered on the deck,  
Or, leaning o'er the side,  
Watched carelessly the feathery foam  
That flecked the rippling tide.

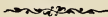
2. Ah, who beneath that cloudless sky,  
That smiling bends serene,  
Could dream that danger, awful, vast,  
Impended o'er the scene —  
Could dream that ere an hour had sped  
That frame of sturdy oak  
Would sink beneath the lake's blue waves,  
Blackened with fire and smoke?
3. A seaman sought the captain's side,  
A moment whispered low :  
The captain's swarthy face grew pale ;  
He hurried down below.  
Alas, too late ! Though quick, and sharp,  
And clear, his orders came,  
No human efforts could avail  
To quench th' insidious flame.
4. The bad news quickly reached the deck,  
It sped from lip to lip,  
And ghastly faces everywhere  
Looked from the doomed ship.  
"Is there no hope — no chance of life ?"  
A hundred lips implore.  
"But one," the captain made reply —  
"To run the ship on shore."
5. A sailor whose heroic soul  
That hour should yet reveal,  
By name John Maynard, Eastern born,  
Stood calmly at the wheel.  
"Head her south-east !" the captain shouts,  
Above the smothered roar ;  
"Head her south-east without delay !  
Make for the nearest shore !"

6. No terror pales the helmsman's cheek,  
Or clouds his dauntless eye,  
As in a sailor's measured tone  
His voice responds, "Ay, ay!"  
Three hundred souls, the steamer's freight  
Crowd forward, wild with fear,  
While at the stern the dreadful flames  
Above the deck appear.
7. John Maynard watched the nearing flames,  
But still, with steady hand,  
He grasped the wheel, and steadfastly  
He steered the ship to land.  
"John Maynard, can you still hold out?"  
He heard the captain cry;  
A voice from out the stifling smoke  
Faintly responds, "Ay, ay!"
8. But half a mile! A hundred hands  
Stretch eagerly to shore.  
But half a mile! That distance sped,  
Peril shall all be o'er.  
But half a mile! Yet stay; the flames  
No longer slowly creep,  
But gather round the helmsman bold  
With fierce impetuous sweep.
9. "John Maynard," with an anxious voice,  
The captain cries once more,  
"Stand by the wheel five minutes yet,  
And we will reach the shore."  
Through flames and smoke that dauntless heart  
Responded firmly still,  
Unawed, though face to face with death,  
"With God's good help, I will!"

10. The flames approach with giant stride;  
They scorch his hands and brow;  
One arm disabled seeks his side;  
Ah, he is conquered now!  
But no; his teeth are firmly set;  
He crushes down his pain;  
His knee upon the stanchion pressed,  
He guides the ship again.

11. One moment yet, one moment yet!  
Brave heart, thy task is o'er;  
The pebbles grate beneath the keel,  
The steamer touches shore.  
Three hundred grateful voices rise  
In praise to God, that He  
Hath saved them from the fearful fire,  
And from th' ingulphing sea.

12. But where is he, that helmsman bold?  
The captain saw him reel —  
His nerveless hands released their task,  
He sank beside the wheel.  
The wave received his lifeless corpse,  
Blackened with smoke and fire.  
God rest him! Never hero had  
A nobler funeral pyre.



## LESSON 109.

### *SPEECH AND SILENCE.*

HE who speaks honestly and cares not, need not care,  
though his words be preserved to remotest time,  
The dishonest speaker — not he only who purposely  
utters falsehoods, but he who does not purposely, and with

sincere heart, utter truth and truth alone; who babbles he knows not what, and has clapped no bridle on his tongue, but lets it run racket, ejecting chatter and futility,—is among the most indisputable malefactors omitted or inserted in the Criminal Calendar.

2. To him that will well consider it, idle speaking is precisely the beginning of all Hollowness, Halfness, Infidelity (want of Faithfulness); the genial atmosphere in which rank weeds of every kind attain the mastery over noble fruits in man's life, and utterly choke them out: one of the most crying maladies of these days, and to be testified against, and in all ways to the uttermost withstood.

3. Wise, of a wisdom far beyond our shallow depth, was that old precept: "Watch thy tongue; out of it are the issues of Life!" Man is properly an *incarnated word*: the *word* that he speaks is the *man* himself. Were eyes put into our head, that we might see, or that we might fancy, and plausibly pretend, we had seen? Was the tongue suspended there, that it might tell truly what we had seen, and make man the soul's-brother of man; or only that it might utter vain sounds, jargon, soul-confusing, and so divide man, as by enchanted walls of Darkness, from union with man?

4. Thou who wearest that cunning, heaven-made organ, a Tongue, think well of this. Speak not, I passionately entreat thee, till thy thought have silently matured itself, till thou have other than mad and mad-making noises to emit: hold thy tongue till *some* meaning lie behind, to set it wagging.

5. Consider the significance of SILENCE: it is boundless, never by meditating to be exhausted, unspeakably profitable to thee! Cease that chaotic hubbub, wherein thy own soul runs to waste, to confused suicidal dislocation and stupor; out of Silence comes thy strength. "Speech is silvern, Silence is golden; Speech is human, Silence is divine."



6. Fool! thinkest thou that because no one stands near with parchment and blacklead to note thy jargon, it therefore dies and is harmless? Nothing dies, nothing can die. No idlest word thou speakest but is a seed cast into Time, and grows through all Eternity! The Recording Angel, consider it well, is no fable, but the truest of truths: the paper tablets thou canst burn; of the "iron leaf" there is no burning.—*T. Carlyle.*



## LESSON 110.

### OUTWARD BOUND!

**H**URRAH, hurrah, how gayly we ride! How the ship careers! How she leaps! How gracefully she bends! How fair her white wings! How trim her hull! How slim her tall, taper masts! What a beautiful dancing fairy! Up from my narrow shelf in the close cabin have I crept for the first time since we loosed cable, and swung out upon the tide, and every drop of blood in my veins jostles its neighbor drop exultingly; for here is sublimity unrivaled.

2. The wild, shifting, restless sea, with its playful waves chasing one another laughingly, ever and anon leaping up, shivering themselves by the force of their own mad impulse, and descending again in a shower of pearls,—the soft, azure curvature of the sky, shutting down upon its outer rim, as though we were fairly caged between blue and blue,—and the ship, the gallant ship, plowing her own path in the midst, bearing human souls upon her tremulous breast, with her white wings high in air and her feet in the grave.

3. And then the tumult, the creaking of cordage, the dash of waters, and the howling of winds—"the wind and the sea roaring." I have felt my heart swell and my

blood tingle in my veins, when I stood in the silent forests of Alderbrook, and I have looked up at the solemn old trees in awe, mingled with strange delight; the awe and delight have both deepened at the blaze of the lightning and bellowing of the thunder amid the wild, echoing rocks of Astonroga; and now, in this strange uproar, they come upon my heart, and make it bound like the arrow from the bended bow.

4. The trees were the temples built by the Almighty for his worship, and there is something awfully beautiful in their shadows; the lightnings "go and say unto Him, here we are!" and "He shut up the sea with doors, and made the cloud the garment thereof, and thick darkness the swaddling-band for it." And here, as I stand poised up by the wild elements, I feel myself near, very near to the only Protector who has a hand to save, and, in the hollow of that all-powerful hand, I rest in perfect security.

5. God, my God, I go forth at Thy bidding, and in the words of Thine own inspired poet, "Thou art my buckler, the horn of my salvation, and my high tower." The sea cannot separate Thee from me, the darkness of midnight cannot hide Thy face, nor can the raging of the storm drown Thy still small voice. My heart leaps joyfully as I trust in thee.

6. On, brave little wrestler with the elements! On, right gallantly! I love the bounding, the dashing, and the roaring, and my heart shall know no faltering while "my Father is at the helm." Hurrah! Gallantly ride we in this skeleton ship, while the sunlight glints gayly on white bare mast and slender spar. Gallantly ride we over wave and hollow, over foam and rainbow; now perched upon the white ridge, poising doubtfully and trembling like a frightened steed; now plunging down, down into the measureless trough, which seems yawning to engulf us forever.

7. Wildly blows the gale, more and more wildly bound the mighty billows, with a roaring as though all the monsters of the deep were swarming around us. But not so. Neither the wide mouth of the shark, the brown back of the porpoise, nor the spouting nostril of the whale is visible; the brilliant dolphin, in his opal jacket, has retreated to his own haunts below the storm, and the little "Portuguese man-of-war" has drawn in the pink and purple fringes of his silver sail, and rolls, like a cunning beetle, from wave to wave, as light as the bubble from which he cannot be distinguished.

8. Even the albatross flapped his strong pinion, and wheeled away when he saw the winds gathering dark in the heavens; the Cape pigeon lingered a little, as though caring lightly for the ruffling of his mottled plumage, and then spread his butterfly-embroidered wings, and hurried after; but the stormy petrel, though small and delicate as the timid wren, (I will take a lesson from thee, busy, daring little spirit that thou art, bright velvet-winged petrel,) scorns to seek safety but by breasting the gale.

9. And here he remains, carousing amid the foam, as though those liquid pearls, leaping high in air, and scattering themselves upon the wind, had a magic in them to shield him from danger. He dips his wing in the angry tide as daintily as though it were stirred but in silver ripples; then he darts upward, and then plunges and is lost in the enshrouding foam. But, no; he is again in air, whirling and balancing, wheeling and careering, up and down, as though stark mad with joyousness, and now he vaults upon the back of the nearest foam bank, and disappears to rise again as before.

10. And still the billows roar and bound, and lash the sides of the trembling ship, and sweep with strange force her decks; and still we reel and plunge, down, down, down, surely. No; we are up again, leaping skyward;

we pause a moment — and — what a fearful pitch was that! Ah, my brain grows giddy, but still I cannot hide myself in my dark cabin. Thank God, that He has spread the land before our eyes at last, that He has shielded us, when wrath was stirring in the heavens, and darkness was upon the waters; that He has pinioned the wings of the wind, and said to the waves, "*Thus far shalt thou go, and no farther.*" — *Emily C. Judson.*



## LESSON 111.

## THE OLD CLOCK.

SOMEWHAT back from the village street  
Stands the old-fashioned country-seat;  
Across its antique portico  
Tall poplar-trees their shadows throw;  
And from its station in the hall  
An ancient timepiece says to all:  
    "Forever — never!  
    Never — forever!"

2. Half-way up the stairs it stands,  
And points and beckons with its hands,  
From its case of massive oak,  
Like a monk, who, under his cloak,  
Crosses himself, and sighs, alas!  
With sorrowful voice to all who pass:  
    "Forever — never!  
    Never — forever!"
3. By day its voice is low and light;  
But in the silent dead of night,  
Distinct as a passing footstep's fall,  
It echoes along the vacant hall,

Along the ceiling, along the floor,  
And seems to say at each chamber-door,  
    "Forever — never !  
    Never — forever !"

4. Through days of sorrow and of mirth,  
Through days of death and days of birth,  
Through every swift vicissitude  
Of changeful time, unchanged it stood,  
And as if, like God, it all things saw,  
It calmly repeats those words of awe : —  
    "Forever — never !  
    Never — forever !"

5. In that mansion used to be  
Free-hearted hospitality ;  
His great fires up the chimney roar'd,  
The stranger feasted at his board ;  
But, like the skeleton at the feast,  
That warning timepiece never ceased : —  
    "Forever — never !  
    Never — forever !"

6. There groups of merry children play'd ;  
There youths and maidens, dreaming, stray'd ;  
Oh, precious hours ! oh, golden prime,  
And affluence of love and time !  
Even as a miser counts his gold,  
Those hours the ancient timepiece told : —  
    "Forever — never !  
    Never — forever !"

7. From that chamber, clothed in white,  
The bride came forth on her wedding-night ;  
There, in that silent room below,  
The dead lay in its shroud of snow ;

And in the hush that follow'd the prayer  
Was heard the old clock on the stair:—

“Forever — never!

Never — forever!”

8. All are scatter'd now and fled:  
Some are married, some are dead;  
And when I ask, with throbs of pain,  
“Ah! when shall they all meet again?”  
As in the days long since gone by,  
The ancient timepiece makes reply,—  
“Forever — never!  
Never — forever!”

9. Never here, forever there,  
Where all parting, pain, and care,  
And death, and time shall disappear!  
Forever there, but never here!  
The horologe of eternity  
Sayeth this incessantly:—  
“Forever — never!  
Never — forever!” — *H. W. Longfellow.*



## LESSON 112.

### *THE BROOK.*

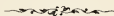
I COME from haunts of coot and hern,  
I make a sudden sally,  
And sparkle out among the fern,  
To bicker down a valley.

2. By thirty hills I hurry down,  
Or slip between the ridges;  
By twenty thorps, a little town,  
And half a hundred bridges.

3. I chatter over stony ways,  
    In little sharps and trebles,  
I bubble into eddying bays,  
    I babble on the pebbles.
4. With many a curve my banks I fret,  
    By many a field and fallow,  
And many a fairy foreland set  
    With willow-weed and mallow.
5. I chatter, chatter, as I flow  
    To join the brimming river;  
For men may come and men may go,  
    But I go on for ever.
6. I wind about, and in and out,  
    With here a blossom sailing,  
And here and there a lusty trout,  
    And here and there a grayling.
7. And here and there a foamy flake  
    Upon me, as I travel,  
With many a silvery water-break  
    Above the golden gravel.
8. I steal by lawns and grassy plots,  
    I slide by hazel covers,  
I move the sweet forget-me-nots  
    That grow for happy lovers.
9. I slip, I slide, I gloom, I glance,  
    Among my skimming swallows;  
I make the netted sunbeam dance  
    Against my sandy shallows.
10. I murmur under moon and stars  
    In brambly wildernesses,

I linger by my shingly bars,  
I loiter round my cresses.

11. And out again I curve and flow  
To join the brimming river ;  
For men may come and men may go,  
But I go on for ever.     *Alfred Tennyson.*



## LESSON 113.

### HATS.

THE hat is the climax of all the dress of man. It finishes him. It tops him off. A man can metamorphose himself by a change of his hat sooner than by that of any other garment. What is a knight without a helmet, a Turk without a turban, a Bonaparte without a cocked hat? Would a trapper be a trapper without a wolf-skin cap with the tail dangling between his shoulders? Where would the stage Yankee be without the bell-crowned hat? What would become of the ideal Ethiopian queen of the plantation without a red bandanna?

2. It is n't the tailor that makes the man, neither nine nor nineteen of them. It is the hatter. The broad-brim is essential to the Quaker, and these modern friends that wear plug-hats may be just as good, and, for aught we know, better than their fathers who wore broad-brims, but we wouldn't give two cents for a follower of Fox in a modern hat. All the picturesqueness is gone as soon as the broad-brim hat vanishes, and if you take away the picturesqueness, the Quaker looks much the same as other good Christians. Our advice to young Quakers is to stick to their wide hats. We like variety. When our eyes are weary of the black chimney-pot hat in Broadway, we like



to meet a rosy-cheeked young Irish priest in his priest's cap. It relieves the eye.

3. What anybody wants with a modern beaver, we do not know. What demon of ugliness prompted the first inventor of the things to introduce them? There is no form or comeliness to them that they should be made or worn. There is not a graceful line in their contour. In vain the ingenious hatters change them and seek out new devices, widening them atop and turning them up at the sides, and then reversing the process. All is vanity and vexation of spirit. They are ugly, first, last, and all the time—ugly continually. These cylindrical “stove-pipe,” “nail-keg” things, as the boys call them, have nothing that can recommend them. They are hard. They are cold in winter. They are hot in summer. They destroy the hair. They do not shelter the face. They do not protect the eyes. They disfigure the man, and they want no quality possible in a hat that could make them more uncomfortable.

4. The very glossiness of the high-crowned top-dressing is a disadvantage. Instead of sheltering the wearer, as they pretend to, they have to be sheltered. Ten drops of rain are sufficient to impair their luster. The wind has every chance at them. They are too delicate to travel in. They are too nice to wear around home. They are generally unfit for use, and worse than worthless for ornament.

5. What a martyr a well-dressed man is to his hat! He dusts it with a soft brush bought on purpose that he may not scratch its surface. He cherishes its gloss with his sleeve and his pocket-handkerchief. In a crowd he gives his whole attention to the preservation of his beaver. At his destination he deliberates where he shall put it. In a rain he shields it. In the cars he bandboxes it. And in a wind—oh! in a wind, how he holds it! Not too tightly, lest he put it out of shape. Not too loosely, lest it escape. Not with one hand, but with both. And

if it should escape — oh! fearful catastrophe! How it rolls! How does the nice eccentric of the brim give it a graceful limp, like the gait of Grecian-bender? How it is now poised on the brim like a velocipede, and now rolling the glossy crown on the dirty sidewalk! And as the panting owner tries to seize it, how does it elude him!

6. Inevitably it makes a graceful curve, as if by a nice calculation of sines and co-sines and tangents, toward the mud-puddle or the gutter. And when the panting proprietor of a hat, who has lived solely for that hat, wholly consecrated to the welfare of his beaver, when at last he claps impatient hands upon the truant whirligig, he is like the boy that caught the butterfly. The gloss of his nine-dollar beaver has disappeared. And the shape. It is now that most pitiful of objects — a shocking bad hat.

*Anonymous.*



## LESSON 114.

### *RECEPTION OF COLUMBUS.*

IN the spring of 1493, while the court was still at Barcelona, letters were received from Christopher Columbus, announcing his return to Spain, and the successful achievement of his great enterprise, by the discovery of land beyond the western ocean. The delight and astonishment raised by this intelligence were proportioned to the scepticism with which his project had originally been viewed. The sovereigns were now filled with a natural impatience to ascertain the extent and other particulars of the important discovery; and they transmitted instant instructions to the admiral to repair to Barcelona, as soon as he should have made the preliminary arrangements for the further prosecution of his enterprise.

2. The great navigator had succeeded, as is well known, after a voyage of natural difficulties, but which difficul-

ties had been much augmented by the distrust and mutinous spirit of his followers, in desecrating land on the 12th of October, 1492. After some months spent in exploring the delightful regions, now for the first time thrown open to the eyes of a European, he embarked in the year 1493 for Spain. One of his vessels had been previously foundered, and another had deserted him; so that he was left alone to retrace his course across the Atlantic.

3. After a most tempestuous voyage he was compelled to take shelter in the Tagus, sorely against his inclination. He experienced, however, a most honorable reception from the Portuguese monarch, John II., who did ample justice to the great qualities of Columbus, although he had failed to profit by them. After a brief delay, the admiral resumed his voyage, and, crossing the bar of Saltes, entered the harbor of Palos about noon, on the 15th of March, 1493, being exactly seven months and eleven days since his departure from that port.

4. Great was the commotion in the little community of Palos, as they beheld the well-known vessel of the admiral re-entering their harbor. Their desponding imaginations had long since consigned him to a watery grave; for, in addition to the preternatural horrors which hung over the voyage, they had experienced the most stormy and disastrous winter within the recollection of the oldest mariners. Most of them had relatives or friends on board. They thronged immediately to the shore, to assure themselves, with their own eyes, of the truth of their return.

5. When they beheld their faces once more, and saw them accompanied by the numerous evidences which they brought back of the success of the expedition, they burst forth in acclamations of joy and gratulation. They awaited the landing of Columbus, when the whole population of the place accompanied him and his crew to the principal church, where solemn thanksgivings were offered up for

their return; while every bell in the village sent forth a joyous peal in honor of the happy event.

6. The admiral was too desirous of presenting himself before the sovereigns to protract his stay long at Palos. He took with him on his journey specimens of the multifarious products of the newly-discovered regions. He was accompanied by several of the native islanders, arrayed in their simple barbaric costume, and decorated, as he passed through the principal cities, with collars, bracelets, and other ornaments of gold, rudely fashioned; he exhibited also considerable quantities of the same metal in dust or in crude masses, numerous vegetable exotics possessed of aromatic or medicinal virtue, and several kinds of quadrupeds unknown in Europe, and birds, whose variety of gaudy plumage gave a brilliant effect to the pageant.

7. The admiral's progress through the country was everywhere impeded by the multitudes thronging forth to gaze at the extraordinary spectacle, and the more extraordinary man, who, in the emphatic language of that time, which has now lost its force from familiarity, first revealed the existence of a "New World." As he passed through the busy, populous city of Seville, every window, balcony, and housetop which could afford a glimpse of him is described to have been crowded with spectators.

8. It was the middle of April before Columbus reached Barcelona. The nobility and cavaliers in attendance on the court, together with the authorities of the city, came to the gates to receive him, and escorted him to the royal presence. Ferdinand and Isabella were seated, with their son, Prince John, under a superb canopy of state, awaiting his arrival. On his approach they rose from their seats, and, extending their hands to him to salute, caused him to be seated before them. These were unprecedented marks of condescension, to a person

of Columbus's rank, in the haughty and ceremonious court of Castile.

9. It was, indeed, the proudest moment in the life of Columbus. He had fully established the truth of his long-contested theory, in the face of argument, sophistry, sneer, scepticism, and contempt. He had achieved this not by chance, but by calculation, supported through the most adverse circumstances by consummate conduct. The honors paid him, which had hitherto been reserved only for rank, or fortune, or military success, purchased by the blood and tears of thousands, were, in his case, a homage to intellectual power successfully exerted in behalf of the noblest interests of humanity.

10. After a brief interval, the sovereigns requested of Columbus a recital of his adventures. His manner was sedate and dignified, but warmed by the glow of natural enthusiasm. He enumerated the several islands he had visited, expatiated on the temperate character of the climate, and the capacity of the soil for every variety of production, appealing to the samples imported by him as evidence of their natural productiveness. He dwelt more at large on the precious metals to be found in these islands, which he inferred less from the specimens actually obtained than from the uniform testimony of the natives to their abundance in the unexplored regions of the interior.

11. Lastly, he pointed out the wide scope afforded to Christian zeal in the illumination of a race of men whose minds, far from being wedded to any system of idolatry, were prepared, by their extreme simplicity, for the reception of pure and uncorrupted doctrine. The last consideration touched Isabella's heart most sensibly; and the whole audience, kindled with various emotions by the speaker's eloquence, filled up the perspective with the gorgeous coloring of their own fancies, as ambition, or avarice, or devotional feeling predominated in their

bosoms. When Columbus ceased, the king and queen, together with all present, prostrated themselves on their knees in grateful thanksgivings, while the solemn strains of the *Te Deum* were poured forth by the choir of the royal chapel, as in commemoration of some glorious victory.— *W. H. Prescott.*



## LESSON 115.

*"TOO DEEP FOR THAT."*

YES," said Farmer Brown,  
Bringing his hard fist down  
On the old oak-table;  
"They say that men can talk,  
From Paris to New York,  
Through a sunken cable!

2. "'T is perfectly absurd;  
For to hear a single word  
No man is able;  
And it's clear enough to me  
That this wide-spread mystery  
Is a foolish fable.
3. "The news we get from Rome  
Is all made up at home,  
'T is my conviction;  
And that, you see, will account  
For the terrible amount  
Of contradiction.
4. "Yes," said Farmer Brown,  
Bringing his hard fist down

On the old oak-table ;  
"My wife and I have tried  
The experiment ; we tied  
A good stout bit of cable

5. "To the fence just over there,  
And the rocker of this chair ;  
And we could n't do it,  
Though we screamed ourselves as hoarse  
As tree-toads ; but of course  
Not one word went through it !

6. "Don't talk to me, I pray,  
Of fresh news every day  
Through sunken cables :  
*Sea-yarns* are always tough,  
And I have heard enough  
Of such old fables !"

*Josephine Pollard.*



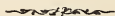
## LESSON 116.

### *HOW THE GATES CAME AJAR.*

"**T**WAS whispered, one morning, in Heaven  
How the little child-angel May,  
In the shade of the great white portal,  
Sat sorrowing night and day.  
How she said to the stately warden —  
Him of the key and bar —  
"O angel, sweet angel ! I pray you,  
Set the beautiful gates ajar,  
Only a little I pray you,  
Set the beautiful gates ajar !

2. "I can hear my mother weeping;  
She is lonely; she cannot see  
A glimmer of light in the darkness  
Where the gates shut after me.  
Oh! turn me the key, sweet angel,  
The splendor will shine so far!"  
But the warden answered: "I dare not  
Set the beautiful gates ajar."  
Spoke low and answered: "I dare not  
Set the beautiful gates ajar!"
3. Then up rose Mary the Blessed,  
Sweet Mary, Mother of Christ:  
Her hand on the hand of the angel  
She laid, and her touch sufficed.  
Turned was the key in the portal,  
Fell ringing the golden bar;  
And lo! in the little child's fingers  
Stood the beautiful gates ajar!  
In the little child-angel's fingers  
Stood the beautiful gates ajar!
4. "And this key for no further using,  
To my blessed Son shall be given,"  
Said Mary, Mother of Jesus—  
Tenderest heart in Heaven.  
Now, never a sad-eyed mother  
But may catch the glory afar;  
Since safe in the Lord Christ's bosom  
Are the keys of the gates ajar:  
Close hid in the dear Christ's bosom,  
And the gates *forever* ajar!

*Helen L. Bostwick.*





## LESSON 117.

## FALL OF CARDINAL WOLSEY.

*Wolsey.*

FAREWELL, a long farewell to all my greatness!  
This is the state of man; to-day he puts forth  
The tender leaves of hope; to-morrow, blossoms,  
And bears his blushing honors thick upon him,  
The third day comes a frost, a killing frost,  
And — when he thinks, good, easy man, full surely  
His greatness is a ripening — nips his root,  
And then he falls, as I do. I have ventured,  
Like little, wanton boys, that swim on bladders,  
These many summers, in a sea of glory,  
But far beyond my depth; my high-blown pride  
At length broke under me; and now has left me,  
Weary, and old with service, to the mercy  
Of a rude stream, that must forever hide me.  
Vain pomp and glory of this world, I hate ye;  
I feel my heart new opened. O, how wretched  
Is that poor man, that hangs on princes' favors!  
There is betwixt that smile we would aspire to,  
That aspect sweet of princes, and their ruin,  
More pangs and fears, than wars or women have,  
And when he falls, he falls like Lucifer,  
Never to hope again.

*Enter CROMWELL, amazedly.*

Why, how now, Cromwell?

*Crom.* I have no power to speak, sir.

*Wol.* What! amazed

At my misfortunes? Can thy spirit wonder,  
A great man should decline? Nay, if you weep,  
I am fallen indeed.

*Crom.* How does your grace?

*Wol.* Why, well ;  
Never so truly happy, my good Cromwell.  
I know myself now ; and I feel within me  
A peace above all earthly dignities,  
A still and quiet conscience. The king has cured me,  
I humbly thank his grace ; and from these shoulders,  
These ruined pillars, out of pity, taken  
A load would sink a navy,— too much honor :  
O, 't is a burden, Cromwell, 't is a burden,  
Too heavy for a man that hopes for heaven.

*Crom.* I am glad your grace has made that right use  
of it.

*Wol.* I hope I have. I am able now, methinks,  
Out of a fortitude of soul I feel,  
To endure more miseries, and greater far,  
Than my weak-hearted enemies dare offer.  
What news abroad ?

*Crom.* The heaviest and the worst,  
Is your displeasure with the king.

*Wol.* God bless him !

*Crom.* The next is, that Sir Thomas More is chosen  
Lord Chancellor in your place.

*Wol.* That's somewhat sudden :  
But he's a learned man. May he continue  
Long in his highness' favor, and do justice  
For truth's sake, and his conscience ; that his bones,  
When he has run his course, and sleeps in blessings,  
May have a tomb of orphans' tears wept on 'em !  
What more ?

*Crom.* That Cranmer is returned with welcome,  
Install'd Lord Archbishop of Canterbury.

*Wol.* That's news, indeed !

*Crom.* Last, that the Lady Anne,  
Whom the king hath in secrecy long married,  
This day was viewed in public as his queen,  
Going to chapel ; and the voice is now  
Only about her coronation.

*Wol.* There was the weight that pulled me down. O  
Cromwell,

The king has gone beyond me: all my glories  
In that one woman I have lost forever:  
No sun shall ever usher forth mine honors,  
Or gild again the noble troops that waited  
Upon my smiles. Go, get thee from me, Cromwell;  
I am a poor, fallen man, unworthy now  
To be thy lord and master. Seek the king;  
That sun, I pray, may never set! I have told him  
What and how true thou art: he will advance thee;  
Some little memory of me will stir him,  
(I know his noble nature,) not to let  
Thy hopeful service perish too. Good Cromwell,  
Neglect him not; make use now, and provide  
For thine own future safety.

*Crom.* O, my lord,  
Must I then leave you? Must I needs forego  
So good, so noble, and so true a master?  
Bear witness, all that have not hearts of iron,  
With what a sorrow Cromwell leaves his lord;  
The king shall have my service, but my prayers  
For ever and for ever shall be yours.

*Wol.* Cromwell, I did not think to shed a tear  
In all my miseries; but thou hast forced me,  
Out of thy honest truth, to play the woman.  
Let's dry our eyes: and thus far hear me, Cromwell;  
And, when I am forgotten, as I shall be,  
And sleep in dull, cold marble, where no mention  
Of me more must be heard of, say, I taught thee;  
Say, Wolsey, that once trod the ways of glory,  
And sounded all the depths and shoals of honor,  
Found thee a way, out of his wreck, to rise in;  
A sure and safe one, though thy master missed it.  
Mark but my fall, and that that ruined me.  
Cromwell, I charge thee fling away ambition;

By that sin fell the angels; how can man, then,  
The image of his Maker, hope to win by 't?  
Love thyself last; cherish those hearts that hate thee;  
Corruption wins not more than honesty.  
Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace,  
To silence envious tongues. Be just, and fear not;  
Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy country's,  
Thy God's, and truth's; then, if thou fall'st, O Cromwell,  
Thou fall'st a blessed martyr. Serve the king;  
And,—prithee, lead me in.  
There, take an inventory of all I have,  
To the last penny; 't is the king's: my robe,  
And my integrity to Heaven, is all  
I dare now call my own. O Cromwell, Cromwell,  
Had I but served my God with half the zeal  
I served my king, he would not, in mine age,  
Have left me naked to mine enemies.

*Crom.* Good sir, have patience.

*Wol.* So I have. Farewell

The hopes of court! my hopes in heaven do dwell.

*Shakespeare.*

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## LESSON 118.

*“WITH BRAINS, SIR.”*

PRAY, Mr. Opie, may I ask what you mix your colors with?” said a brisk dilettante student to the great painter. “With *Brains*, sir,” was the gruff reply—and the right one. It did not give much of what we call information; it did not expound the principles and rules of art; but, if the inquirer had the commodity referred to, it would awaken him; it would set him a-going, a-thinking, and a-painting to good purpose. If he had not the wherewithal, as was likely enough, the less he had to do with colors and their mixture the better.

2. Many other artists when asked such a question, would have either set about detailing the mechanical composition of such and such colors, in such and such proportions, compounded so and so; or perhaps they would have shown him how they laid them on; but even this would leave him at the critical point. Opie preferred going to the quick and heart of the matter: "With Brains, sir."

3. Sir Joshua Reynolds was taken by a friend to see a picture. He was anxious to admire it, and he looked it over with a keen and careful but favorable eye. "Capital composition; correct drawing; the color and tone excellent; but — but — it wants, hang it, it wants — *That!*" snapping his fingers; and wanting "that," though it had everything else, it was worth nothing.

4. Again, Etty was appointed teacher of the students of the Royal Academy, having been preceded by a clever, talkative, scientific expounder of esthetics, who delighted to tell the young men *how* everything was done, how to copy this and how to express that. A student came up to the new master: "How should I do this, sir?" "Suppose you try." Another, "What does this mean, Mr. Etty?" "Suppose you look." "But I have looked." "Suppose you look again."

5. And they did try, and they did look, and looked again; and they saw and achieved what they never could have done, had the how or the what (supposing this possible, which it is not in its full and highest meaning) been told them, or done for them. In the one case, sight and action were immediate, exact, intense, and secure; in the other mediate, feeble, and lost as soon as gained.

6. But what are "Brains"? what did Opie mean? and what is Sir Joshua's "That"? What is included in it? and what is the use, or the need of trying and trying, of missing often before you hit, when you can be told at once, and be done with it; or of looking when you may

be shown? Everything depends on the right answers to these questions.

7. What the painter wants, in addition to, and as the complement of, the other elements, is genius and sense; what the doctor needs to crown and give worth and safety to his accomplishments, is sense and genius: in the first case, more of this, than of that; in the second, more of that, than of this. These are the "Brains" and the "That."

8. And what is genius? and what is sense? Genius is a peculiar native aptitude, or tendency, to any one calling or pursuit over all others. A man may have a genius for governing, for killing, or for curing the greatest number of men, and in the best possible manner: a man may have a genius for the fiddle, or his mission may be for the tight-rope or the jew's-harp; or it may be a natural turn for seeking, and finding, and teaching truth, and for doing the greatest possible good to mankind; or it may be a turn equally natural for seeking, and finding, and teaching a lie, and doing the maximum of mischief. It was as natural, as inevitable, for Wilkie to develop himself into a painter, and into such a painter as we know him to have been, as it is for an acorn when planted to grow up into an oak.

9. But genius, and nothing else, is not enough, even for a painter; he must likewise have sense; and what is sense? *Sense* drives, or ought to drive, the coach; sense regulates, combines, restrains, commands, all the rest—even the genius; and sense implies exactness and soundness, power and promptitude of mind.

10. But it may be asked, how are the brains to be strengthened, the sense quickened, the genius awakened, the affections raised—the whole man turned to the best account? You must invigorate the containing and sustaining mind; you must strengthen him from within, as well as fill him from without; you must discipline, nour-

ish, edify, relieve, and refresh his entire nature; and how?

11. Encourage not merely the book knowledge, but the personal pursuit of natural history, of field botany, of geology, of zoölogy; give the young fresh, unforgetting eye exercise and free scope upon the infinite diversity and combination of natural colors, forms, substance, surfaces, weights, and sizes. Give young students everything, in a word, that will educate their eye or ear, their touch, taste, and smell, their sense of muscular resistance; encourage them to make models, preparations, and collections of any natural objects; and, above all, try and get hold of their affections and make them put their hearts into their work. Let them be drilled in composition; by this we mean the writing and spelling of correct, plain English—a matter not of every-day occurrence,—let them be encouraged in the use of a wholesome and manly literature.

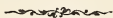
12. But one main help is to be found in studying, and by this we do not mean the mere reading, but the digging into and through, the energizing upon, and mastering the best books. Taking up a book and reading a chapter of lively, manly sense, is like taking a game at cricket or a run to the top of Arthur-Seat. Exertion quickens your pulse, expands your lungs, makes your blood warmer and redder, fills your mouth with the pure waters of relish, strengthens and supplies your legs; and though on your way to the top you may encounter rocks and baffling *débris*, just as you will find in serious and honest books, difficulties and puzzles; still you are rewarded at the top by wide view. You see as from a tower the end of all. You see the clouds, the bright lights, and the everlasting hills on the far horizon. You come down the hill a happier, a better, and a hungrier man, and of a better mind.

13. But, as we said, you must eat the book, you must



crush it, and cut it with your teeth and swallow it; just as you must walk up, and not be carried up the hill, much less imagine you are there, or look upon a picture of what you would see were you up, however accurately or artistically done; no — you yourself must *do* both. He who has obtained any amount of knowledge is not truly wise unless he appropriates it and can use it for his need.

*John Brown, M. D.*



## LESSON 119.

### *THE BLESSING OF PEACE.*

PEACE is the grand Christian charity, the fountain and parent of all other charities. Let peace be removed, and all other charities sicken and die. Let peace exert her gladsome sway, and all other charities quicken into celestial life. Peace is a distinctive promise and possession of Christianity. So much is this the case, that, where peace is not, Christianity cannot be.

2. There is nothing elevated which is not exalted by peace. There is nothing valuable which does not contribute to peace. Of wisdom herself it has been said, that all her ways are pleasantness, and all her paths are peace. Peace has ever been the longing and aspiration of the noblest souls — whether for themselves or for their country.

3. In the bitterness of exile, away from the Florence which he has immortalized by his divine poem, pacing the cloisters of a convent, in response to the inquiry of the monk, "*What do you seek?*" Dante said, in words distilled from his heart, "*Peace! Peace!*" In the memorable English struggle, when King and Parliament were rending the land, a gallant supporter of the monarchy, the chivalrous Falkland, touched by the intolerable woes of war, cried in words which consecrate his



memory more than any feat of arms,—“*Peace! Peace! Peace!*”

4. Not in aspiration only, but in benediction, is this word uttered. As the apostle went forth on his errand, as the son left his father's roof, the choicest blessing was, “*Peace be with you!*” As the Saviour was born, angels from Heaven, amidst quiring melodies, let fall that supreme benediction, never before vouchsafed to the children of the human family, *Peace on earth, and goodwill toward men!* — *Charles Sumner.*



## LESSON 120.

### THE BATTLE-HYMN.

FATHER of earth and heaven! I call thy name!  
 Round me the smoke and shout of battle roll!  
 My eyes are dazzled with the rustling flame;  
 Father, sustain an untried soldier's soul.  
 Or life, or death, whatever be the goal  
 That crowns or closes round this struggling hour,  
 Thou knowest, if ever from my spirit stole  
 One deeper prayer, 't was that no cloud might lower  
 On my young fame! O hear! God of eternal power.

### 2.

God! thou art merciful. The wintry storm,  
 The cloud that pours the thunder from its womb,  
 But show the sterner grandeur of thy form;  
 The lightnings, glancing through the midnight gloom,  
 To faith's raised eye as calm, as lovely, come,  
 As splendors of the autumnal evening star,  
 As roses shaken by the breeze's plume,  
 When, like cool incense, comes the dewy air,  
 And on the golden wave the sunset burns afar.

## 3.

God! thou art mighty. At thy footstool bound,  
Lie gazing to thee, chance, and life, and death;  
Nor in the angel circle flaming round,  
Nor in the million worlds that blaze beneath,  
Is one that can withstand thy wrath's hot breath.  
Woe in thy frown, in thy smile victory!  
Hear my last prayer! I ask no mortal wreath;  
Let but these eyes my rescued country see,  
Then take my spirit, all Omnipotent, to thee.

## 4.

Now for the fight, now for the cannon peal!  
Forward! through blood, and toil, and cloud, and fire!  
Glorious the shout, the shock, the crash of steel,  
The volley's roll, the rocket's blasting spire!  
They shake! like broken waves their squares retire!  
On, then, hussars! Now give them rein and heel!  
Think of the orphaned child, the murdered sire!  
Earth cries for blood! in thunder on them wheel!  
This hour to Europe's fate shall set the triumph seal!  
*Theodore Körner.*



## LESSON 121.

*THE FINDING OF THE LYRE.*

THERE lay upon the ocean shore  
What once a tortoise served to cover,  
A year and more, with rush and roar,  
The surf had rolled it over,  
Had played with it, and flung it by,  
As wind and weather might decide it,  
Then tossed it high, where sand-drifts dry  
Cheap burial might provide it.



*J. H. G. G. G.*



2. It rested there to bleach or tan,  
The rains had soaked, the suns had burned it;  
With many a ban the fisherman  
Had stumbled o'er and spurned it;  
And there the fisher-girl would stay,  
Conjecturing with her brother,  
How in their play the poor estray  
Might serve some use or other.
3. So there it lay, through wet and dry,  
As empty as the last new sonnet,  
Till by and by came Mercury,  
And, having mused upon it,  
"Why here," cried he, "the thing of things,  
In shape, material, and dimension!  
Give it but strings, and, lo, it sings,—  
A wonderful invention!"
4. So said, so done; the chords he strained,  
And, as his fingers o'er them hovered,  
The shell disdained a soul had gained,  
The lyre had been discovered.  
O empty world that round us lies,  
Dead shell, of soul and thought forsaken,  
Brought we but eyes like Mercury's,  
In thee what songs should waken!

*James Russell Lowell.*

LESSON 122.

*BATTLE OF WATERLOO.*

THERE was a sound of revelry by night,  
And Belgium's capital had gathered there  
Her beauty and her chivalry, and bright  
The lamps shone o'er fair women and brave men.

A thousand hearts beat happily ; and when  
Music arose with its voluptuous swell,  
Soft eyes looked love to eyes which spake again,  
And all went merry as a marriage-bell ;  
But hush ! hark ! — a deep sound strikes like a rising  
knell !

## 2.

Did ye not hear it ? — No ; 't was but the wind,  
Or the car rattling o'er the stony street :  
*On* with the *dance* ! let joy be unconfined ;  
No sleep till morn, when youth and pleasure meet  
To chase the glowing hours with flying feet —  
But, hark ! — that heavy sound breaks in once more,  
As if the clouds its echo would repeat,  
And *nearer, clearer, deadlier*, than before !  
*Arm ! arm !* it is — it is the *cannon's* opening roar !

## 3.

Ah ! then and there was hurrying to and fro,  
And gathering tears, and tremblings of distress,  
And cheeks all pale, which, but an hour ago,  
Blushed at the praise of their own loveliness ;  
And there were sudden partings, such as press  
The life from out young hearts, and choking sighs  
Which ne'er might be repeated — who could guess  
If ever more should meet those mutual eyes,  
Since upon night so sweet such awful morn could rise.

## 4.

And there was mounting in hot haste ; the steed,  
The mustering squadron, and the clattering car  
Went pouring forward with impetuous speed,  
And swiftly forming in the ranks of war ;  
And the deep thunder, peal on peal afar,  
And near, the beat of the alarming drum  
Roused up the soldier ere the morning star ;

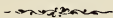
While thronged the citizens with terror dumb,  
Or whispering with white lips—"The *foe!* They *come!*  
They *come!*"

## 5.

And Ardennes waves above them her green leaves,  
Dewy with nature's tear-drops, as they pass,  
Grieving, if aught inanimate e'er grieves,  
Over the unreturning brave!—alas!  
Ere evening to be trodden like the grass,  
Which, *now, beneath* them, but *above, shall grow*  
In its next verdure, when this fiery mass  
Of living valor, rolling on the foe,  
And burning with high hope, shall moulder cold and low.

## 6.

Last noon beheld them full of lusty life,  
Last eve in beauty's circle proudly gay,  
The midnight brought the signal-sound of strife,  
The morn, the marshaling in arms,—the day,  
Battle's magnificently stern array!  
The thunder-clouds close o'er it, which when rent,  
The earth is covered thick with other clay,  
Which her own clay shall cover, heaped and pent,  
Rider, and horse,—friend, foe,—in one red burial blent.  
*Byron.*



## LESSON 123.

## TWO VIEWS OF CHRISTMAS.

SCROOGE AND HIS NEPHEW. *Scene.*—THE COUNTING-ROOM OF SCROOGE.

*Nephew.* A merry Christmas, uncle! God save you!

*Scrooge.* Bah! humbug!

*Neph.* Christmas a humbug, uncle! You don't mean that, I am sure?

*Scrooge.* I do. Out upon merry Christmas! What's

Christmas time to you but a time for paying bills without money ; a time for finding yourself a year older, and not an hour richer ; a time for balancing your books, and having every item in 'em through a round dozen of months presented dead against you ? If I had my will, every idiot who goes about with "Merry Christmas" on his lips should be boiled with his own pudding, and buried with a stake of holly through his heart. He should !

*Neph.* Uncle !

*Scrooge.* Nephew, keep Christmas time in your own way, and let me keep it in mine.

*Neph.* Keep it ! But you don't keep it !

*Scrooge.* Let me leave it alone, then. Much good may it do you ! Much good it has ever done you !

*Neph.* There are many good things from which I might have derived good, by which I have not profited, I dare say, Christmas among the rest. But I am sure I have always thought of Christmas time, when it has come round,—apart from the veneration due to its sacred origin, if anything belonging to it *can* be apart from that,—as a good time ; a kind, forgiving, charitable, pleasant time ; the only time I know of, in the long calendar of the year, when men and women seem by one consent to open their shut hearts freely, and to think of people below them as if they really were fellow-travellers to the grave, and not another race of creatures bound on other journeys. And therefore, uncle, though it has never put a scrap of gold or silver in my pocket, I believe that it *has* done me good, and *will* do me good ; and I say, God bless it !

*Scrooge.* You are quite a powerful speaker, sir. I wonder you don't go into Parliament.

*Neph.* Don't be angry, uncle. Come ! dine with us to-morrow.

*Scrooge.* I'll see you hanged first.



*Neph.* But why, uncle? Why?

*Scrooge.* Why did you get married?

*Neph.* Because I fell in love.

*Scrooge* (contemptuously). Because you fell in love! — Good-afternoon!

*Neph.* Nay, uncle, but you never came to see me before that happened. Why give it as a reason for not coming now?

*Scrooge.* Good-afternoon!

*Neph.* I want nothing from you; I ask nothing of you; why cannot we be friends?

*Scrooge.* Good-afternoon!

*Neph.* I am sorry, with all my heart, to find you so resolute. We have never had any quarrel to which I have been a party. But I have made the trial in homage to Christmas, and I'll keep my Christmas humor to the last. So, A Merry Christmas, uncle!

*Scrooge.* Good-afternoon!

*Neph.* And A Happy New Year!

*Scrooge.* Good-afternoon! [Exit Nephew.]

*Charles Dickens.*



## LESSON 124.

### THE GRACES AND ANXIETIES OF PIG-DRIVING.

THE title is a little startling; but "style and sentiment," as a lady said, "can do anything." Remember, then, gentle reader, that talents are not to be despised in the humblest walks of life; we will add, nor in the muddiest.

2. The other day we happened to be among a set of spectators who could not help stopping to admire the patience and address with which a pig-driver huddled and cherished onward his drove of unaccommodating

*élèves*\* down a street in the suburbs. He was a born genius for manœuvre. Had he originated in a higher sphere, he would have been a general or a stage-manager, or, at least, the head of a set of monks.

3. Conflicting interests were his forte; pig-headed wills, and proceedings hopeless. To see the *hand* with which he did it! How hovering, yet firm! how encouraging, yet compelling! how indicative of the space on each side of him, and yet of the line before him! how general! how particular! how perfect! No barber's could quiver about a head with more lightness of apprehension, no cook's pat up and proportion the side of a pasty with a more final eye.

4. "The whales," quoth old Chapman, speaking of Neptune,—

"The whales exulted under him, and knew their mighty king."

The pigs did not exult, but they knew their king. Unwilling was their subjection, but "more in sorrow than in anger." They were too far gone for rage. Their case was hopeless. They did not see why they should proceed, but they felt themselves bound to do so—forced, conglomerated, crowded onwards, irresistibly impelled by fate and Jenkins.

5. Often they would have bolted under any other master. They squeaked and grunted, as in ordinary; they sidled, they shuffled, they half-stopped; they turned an eye to all the little outlets of escape; but in vain. There they stuck,—for their very progress was a sort of sticking,—charmed into the centre of his sphere of action; laying their heads together, but to no purpose; looking all as if they were shrugging their shoulders, and eschewing the tip-end of the whip of office. Much eye had they to their left leg; shrewd backward glances; not a little anticipative squeak, and sudden rush of avoidance.

6. It was a superfluous clutter, and they felt it; but a pig finds it more difficult than any other animal to accommodate himself to circumstances. Being out of his pale, he is in the highest state of wonderment and inaptitude. He is sluggish, obstinate, opinionate; not very social; has no desire of seeing foreign parts. Think of him in a multitude, forced to travel, and wondering what the mischief it is that drives him! Judge by this of the talents of his driver.

7. We beheld a man once — an inferior genius — inducting a pig into the other end of Long Lane, Smithfield. He had got him thus far towards the market. It was much. His air announced success in nine parts out of ten, and hope for the remainder. It had been a happy morning's work; he had only to look for the termination of it; and he looked, as a critic of an exalted turn of mind would say, in brightness and in joy. Then would he go to the public-house, and indulge in porter and a pleasing security.

8. Perhaps he would not say much at first, being oppressed with the greatness of his success; but, by degrees, especially if interrogated, he would open, like Æneas, into all the circumstances of his journey, and the perils that beset him. Profound would be his set-out; full of tremor his middle course, high and skilful his progress; glorious, though with a quickened pulse, his triumphant entry. Delicate had been his situation in Ducking-pond Row, masterly his turn at Bell Alley.

9. We saw him with the radiance of some such thought on his countenance. He was just entering Long Lane. A gravity came upon him as he steered his touchy convoy into this his last thoroughfare. A dog moved him into a little agitation, darting along, but he resumed his course, not without a happy trepidation, hovering as he was on the borders of triumph.

10. The pig still required care. It was evidently a pig

with all the peculiar turn of mind of his species — a fellow that would not move faster than he could help, irritable, retrospective, picking objections, and prone to boggle — a chap with a tendency to take every path but the proper one, and with a sidelong tact for alleys. He bolts! He's off! *Evasit! Erupit!*

11. "Oh," exclaimed the man, dashing his hand against his head, lifting his knee in agony, and screaming with all the weight of a prophecy which the spectators felt to be too true, "he'll go up all manner of streets!"

Poor fellow! we think of him now, sometimes, driving up Duke Street, and not to be comforted in Barbican.

*Leigh Hunt.*



## LESSON 125.

### A SONG FROM THE SUDS.

QUEEN of my tub, I merrily sing,  
While the white foam rises high;  
And sturdily wash, and rinse, and wring,  
And fasten the clothes to dry;  
Then out in the free fresh air they swing,  
Under the sunny sky.

2. I wish we could wash from our hearts and souls  
The stains of the week away,  
And let water and air by their magic make  
Ourselves as pure as they;  
Then on earth there would be indeed  
A glorious washing-day!
3. Along the path of a useful life  
Will heart's-ease ever bloom;  
The busy mind has no time to think  
Of sorrow, or care, or gloom;

And anxious thoughts may be swept away,  
As we busily wield a broom.

4. I am glad a task to me is given,  
To labor at, day by day ;  
For it brings me health, and strength, and hope,  
And I cheerfully learn to say,—  
“ Head, you may think ; Heart, you may feel,  
But, Hand, you shall work alway.”

*Louisa M. Alcott.*

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## LESSON 126.

### WAR-SONG.

**F**REEDOM calls you ! Quick ! be ready,—  
Rouse ye in the name of God !  
Onward, onward ! strong and steady,—  
Dash to earth the oppressor's rod.  
Freedom calls, ye brave, ye brave !  
Rise, and spurn the name of slave.

2. Grasp the sword ! — its edge is keen ;  
Seize the gun ! — its ball is true :  
Sweep your land from tyrant clean,—  
Haste, and scour it through and through !  
Onward, onward ! Freedom cries ;  
Rush to arms,— the tyrant flies.
3. Freedom calls you ! Quick ! be ready,—  
Think of what your sires have been.  
Onward, onward ! strong and steady,—  
Drive the tyrant to his den !  
On ! and let the watchwords be,  
Country, home, and liberty !

*James G. Percival.*

## LESSON 127.

## TELL ON HIS NATIVE MOUNTAINS.

ONCE more I breathe the mountain air ; once more  
I tread my own free hills ! My lofty soul  
Throws all its fetters off in its proud flight.  
'Tis like the new-fledged eaglet, whose strong wing  
Soars to the sun it long has gazed upon  
With eye undazzled. O ye mighty race,  
That stand like frowning giants fixed to guard  
My own proud land, why did ye not hurl down  
The thundering avalanche when at your feet  
The base usurper stood ?

## 2.

A touch, a breath,—  
Nay, even the breath of prayer,—ere now has brought  
Destruction on the hunter's head ; and yet  
The tyrant passed in safety. God of heaven !  
Where slept thy thunderbolts ? O liberty !  
Thou choicest gift of heaven, and wanting which  
Life is as nothing, hast thou then forgot  
Thy native home ? Must the feet of slaves  
Pollute this glorious scene ?

## 3.

It cannot be !  
Even as the smile of heaven can pierce the depths  
Of these dark caves, and bid the wild flowers bloom  
In spots where man has never dared to tread,  
So thy sweet influence still is seen amid  
These beetling cliffs. Some hearts still beat for thee,  
And bow alive to heaven ; thy spirit *lives*,—  
Ay, and *shall* live when even the very *name*  
Of tyrant is *forgot*.

## 4.

Lo ! while I gaze  
Upon the mist that wreathes yon mountain's brow,  
The sunbeam touches it, and it becomes  
A crown of glory on his hoary head ;  
Oh ! is not this a presage of the dawn  
Of freedom o'er the world ? While kneeling thus, I vow  
To *live* for freedom, or with her to *die* !

## 5.

Oh, with what pride I used  
To walk these hills, and look up to my God  
And bless him that it was so ! It was *free* ;  
From end to end, from cliff to lake, 't was FREE ;  
FREE as our torrents are, that leap our rocks,  
And plow our valleys without asking leave ;  
Or as our peaks, that wear their caps of snow  
In very presence of the regal sun !  
How *happy* was I in it then ! I *loved*  
Its very *storms* ! Yes ; I have sat and eyed  
The thunder breaking from his cloud, and smiled  
To see him shake his lightnings o'er my head,  
And think I had no master save his own !

## 6.

Ye know the jutting cliff, round which a track  
Up hither winds, whose base is but the brow  
To such another one, with scanty room  
For two abreast to pass ? O'ertaken there  
By the mountain blast, I've laid me flat along,  
And, while gust follow'd gust more furiously,  
As if to sweep me o'er the horrid brink,  
And I have thought of other lands, where storms  
Are summer flaws to those of mine, and just  
Have wished me there,—the thought that mine was *free*

Has checked that wish, and I have raised my head,  
And cried in thralldom to that furious wind,  
"BLOW ON! *this is the land of LIBERTY!*"

*Sheridan Knowles.*



## LESSON 128.

### *SURRENDER OF GRENADA.*

DAY dawned upon Grenada, and the beams of the winter sun, smiling away the clouds of the past night, played cheerily upon the murmuring waves of the Xenil and the Darro. Alone, upon a balcony, commanding a view of the beautiful landscape, stood Boabdil, the last of the Moorish kings. He had sought to bring to his aid all the lessons of the philosophy he had so ardently cultivated.

2. "What are we," said the musing prince, "that we should fill the earth with ourselves — we kings? Earth resounds with the crash of my falling throne; on the ear of races unborn the echo will live prolonged. But what have I lost? Nothing that was necessary to my happiness, my repose: nothing save the source of all my wretchedness, the Marah of my life! Shall I less enjoy heaven and earth, or thought and action, or man's more material luxuries of food and sleep — the common and cheap desires of all? At the worst, I sink but to a level with chiefs and princes: I am but leveled with those whom the multitude admire and envy. . . . But it is time to depart." So saying, he descended to the court, flung himself on his barb, and, with a small and saddened train, passed through the gate which we yet survey, by a blackened and crumbling tower, overgrown with vines and ivy; thence, amid gardens, now appertaining to the convent of the victor faith, he took his mournful and unnoticed way.



3. When he came to the middle of the hill that rises above those gardens, the steel of the Spanish armor gleamed upon him, as the detachment sent to occupy the palace marched over the summit in steady order and profound silence. At the head of the vanguard rode, upon a snow-white palfrey, the Bishop of Avila, followed by a long train of barefooted monks. They halted as Boabdil approached, and the grave bishop saluted him with the air of one who addressed an infidel and inferior. With the quick sense of dignity common to the great, and yet more to the fallen, Boabdil felt, but resented not, the pride of the ecclesiastic. "Go, Christian," said he mildly; "the gates of the Alhambra are open, and Allah has bestowed the palace and the city upon your king; may his virtues atone the faults of Boabdil!" So saying, and waiting no answer, he rode on, without looking to the right or the left. The Spaniards also pursued their way.

4. The sun had fairly risen above the mountains, when Boabdil and his train beheld, from the eminence on which they were, the whole armament of Spain; and, at the same moment, louder than the tramp of horse or the clash of arms, was heard distinctly the solemn chant of the *Te Deum*, which preceded the blaze of the unfurled and lofty standards. Boabdil, himself still silent, heard the groans and acclamations of his train; he turned to cheer or chide them, and then saw, from his own watch-tower, with the sun shining full upon its pure and dazzling surface, the silver cross of Spain. His Alhambra was already in the hands of the foe; while beside that badge of the holy war waved the gay and flaunting flag of St. Jago, the canonized Mars of the chivalry of Spain. At that sight, the king's voice died within him; he gave the rein to his barb, impatient to close the fatal ceremonial, and slacked not his speed till almost within bowshot of the first rank of the army.

5. Never had Christian war assumed a more splendid

and imposing aspect. Far as the eye could reach extended the glittering and gorgeous lines of that goodly power, bristling with sunlighted spears and blazoned banners; while beside murmured and glowed and danced the silver and laughing Xenil, careless what lord should possess, for his little day, the banks that bloomed by its everlasting course. By a small mosque halted the flower of the army. Surrounded by the arch-priests of that mighty hierarchy, the peers and princes of a court that rivaled the Roland of Charlemagne, was seen the kingly form of Ferdinand himself, with Isabel at his right hand, and the high-born dames of Spain, relieving, with their gay colors and sparkling gems, the sterner splendor of the crested helmet and polished mail. Within sight of the royal group, Boabdil halted, composed his aspect so as best to conceal his soul, and a little in advance of his scanty train, but never in mien and majesty more a king, the son of Abdallah met his haughty conqueror.

6. At the sight of his princely countenance and golden hair, his comely and commanding beauty, made more touching by youth, a thrill of compassionate admiration ran through that assembly of the brave and fair. Ferdinand and Isabel slowly advanced to meet their late rival,—their new subject; and as Boabdil would have dismounted, the Spanish king placed his hand upon his shoulder. "Brother and prince," said he, "forget thy sorrows; and may our friendship hereafter console thee for reverses against which thou hast contended as a hero and a king; resisting man, but resigned at length to God."

7. Boabdil did not affect to return this bitter, but unintentional mockery of compliment. He bowed his head, and remained a moment silent; then, motioning to his train, four of his officers approached, and kneeling beside Ferdinand, proffered to him, upon a silver buckler, the

keys of the city. "Oh, king!" then said Boabdil, "accept the keys of the last hold which has resisted the arms of Spain! The empire of the Moslem is no more. Thine are the city and the people of Grenada; yielding to thy prowess, they yet confide in thy mercy." "They do well," said the king; "our promises shall not be broken. But since we know the gallantry of Moorish cavaliers, not to us but to gentler hands shall the keys of Grenada be surrendered."

8. Thus saying, Ferdinand gave the keys to Isabel, who would have addressed some soothing flatteries to Boabdil, but the emotion and excitement were too much for her compassionate heart, heroine and queen though she was; and when she lifted her eyes upon the calm and pale features of the fallen monarch, the tears gushed from them irresistibly, and her voice died in murmurs. A faint flush overspread the features of Boabdil, and there was a momentary pause of embarrassment, which the Moor was the first to break.

9. "Fair queen," said he, with mournful and pathetic dignity, "thou canst read the heart that thy generous sympathy touches and subdues; this is my last, but not least glorious conquest. But I detain ye; let not my aspect cloud your triumph. Suffer me to say farewell." "Farewell, my brother," replied Ferdinand, "and may fair fortune go with you! Forget the past!" Boabdil smiled bitterly, saluted the royal pair with profound respect and silent reverence, and rode slowly on, leaving the army below, as he ascended the path that led to his new principality beyond the Alpuxarras. As the trees snatched the Moorish cavalcade from the view of the king, Ferdinand ordered the army to recommence its march, and trumpet and cymbal presently sent their music to the ear of the Moslem.

10. Boabdil spurred on, at full speed, till his panting charger halted at the little village where his mother, his

slaves, and his faithful wife, Armine (sent on before), awaited him. Joining these, he proceeded without delay upon his melancholy path. They ascended that eminence, which is the pass into the Alpuxarras. From its height, the vale, the rivers, the spires, and the towers of Grenada broke gloriously upon the view of the little band. They halted mechanically and abruptly; every eye was turned to the beloved scene. The proud shame of baffled warriors, the tender memories of home, of childhood, of fatherland, swelled every heart and gushed from every eye.

11. Suddenly, the distant boom of artillery broke from the citadel, and rolled along the sunlighted valley and crystal river. An universal wail burst from the exiles; it smote, it overpowered the heart of the ill-starred king, in vain seeking to wrap himself in the Eastern pride, or stoical philosophy. The tears gushed from his eyes, and he covered his face with his hands. The band wound slowly on through the solitary defiles; and that place, where the king wept at the last view of his lost empire, is still called *THE LAST SIGH OF THE MOOR*.—*Bulwer*.



## LESSON 129.

### *OUR COUNTRY.*

LET the sacred obligations which have devolved on this generation, and on us, sink deep into our hearts. Those are daily dropping from among us who established our liberty and our government. The great trust now descends to new hands. Let us apply ourselves to that which is presented to us, as our appropriate object. We can win no laurels in a war for independence. Earlier and worthier hands have gathered them all. Nor are there places for us by the side of Solon, and Alfred, and other founders of states. Our fathers have filled them.

2. But there remains to us a great duty of defence and preservation ; and there is opened to us, also, a noble pursuit, to which the spirit of the times strongly invites us. Our proper business is improvement. Let our age be the age of improvement. In a day of peace, let us advance the arts of peace, and the works of peace. Let us develop the resources of our land, call forth its powers, build up its institutions, promote all its great interests, and see whether we, also, in our day and generation, may not perform something worthy to be remembered.

3. Let us cultivate a true spirit of union and harmony. In pursuing the great objects which our condition points out to us, let us act under a settled conviction, and an habitual feeling, that these twenty-four states are one country. Let our conceptions be enlarged to the circle of our duties. Let us extend our ideas over the whole of the vast field in which we are called to act. Let our object be, our country, our whole country, and nothing but our country. And, by the blessing of God, may that country itself become a vast and splendid monument, not of oppression and terror, but of wisdom, of peace, and of liberty, upon which the world may gaze with admiration forever. — *Daniel Webster.*

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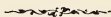
## LESSON 130.

### *THE OLD YEAR AND THE NEW.*

RING out, wild bells, to the wild sky,  
The flying cloud, the frosty light ;  
The year is dying in the night ;  
Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.

2. Ring out the old, ring in the new,  
Ring, happy bells, across the snow ;  
The year is going, let him go ;  
Ring out the false, ring in the true.

3. Ring out the grief that saps the mind  
For those that here we see no more;  
Ring out the feud of rich and poor,  
Ring in redress to all mankind.
4. Ring out a slowly dying cause,  
And ancient forms of party strife;  
Ring in the nobler modes of life,  
And sweeter manners, purer laws.
5. Ring out false pride in place and blood,  
The civic slander and the spite;  
Ring in the love of truth and right,  
Ring in the common love of good.
6. Ring in the valiant and the free,  
The larger heart, the kindlier hand;  
Ring out the darkness of the land;  
Ring in the Christ that is to be. — *Tennyson.*



## LESSON 131.

## SONG OF THE LIGHTNING.

“*Puck*.—I’ll put a girdle round about the earth  
In forty minutes.”—*Midsummer Night’s Dream.*

AWAY! away! through the sightless air  
Stretch forth your iron thread!  
For I would not dim my sandals fair  
With the dust ye tamely tread!  
Ay, rear it up on its million piers,  
Let it circle the world around,  
And the journey ye make in a hundred years  
I’ll clear at a single bound.

2. Though I cannot toil, like the groaning slave  
Ye have fettered with iron skill  
To ferry you over the boundless wave,  
Or grind in the noisy mill,  
Let him sing his giant strength and speed !  
Why, a single shaft of mine  
Would give that monster a flight indeed—  
To the depths of the ocean brine !
  
3. No ! no ! I'm the spirit of Light and Love !  
To my unseen hand 'tis given  
To pencil the ambient clouds above  
And polish the stars of heaven ;  
I scatter the golden rays of fire  
On the horizon far below,  
And deck the sky where storms expire  
With my red and dazzling glow.
  
4. With a glance I cleave the sky in twain ;  
I light it with a glare  
When fall the boding drops of rain  
Through the darkly-curtained air.  
The rock-built towers, the turrets gray,  
The piles of a thousand years,  
Have not the strength of potters' clay  
Beneath my glittering spears.
  
5. From the Alps' or the Andes' highest crag,  
From the peaks of eternal snow,  
The blazing folds of my fiery flag  
Illumine the world below.  
The earthquake heralds my coming power,  
The avalanche bounds away,

The howling storms at midnight's hour  
Proclaim my heavenly sway.

6. Ye tremble when my legions come,  
When my quivering sword leaps out  
O'er the hills that echo my thunder-drum  
And rend with my joyous shout.  
Ye quail on the land, or upon the seas  
Ye stand in your fear aghast,  
To see me burn the stalwart trees  
Or shiver the stately mast.

7. The hieroglyphs on the Persian wall,  
The letters of high command,  
Where the prophet read the tyrant's fall,  
Were traced by my burning hand.  
And oft in fire have I wrote since then  
What angry Heaven decreed ;  
But the sealèd eyes of sinful men  
Were all too blind to read.

8. At length the hour of light is here,  
And kings no more shall bind,  
Nor bigots crush with craven fear,  
The forward march of mind.  
The words of Truth and Freedom's rays  
Are from my pinions hurled ;  
And soon the light of better days  
Shall rise upon the world.

*George W. Cutter.*



## LESSON 132.

*DANIEL WEBSTER.*

**M**R. WEBSTER'S love of agriculture, of sports in the open air, of the outward world in starlight and storms, and sea and boundless wilderness, all displayed a man in whom the most various intercourse with the world, the longest career in strife and honors, the consciousness of intellectual supremacy, the coming in of a wide fame, constantly enlarging, left as he was at first, natural, simple, manly, genial, kind.

2. I have learned by evidence the most direct and satisfactory, that in the last months of his life the whole affectionateness of his nature—his consideration for others, his gentleness, his desire to make them happy and to see them happy—seemed to come out in more and more beautiful and habitual expression than ever before. The long day's public tasks were felt to be done; the cares, the uncertainties, the mental conflicts of high place were ended; and he came home to recover himself for the few years which he might still expect would be his, before he should go hence, to be here no more.

3. And there, I am assured and fully believe, no unbecoming regrets pursued him; no discontent, as for injustice suffered or expectations unfulfilled; no self-reproach for anything done or anything omitted by himself; no irritation, no peevishness unworthy of his noble nature; but, instead, love and hope for his country, when she became the subject of conversation; and for all around him, the dearest and the most indifferent, for all breathing things about him, the overflow of the kindest heart growing in gentleness and benevolence; paternal, patriarchal affections, seeming to become more natural, warm, and communicative every hour. Softer and yet brighter grew the tints on the sky of parting day; and the last lingering rays, more even than the

glories of noon, announced how divine was the source from which they proceeded; how incapable to be quenched; how certain to rise on a morning which no night should follow.

4. Such a character was made to be loved. It was loved. Those who knew and saw it in its hour of calm—those who could repose on that soft green—loved him. His plain neighbors loved him; and one said, when he was laid in his grave, “How lonesome the world seems!” Educated young men loved him. The ministers of the Gospel, the general intelligence of the country, the masses afar off, loved him.

5. True, they had not found in his speeches, read by millions, so much adulation of the people; so much of the music which robs the public reason of itself; so many phrases of humanity and philanthropy: and some had told them he was lofty and cold,—solitary in his greatness: but every year they came nearer and nearer to him, and as they came nearer they loved him better; they heard how tender the son had been, the husband, the brother, the father, the friend, the neighbor; that he was plain, simple, natural, generous, hospitable,—the heart larger than the brain; that he loved little children, and revered God, the Scriptures, the Sabbath-day, the Constitution, and the law; and their hearts clave to him. More truly of him than even of the great naval darling of England might be said, that “his presence would set the church-bells ringing, and give school-boys a holiday,—would bring children from school and old men from the chimney-corner, to gaze on him ere he died.” The great and unavailing lamentation first revealed the deep place he had in the hearts of his countrymen.

6. You are now to add to this his extraordinary power of influencing the convictions of others by speech, and you have completed the survey of the means of his great-

ness. And here again I begin by admiring an aggregate made up of excellences and triumphs ordinarily deemed incompatible. He spoke with consummate ability to the Bench, and yet exactly as, according to every sound canon of taste and ethics, the Bench ought to be addressed. He spoke with consummate ability to the jury, and yet exactly as, according to every sound canon, that totally different tribunal ought to be addressed.

7. In the halls of Congress; before the people assembled for political discussion in masses; before audiences smaller and more select, assembled for some solemn commemoration of the past or of the dead;—in each of these, again, his speech, of the first form of ability, was exactly adapted also to the critical proprieties of the place; each achieved, when delivered, the most instant and specific success of eloquence, some of them in a splendid and remarkable degree; and yet, stranger still, when reduced to writing as they fell from his lips, they compose a body of reading, in many volumes, solid, clear, rich, and full of harmony,—a classical and permanent political literature.

8. And yet all these modes of his eloquence, exactly adapted each to its stage and its end, were stamped with his image and superscription; identified by characteristics incapable to be counterfeited and impossible to be mistaken. The same high power of reason, intent in every one to explore and display some truth; the same sovereignty of form, of brow, and eye, and tone, and manner,—everywhere the intellectual king of men, standing before you; the same marvelousness of qualities and results, residing, I know not where, in words, in pictures, in the ordering of ideas, in felicities indescribable, by means whereof, coming from his tongue, all things seemed mended; truth seemed more true; probability more plausible; greatness more grand; goodness more awful; every affection more tender than when coming from other tongues;—all these are in his eloquence.

*Rufus Choate.*

## LESSON 133.

*CÆSAR AT THE RUBICON.*

**I**T is related of Cæsar, that, on the ever-memorable night when he had resolved to take the first step (and in such a case, the first step, as regarded the power of retreating, was also the final step) which placed him in arms against the state, it happened that his head-quarters were at some distance from the little river Rubicon, which formed the boundary of his province.

2. With his usual caution, that no news of his motions might run before himself, on this night Cæsar gave an entertainment to his friends, in the midst of which he slipped away unobserved, and with a small retinue proceeded through the woods to the point of the river at which he designed to cross. The night was stormy, and by the violence of the wind all the torches of his escort were blown out, so that the whole party lost their road, and wandered about through the whole night, until the early dawn enabled them to recover their true course.

3. The light was still gray and uncertain, as Cæsar and his retinue rode down upon the banks of the fatal river,—to cross which, with arms in his hands, since the further bank lay within the territory of the Republic, proclaimed any Roman a rebel and a traitor. No man, the firmest or the most obtuse, could be otherwise than deeply agitated, when looking down upon this little brook,—so insignificant in itself, but invested by law with a sanctity so awful. The whole course of future history, and the fate of every nation, would necessarily be determined by the irretrievable act of the next half hour.

4. In these moments, and with the spectacle before him, and contemplating these immeasurable consequences for the last time that could allow him a retreat,—impressed also by the solemnity and deep tranquillity of the silent dawn, whilst the exhaustion of his night-wanderings pre-

disposed him to nervous irritation,—Cæsar, we may be sure, was profoundly agitated. So prepared, we need not much wonder at what followed.

5. Cæsar was yet lingering on the hither bank, when suddenly, at a point not far distant from himself, an apparition was descried in a sitting posture, and holding in its hand what seemed a flute. This phantom was of unusual size, and of beauty more than human, so far as its lineaments could be traced in the early dawn. What is singular, however, in the story, is, that others saw it as well as Cæsar; both pastoral laborers (who were present, probably in the character of guides) and some of the sentinels stationed at the pass of the river. These men fancied, even, that a strain of music issued from the aerial flute; and some, both of the shepherds and the Roman soldiers, who were bolder than the rest, advanced towards the figure.

6. Amongst this party, it happened that there were a few Roman trumpeters. From one of these, the phantom, rising, as they advanced nearer, suddenly caught a trumpet, and, blowing through it a blast of superhuman strength, plunged into the Rubicon, passed to the other bank, and disappeared in the dusky light of the dawn. Upon which Cæsar exclaimed: "It is finished; the die is cast! Let us follow whither the guiding portends from Heaven, and the malice of our enemy, alike summon us to go."

7. So saying, he crossed the river with impetuosity; and, in a sudden rapture of passionate and vindictive ambition, placed himself and his retinue upon the Italian soil; and, as if by inspiration from Heaven, in one moment involved himself and his followers in treason, raised the standard of revolt, put his foot upon the neck of the invincible republic which had humbled all the kings of the earth, and founded an empire which was to last for a thousand and half a thousand years. In what

manner this spectral appearance was managed — whether Cæsar were its author or its dupe — will remain unknown forever ; but undoubtedly this was the first time that the advanced guard of a victorious army was headed by an apparition, and we may conjecture that it will be the last.

*De Quincey.*

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## LESSON 134.

### *PROCRASTINATION.*

**B**E wise to-day ; 't is madness to defer ;  
Next day the fatal precedent will plead ;  
Thus on, till wisdom is pushed out of life.  
Procrastination is the thief of time :  
Year after year it steals, till all are fled,  
And to the mercies of a moment, leaves  
The vast concerns of an eternal scene.  
If not so frequent, would not this be strange ?  
That 't is so frequent, this is stranger still.  
Of man's miraculous mistakes, this bears  
The palm, that all men are about to live,  
Forever on the brink of being born.  
All pay themselves the compliment to think  
They one day shall not drivel ; and their pride.  
On this reversion takes up ready praise,  
At least their own : their future selves applaud ;  
How excellent that life they ne'er will lead !  
Time lodged in their own hands is folly's vails ;  
That lodged in fate's, to wisdom they consign :  
The thing they can't but purpose, they postpone.  
'T is not in folly not to scorn a fool ;  
And scarce in human wisdom to do more.  
All promise is poor dilatory man,  
And that through every stage : when young indeed,  
In full content, we sometimes nobly rest

Unanxious for ourselves; and only wish  
As duteous sons, our fathers were more wise.  
At thirty, man suspects himself a fool;  
Knows it at forty, and reforms his plan;  
At fifty, chides his infamous delay,  
Pushes his prudent purpose to resolve;  
In all the magnanimity of thought  
Resolves; and re-resolves; then dies the same.

Young.



## LESSON 135.

### OTHELLO'S APOLOGY.

**M**OST potent, grave, and reverend seigniors,  
My very noble and approved good masters,  
That I have ta'en away this old man's daughter,  
Is most true; true, I have married her;  
The very head and front of my offending  
Hath this extent, no more.

#### 2.

Rude am I in speech,  
And little blessed with the set phrase of peace,  
For since these arms of mine had seven years' pith,  
Till now some nine moons wasted, they have used  
Their dearest action in the tented field;  
And little of this great world can I speak  
More than pertains to feats of *broil* and *battle*;  
And therefore little shall I grace my cause,  
In speaking of *myself*. Yet, by your gracious patience,  
I will a round unvarnished tale deliver  
Of my whole course of love; what drugs, what charms  
What conjuration, and what mighty magic,  
(For such proceeding I am charged withal,)  
I won his daughter with.



## 3.

Her father loved me; oft invited me;  
Still questioned me the story of my life,  
From year to year; the battles, sieges, fortunes,  
That I have passed.  
I ran it through, even from my boyish days,  
To the very moment that he bade me tell it.  
Wherein I spoke of most disastrous chances,  
Of moving accidents, by flood and field;  
Of hair-breadth 'scapes in the imminent deadly breach;  
Of being taken by the insolent foe,  
And sold to slavery; of my redemption thence;  
And with it, all my travel's history.

## 4.

These things to hear  
Would Desdemona seriously incline:  
But still the house affairs would draw her thence;  
Which ever as she could with haste dispatch,  
She'd come again, and with a greedy ear  
Devour up my discourse: which I observing,  
Took once a pliant hour, and found good means  
To draw from her a prayer of earnest heart,  
That I would all my pilgrimage dilate,  
Whereof by parcels she had something heard,  
But not attentively.

## 5.

I did consent:  
And often did beguile her of her tears,  
When I did speak of some distressful stroke,  
That my youth suffered. My story being done,  
She gave me for my pains a world of sighs:  
She said,—in faith, 't was *strange*, 't was *passing* strange;  
'T was *pitiful*, 't was *wondrous* pitiful:  
She wished she had not heard it; yet she wished,  
That heaven had made her such a man.



## 6.

She thanked me ;  
And bade me, if I had a friend that loved her,  
I should but teach him how to tell my story,  
And that would woo her. On this hint, I spake :  
She loved me for the dangers I had pass'd ;  
And I loved her, that she did pity them.  
*This only is the witchcraft I have used. — Shakespeare.*



## LESSON 136.

*THE MEMORY OF WASHINGTON.*

TO us, citizens of America, it belongs above all others to show respect to the memory of Washington, by the practical deference which we pay to those sober maxims of public policy which he has left us,—a last testament of affection in his Farewell Address. Of all the exhortations which it contains, I scarce need to say to you that none are so emphatically uttered, none so anxiously repeated, as those which enjoin the preservation of the Union of these States.

2. On this, under Providence, it depends in the judgment of Washington whether the people of America shall follow the Old World example, and be broken up into a group of independent military powers, wasted by eternal border wars, feeding the ambition of petty sovereigns on the life-blood of wasted principalities,—a custom-house on the bank of every river, a fortress on every frontier hill, a pirate lurking in the recesses of every bay,—or whether they shall continue to constitute a federal republic, the most extensive, the most powerful, the most prosperous in the long line of ages.

3. No one can read the Farewell Address without feeling that this was the thought and this the care which

lay nearest and heaviest upon that noble heart; and if—which Heaven forbid—the day shall ever arrive when his parting counsels on that head shall be forgotten, on that day, come it soon or come it late, it may as mournfully as truly be said that Washington has lived in vain. Then the vessels as they ascend and descend the Potomac may toll their bells with new significance as they pass Mount Vernon; they will strike the requiem of constitutional liberty for us,—for all nations.

4. But it cannot, shall not be; this great woe to our beloved country, this catastrophe for the cause of national freedom, this grievous calamity for the whole civilized world, it cannot, shall not be. No, by the glorious 19th of April, 1775; no, by the precious blood of Bunker Hill, of Princeton, of Saratoga; of King's Mountain, of Yorktown; no, by the undying spirit of '76; no, by the sacred dust enshrined at Mount Vernon; no, by the dear immortal memory of Washington,—that sorrow and shame shall never be.

5. A great and venerated character like that of Washington, which commands the respect of an entire population, however divided on other questions, is not an isolated fact in history to be regarded with barren admiration,—it is a dispensation of Providence for good. It was well said by Mr. Jefferson, in 1792, writing to Washington to dissuade him from declining a renomination: "North and South will hang together while they have you to hang to." Washington in the flesh is taken from us; we shall never behold him as our fathers did; but his memory remains, and I say, let us hang to his memory. Let us make a national festival and holiday of his birthday; and ever, as the 22d of February returns, let us remember that, while with these solemn and joyous rites of observance we celebrate the great anniversary, our fellow-citizens on the Hudson, on the Potomac, from the Southern plains to the Western

lakes, are engaged in the same offices of gratitude and love.

6. Nor we, nor they alone ; — beyond the Ohio, beyond the Mississippi, along that stupendous trail of immigration from East to West, which, bursting into States as it moves westward, is already threading the Western prairies, swarming through the portals of the Rocky Mountains and winding down their slopes, the name and the memory of Washington on that gracious night will travel with the silver queen of heaven through sixty degrees of longitude, nor part company with her till she walks in her brightness through the golden gate of California, and passes serenely on to hold midnight court with her Australian stars. There and there only, in barbarous Archipelagoes, as yet untrodden by civilized man, the name of Washington is unknown, and there, too, when they swarm with enlightened millions, new honors shall be paid with ours to his memory.— *E. Everett.*



## LESSON 137.

### ON STUDIES.

STUDIES serve for delight, for ornament, and for ability. Their chief use for delight is in the quiet of private life ; for ornament, is in discourse ; and for ability, is in the judgment, and disposition of business ; for expert men can execute, and perhaps judge of particulars, one by one ; but the general counsels, and the plots and marshaling of affairs, come best from those that are learned.

2. To spend too much time in studies, is sloth ; to use too much for ornament, is affectation ; to make judgment wholly by their rules, is the humor of a scholar : they perfect nature, and are perfected by experience ; for

natural abilities are like natural plants, that need pruning by study ; and studies themselves do give forth directions too much at large, except they be bounded in by experience.

3. Crafty men condemn studies ; simple men admire them ; and wise men use them : for they teach not their own use, but that there is a wisdom without them, and above them, won by observation. Read not to contradict and to confute, nor to believe and take for granted, nor to find talk and discourse, but to weigh and consider.

4. Some books are to be tasted, others to be swallowed, and some few to be chewed and digested ; — that is, some books are to be read only in parts ; others to be read, but not curiously ; and some few to be read wholly, and with diligence and attention. Some books may be read by deputy, and extracts made of them by others ; but that would be only in less important arguments, and the meaner sort of books ; else distilled books are, like common distilled waters, flashy things.

5. Reading maketh a *full* man ; conversation a *ready* man ; and writing an *exact* man : and therefore, if a man write little, he had need have a great memory ; if he confer little, he had need have a present wit ; and if he read little, he had need have much cunning, to seem to know what he doth not.

6. Histories make men wise ; poets, witty ; the mathematics, subtile ; natural philosophy, deep ; moral philosophy, grave ; logic and rhetoric, able to contend. Indeed, there is no stand or impediment in the wit but may be wrought out by fit studies ; like as diseases of the body may, by appropriate exercises. -

7. Bowling is good for the back ; shooting for the lungs and breast ; gentle walking for the stomach ; riding for the head and the like ; so, if a man's wits be wandering, let him study the mathematics ; for, in demonstrations, if his wits be called away never so little, he must begin again.

8. If his wit be not apt to distinguish or find differences, let him study the disputations of the schoolmen; if he be not apt to beat over matters, and to call upon one thing to prove and illustrate another, let him study the lawyer's cases; so every defect of the mind may have a special receipt. — *Francis Bacon*.

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## LESSON 138.

## DARKNESS.

I HAD a dream, which was not all a dream.  
The bright sun was extinguish'd, and the stars  
Did wander darkling in the eternal space,  
Rayless and pathless, and the icy earth  
Swung blind and blackening in the moonless air;  
Morn came, and went, and came, and brought no day,  
And men forgot their passions, in the dread  
Of this their desolation; and all hearts  
Were chill'd into a selfish prayer for light.

## 2.

And they did live by watch-fires; and the thrones,  
The palaces of crowned kings, the huts,  
The habitations of all things which dwell,  
Were burnt for beacons; cities were consumed,  
And men were gather'd round their blazing homes  
To look once more into each other's face;  
Happy were those who dwelt within the eye  
Of the volcanoes and their mountain torch.

## 3.

A fearful hope was all the world contain'd;  
Forests were set on fire; but, hour by hour,  
They fell and faded, and the crackling trunks

Extinguish'd with a crash ; and all was black.  
The brows of men, by the unearthly light,  
Wore an unearthly aspect, as by fits  
The flashes fell upon them ; some lay down,  
And hid their eyes, and wept ; and some did rest  
Their chins upon their clinched hands, and smiled ;  
And others hurried to and fro, and fed  
Their funeral piles with fuel, and look'd up  
With mad disquietude on the dull sky,  
The pall of a past world ; and then again,  
With curses cast them down upon the dust,  
And gnash'd their teeth, and howl'd.

## 4.

The wild birds shriek'd,  
And, terrified, did flutter on the ground,  
And flap their useless wings ; the wildest brutes  
Came, tame and tremulous ; and vipers crawl'd  
And twined themselves among the multitude,  
Hissing, but stingless : they were slain for food ;  
And War, which for a moment was no more,  
Did glut himself again ; a meal was bought  
With blood, and each sat sullenly apart,  
Gorging himself in gloom ; no love was left ;  
All earth was but one thought, and that was death,  
Immediate and inglorious ; and the pang  
Of famine fed upon all entrails ; men  
Died, and their bones were tombless as their flesh.

## 5.

The meager by the meager were devour'd ;  
Even dogs assail'd their masters, all save one,  
And he was faithful to a corse, and kept  
The birds, and beasts, and famish'd men at bay.  
Till hunger clung them, or the dropping dead

Lured their lank jaws ; himself sought out no food,  
But with a piteous and perpetual moan,  
And a quick, desolate cry, licking the hand  
Which answer'd not with a caress, he died.—*Byron.*



## LESSON 139.

### *THE PROBLEM OF CREATION.*

**I**F we look out upon the starry heavens by which we are surrounded, we find them diversified in every possible way. Our own mighty stellar system takes upon itself the form of a flat disc, which may be compared to a mighty ring breaking into two distinct branches, severed from each other, the interior with stars less densely populous than upon the exterior. But take the telescope and go beyond this ; and here you find, coming out from the depths of space, universes of every possible shape and fashion ; some of them assuming a globular form, and, when we apply the highest possible penetrating power of the telescope, breaking into ten thousand brilliant stars, all crushed and condensed into one luminous, bright, and magnificent centre.

2. But look yet farther. Away yonder, in the distance, you behold a faint, hazy, nebulous ring of light, the interior almost entirely dark, but the exterior ring-shaped, and exhibiting to the eye, under the most powerful telescope, the fact that it may be resolved entirely into stars, producing a universe somewhat analogous to the one we inhabit. Go yet deeper into space, and there you will behold another universe — voluminous scrolls of light, glittering with beauty, flashing with splendor, and sweeping a curve of most extraordinary form, and of most tremendous outlines.

3. Thus we may pass from planet to planet, from sun



to sun, from system to system. We may reach beyond the limits of this mighty stellar cluster with which we are allied. We may find other island universes sweeping through space. The great unfinished problem still remains—Whence came this universe? Have all these stars which glitter in the heavens been shining from all eternity? Has our globe been rolling around the sun for ceaseless ages? Whence, whence this magnificent architecture, whose architraves rise in splendor before us in every direction? Is it all the work of chance? I answer, No. It is not the work of chance.

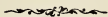
4. Who shall reveal to us the true cosmogony of the universe by which we are surrounded? Is it the work of an Omnipotent Architect? If so, who is this August Being? Go with me to-night, in imagination, and stand with old Paul, the great Apostle, upon Mars' Hill, and there look around you as he did. Here rises that magnificent building, the Parthenon, sacred to Minerva, the Goddess of Wisdom. There towers her colossal statue, rising in its majesty above the city of which she was the guardian—the first object to catch the rays of the rising, and the last to be kissed by the rays of the setting sun. There are the temples of all the gods; and there are the shrines of every divinity.

5. And yet I tell you these gods and these divinities, though created under the inspiring fire of poetic fancy and Greek imagination, never reared the stupendous structure by which we are surrounded. The Olympic Jove never built these heavens. The wisdom of Minerva never organized these magnificent systems. I say with St. Paul, "O Athenians, in all things I find you too superstitious; for in passing along your streets, I find an altar inscribed to the Unknown God—Him whom ye ignorantly worship; and this is the God I declare unto you—the God that made heaven and earth, who dwells not in temples made with hands."



6. No, here is the temple of our Divinity. Around us and above us rise sun and system, cluster and universe. And I doubt not that in every region of this vast empire of God, hymns of praise and anthems of glory are rising and reverberating from sun to sun and from system to system—heard by Omnipotence alone across immensity and through eternity!

*O. M. Mitchell.*



## LESSON 140.

### *THE TRUE GREATNESS OF OUR COUNTRY.*

**B**EHOLD here, then, the philosophy of all our studies on this grateful theme. We see only the rising of the sun of empire—only the fair seeds and beginnings of a great nation. Whether that glowing orb shall attain to a meridian height, or fall suddenly from its glorious sphere—whether those prolific seeds shall mature into autumnal ripeness, or shall perish yielding no harvest—depends on God's will and providence. But God's will and providence operate not by casualty or caprice, but by fixed and revealed laws.

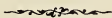
2. If we would secure the greatness set before us, we must find the way which those laws indicate, and keep within it. That way is new and all untried. We departed early—we departed at the beginning—from the beaten track of national ambition. Our lot was cast in an age of revolution—a revolution which was to bring all mankind from a state of servitude to the exercise of self-government—from under the tyranny of physical force to the gentle sway of opinion—from under subjection to matter to dominion over nature. It was ours to lead the way, to take up the cross of republicanism, and bear it before the nations, to fight its earliest battles, to enjoy its earliest triumphs, to illustrate its purifying

and elevating virtues, and by our courage and resolution, our moderation and our magnanimity, to cheer and sustain its future followers through the baptism of blood and the martyrdom of fire.

3. A mission so noble and benevolent demands a generous and self-denying enthusiasm. Our greatness is to be won by beneficence without ambition. We are in danger of losing that holy zeal. We are surrounded by temptations. Our dwellings become palaces, and our villages are transformed, as if by magic, into great cities. Fugitives from famine and oppression and the sword crowd our shores, and proclaim to us that we alone are free, and great, and happy. Ambition for martial fame and the lust of conquest have entered the warm, living, youthful heart of the republic. Our empire enlarges. The castles of enemies fall before our advancing armies; the gates of cities open to receive them. The continent and its islands seem ready to fall within our grasp, and more than even fabulous wealth opens under our feet. No public virtue can withstand, none ever encountered, such seductions as these. Our own virtue and moderation must be renewed and fortified under circumstances so new and peculiar.

4. Where shall we seek the influence adequate to a task so arduous as this? Shall we invoke the press and the desk? They only reflect the actual condition of the public morals, and cannot change them. Shall we resort to the executive authority? The time has passed when it could compose and modify the political elements around it. Shall we go to the senate? Conspiracies, seditions, and corruptions, in all free countries, have begun there. Where, then, shall we go, to find an agency that can uphold and renovate declining public virtue? Where should we go, but there, where all republican virtue begins and must end—where the Promethean fire is

ever to be rekindled, until it shall finally expire — where motives are formed and passions disciplined? To the domestic fireside and humble school, where the American citizen is trained.— *Seward*.



## LESSON 141.

## ABOU BEN ADHEM.

ABOU BEN ADHEM — (may his tribe increase!)—  
Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace,  
And saw, within the moonlight in his room,  
Making it rich, and like a lily in bloom,  
An Angel writing in a book of gold.

## 2.

Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold,  
And to the Presence in the room he said,  
“What writest thou?” The vision raised its head,  
And, with a voice made all of sweet accord,  
Answered, “The names of those who love the Lord.”  
“And is mine one?” said Abou. “Nay, not so,”  
Replied the Angel. . . .

## 3.

Abou spoke more low,  
But cheerily still; and said, “I pray thee, then,  
Write me as one who loves his fellow-men.”  
The Angel wrote, and vanished. The next night,  
It came again with a great wakening light,  
And showed the names whom love of God had blest,  
And, lo, Ben Adhem’s name led all the rest!

*Leigh Hunt.*

## LESSON 142.

*THE FORGING OF THE ANCHOR.*

COME, see the "Dolphin's" anchor forged; 't is at a white  
heat now;  
The bellows ceased, the flames decreased; though on the  
forge's brow  
The little flames still fitfully play through the sable  
mound;  
And fitfully you still may see the grim smiths ranking  
round,  
All clad in leathern panoply, their broad hands only  
bare;  
Some rest upon their sledges here, some work the wind-  
lass there.

## 2.

The windlass strains the tackle-chains, the black mound  
heaves below,  
And red and deep a hundred veins burst out at every  
throe;  
It rises, roars, rends all outright — O Vulcan, what a  
glow!  
'T is blinding white, 't is blasting bright; the high sun  
shines not so;  
The high sun sees not, on the earth, such fiery, fearful  
show;  
The roof-ribs swarth, the candent hearth, the ruddy, lurid  
row  
Of smiths, that stand, an ardent band, like men before  
the foe,  
As, quivering through his fleece of flame, the sailing  
monster slow  
Sinks on the anvil — all about the faces fiery grow —  
"Hurrah!" they shout; "leap out! — leap out!" bang,  
bang, the sledges go.

## 3.

Leap out, leap out, my masters; leap out and lay on  
load!

Let's forge a goodly anchor, a bower, thick and broad;  
For a heart of oak is hanging on every blow, I bode,  
And I see the good ship riding, all in a perilous road;  
The low reef roaring on her lee, the roll of ocean poured  
From stem to stern, sea after sea, the main-mast by the  
board;

The bulwarks down, the rudder gone, the boats stove at  
the chains;

But courage still, brave mariners, the bower yet remains,  
And not an inch to flinch he deigns save when ye pitch  
sky-high,

Then moves his head, as though he said, "Fear nothing  
— here am I!"

## 4.

Swing in your strokes in order, let foot and hand keep  
time;

Your blows make music sweeter far than any steeple's  
chime,

But while ye swing your sledges, sing; and let the  
burden be,

The anchor is the anvil king, and royal craftsmen we.

Strike in, strike in; the sparks begin to dull their  
rustling red;

Our hammers ring with sharper din, our work will soon  
be sped;

Our anchor soon must change his bed of fiery rich array,  
For a hammock at the roaring bows, or an oozy couch of  
clay;

Our anchor soon must change the lay of merry craftsmen  
here

For the yeo-heave-o, and the heave away, and the sighing  
seaman's cheer.

## 5.

In livid and obdurate gloom, he darkens down at last,  
A shapely one he is and strong, as e'er from cat was  
cast.

A trusted and trustworthy guard, if thou hadst life like  
me,

What pleasures would thy toils reward beneath the deep-  
green sea!

## 6.

O deep-sea diver, who might then behold such sights as  
thou?

The hoary monster's palaces! methinks what joy 't were  
now

To go plump, plunging down amid the assembly of the  
whales,

And feel the churned sea round me boil beneath their  
scourging tails!

Then deep in tangle woods to fight the fierce sea-unicorn,  
And send him foiled and bellowing back, for all his ivory  
horn;

To leave the subtle sworder-fish, of bony blade forlorn,  
And for the ghastly grinning shark, to laugh his jaws to  
scorn.

## 7.

O broad-armed fisher of the deep, whose sports can equal  
thine?

The "Dolphin" weighs a thousand tons, that tugs thy cable  
line;

And night by night 't is thy delight, thy glory day by  
day,

Through sable sea and breaker white, the giant game to  
play;

But, shamer of our little sports, forgive the name I  
gave;

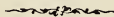
A fisher's joy is to destroy — thine office is to save.

## 8.

O lodger in the sea-king's halls, couldst thou but understand  
Whose be the white bones by thy side, or who that dripping band,  
Slow swaying in the heaving wave, that round about thee bend,  
With sounds like breakers in a dream, blessing their ancient friend ;  
O, couldst thou know what heroes glide with larger steps round thee,  
Thine iron side would swell with pride, thou'dst leap within the sea !

## 9.

Give honor to their memories, who left the pleasant strand  
To shed their blood so freely for the love of Fatherland —  
Who left their chance of quiet age and grassy churchyard grave  
So freely for a restless bed amid the tossing wave :  
O, though our anchor may not be all I have fondly sung,  
Honor him for their memory, whose bones he goes among !  
*S. Ferguson.*



## LESSON 143.

*THE CLOUDS.*

IT is a strange thing how little, in general, people know about the sky. It is the part of creation in which nature has done more for the sake of pleasing man, more for the sole and evident purpose of talking to him and teaching him, than in any other of her works, and it is just the part in which we least attend to her.

2. There are not many of her other works in which some more material or essential purpose than the mere pleasing of man is not answered by every part of their organization; but every essential purpose of the sky might, so far as we know, be answered if, once in three days or thereabouts, a great, ugly, black rain-cloud were brought up over the blue, and everything well watered, and so all left blue again till next time, with, perhaps, a film of morning and evening mist for dew.

3. And, instead of this, there is not a moment of any day of our lives when nature is not producing scene after scene, picture after picture, glory after glory, and working still upon such exquisite and constant principles of the most perfect beauty, that it is quite certain that it is all done for us, and intended for our perpetual pleasure. And every man, wherever placed, however far from other sources of interest or of beauty, has this doing for him constantly.

4. The noblest scenes of the earth can be seen and known but by few; it is not intended that man should live always in the midst of them; he injures them by his presence; he ceases to feel them if he be always with them. But the sky is for all; bright as it is, it is not "too bright nor good for human nature's daily food;" it is fitted, in all its functions, for the perpetual comfort and exalting of the heart; for soothing it, and purifying it from its dross and dust.

5. Sometimes gentle, sometimes capricious, sometimes awful; never the same for two moments together; almost human in its passions, almost spiritual in its tenderness, almost divine in its infinity, its appeal to what is immortal in us is as distinct as its ministry of chastisement or of blessing to what is mortal is essential.

6. And yet we never attend to it; we never make it a subject of thought, but as it has to do with our animal sensations; we look upon all by which it speaks to us



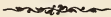
more clearly than to brutes, upon all which bears witness to the intention of the Supreme, that we are to receive more from the covering vault than the light and the dew, which we share with the weed and the worm, only as a succession of meaningless and monotonous accidents, too common and too vain to be worthy of a moment of watchfulness, or a glance of admiration.

7. If, in our moments of utter idleness and insipidity, we turn to the sky as a last resource, which of its phenomena do we speak of? One says it has been wet; and another, it has been windy; and another, it has been warm. Who, among the whole chattering crowd, can tell me of the forms and precipices of the chain of tall white mountains that gilded the horizon at noon yesterday? who saw the narrow sunbeam that came out of the south, and smote upon their summits, until they melted and mouldered away in a dust of blue rain? who saw the dance of the dead clouds, when the sunlight left them last night, and the west wind blew them before it like withered leaves.

8. All has passed unregretted or unseen; or, if the apathy be ever shaken off, even for an instant, it is only by what is gross or what is extraordinary. And yet it is not in the broad and fierce manifestations of the elemental energies, not in the clash of the hail nor the drift of the whirlwind, that the highest characters of the sublime are developed. God is not in the earthquake nor in the fire, but in the still, small voice. They are but the blunt and the low faculties of our nature, which can only be addressed through lamp-black and lightning.

9. It is in quiet and subdued passages of unobtrusive majesty: the deep, and the calm, and the perpetual; that which must be sought ere it is seen, and loved ere it is understood; things which the angels work out for us daily, and yet vary eternally; which are never wanting

and never repeated ; which are to be found always, yet each found but once — it is through these that the lesson of devotion is chiefly taught and the blessing of beauty given.— *John Ruskin.*



## LESSON 144.

### *THE MEN TO MAKE A STATE.*

**T**HE MEN, TO MAKE A STATE, MUST BE INTELLIGENT MEN. I do not mean that they must know that two and two make four ; or, that six per cent. a year is half per cent. a month. I take a wider and a higher range. I limit myself to no mere utilitarian intelligence. This has its place. And this will come almost unsought. The contact of the rough and rugged world will *force* men to it in self-defence. The lust of worldly gain will drag men to it for self-aggrandizement. But men *so* made, will never make a state. The intelligence which that demands, will take a wider and a higher range. Its study will be man. It will make history its cheap experience. It will read hearts. It will know men. It will first know *itself*. What else can govern men ? Who else can know the men to *govern* men ? The right of suffrage is a fearful thing. It calls for wisdom, and discretion, and intelligence, of no ordinary standard. It takes in, at every exercise, the interests of all the nation. Its results reach forward through time into eternity. Its discharge must be accounted for among the dread responsibilities of the great day of judgment. Who will go to it blindly ? Who will go to it passionately ? Who will go to it as a sycophant, a tool, a slave ? How many *do* ! *These* are not the men to make a state.

2. THE MEN, TO MAKE A STATE, MUST BE HONEST MEN. I do not mean men that would never *steal*. I do not mean men that would scorn to cheat in making change.

I mean men with a single *face*. I mean men with a single *eye*. I mean men with a single *tongue*. I mean men that consider always what is *right*; and do it at whatever cost. I mean men who can dine, like Andrew Marvel, on a neck of mutton; and whom, therefore, no king on earth can *buy*. Men that are in the market for the highest bidder; men that make politics their *trade*, and look to office for a *living*; men that will crawl, where they cannot climb; *these* are not the men to make a state.

3. THE MEN, TO MAKE A STATE, MUST BE BRAVE MEN. I do not mean the men that pick a *quarrel*. I do not mean the men that carry *dirks*. I do not mean the men that call themselves hard names; as Bouncers, Killers, and the like. I mean the men that walk with open face and unprotected breast. I mean the men that *do*, but do not *talk*. I mean the men that dare to stand alone. I mean the men that are *to-day* where they were *yesterday*, and *will* be there *to-morrow*. I mean the men that can stand still and take the storm. I mean the men that are afraid to *kill*, but not afraid to *die*. The man that calls hard names and uses threats; the man that stabs, in secret, with his tongue or with his pen; the man that moves a mob to deeds of violence and self-destruction; the man that freely offers his *last* drop of blood, but never sheds the *first* — *these* are not the men to make a state.

4. THE MEN, TO MAKE A STATE, MUST BE RELIGIOUS MEN. States are from God. States are dependent upon God. States are accountable to God. To leave God out of states, is to be Atheists. I do not mean that men must *cant*. I do not mean that men must wear long faces. I do not mean that men must talk of *conscience*, while they take your *spoons*. One shrewdly called hypocrisy, the tribute which vice pays to virtue. These masks and vizors, in like manner, are the forced conces-

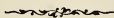
sion which a moral nature makes to him, whom, at the same time, it dishonors. I speak of men who feel and own a God. I speak of men who feel and own their sins. I speak of men who think the Cross no shame. I speak of men who have it in their heart as well as on their brow. The men that own no future, the men that trample on the Bible, the men that never pray, are *not* the men to make a *state*.

5. THE MEN, TO MAKE A STATE, ARE MADE BY FAITH. A man that has no faith, is so much *flesh*. His heart a *muscle*; nothing more. He has no *past*, for *reverence*; no *future*, for *reliance*. He lives. So does a clam. Both die. Such men can never make a state. There must be *faith*, which furnishes the fulcrum Archimedes could not find, for the long lever that should move the world. There must be faith to look through clouds and storms up to the sun that shines as cheerily on high as on creation's morn. There must be faith that can lay hold on Heaven, and let the earth swing from beneath it, if God will. There must be faith that can afford to sink the *present* in the *future*; and let *time* go, in its strong grasp upon *eternity*. This is the way that men are made, to make a state.

6. THE MEN, TO MAKE A STATE, ARE MADE BY SELF-DENIAL. The willow dallies with the water, and is fanned forever by its coolest breeze, and draws its waves up in continual pulses of refreshment and delight; and is a *willow*, after all. An acorn has been loosened, some autumnal morning, by a squirrel's foot. It finds a nest in some rude cleft of an old granite rock, where there is scarcely earth to cover it. It knows no shelter, and it feels no shade. It squares itself against the storms. It shoulders through the blast. It *asks* no favor, and *gives* none. It grapples with the rock. It crowds up towards the sun. It is an oak. It has been seventy years an oak. It *will* be an oak for *seven times* seventy years;

unless you need a man-of-war to thunder at the foe that shows a flag upon the shore, where freemen dwell: and then you take no willow in its daintiness and gracefulness; but that old, hardy, storm-stayed and storm-strengthened oak. So are the men made that will make a state.

7. THE MEN, TO MAKE A STATE, ARE THEMSELVES MADE BY OBEDIENCE. Obedience is the health of human hearts: obedience to God; obedience to father and to mother, who are, to children, in the place of God; obedience to teachers and to masters, who are in the place of father and of mother; obedience to spiritual pastors, who are God's ministers; and to the powers that be, which are ordained of God. Obedience is but self-government in action: and he can never govern men who does not govern first *himself*. Only such men *can* make a state.— *G. W. Doane.*



## LESSON 145.

MARCO BOZZARIS.

AT midnight, in his guarded tent,  
The Turk was dreaming of the hour  
When Greece, her knee in suppliance bent,  
Should tremble at his power;  
In dreams, through camp and court, he bore  
The trophies of a conqueror.

In dreams his song of triumph heard;  
Then wore his monarch's signet ring;  
Then press'd that monarch's throne, a king:  
As wild his thoughts, and gay of wing,  
As Eden's garden bird.

## 2.

At midnight, in the forest's shades,  
Bozzaris ranged his Suliot band,  
True as the steel of their tried blades,  
Heroes in heart and hand.  
There had the Persian's thousands stood,  
There had the glad earth drunk their blood,  
On old Plataea's day;  
And now there breathed that haunted air  
The sons of sires who conquered there,  
With arm to strike and soul to dare.  
As quick, as far, as they.

## 3.

An hour passed on,— the Turk awoke;  
That bright dream was his last;  
He woke, to hear his sentries shriek,—  
“To arms! — they come! — The Greek! the Greek!”  
He woke, to die 'midst flame and smoke,  
And shout, and groan, and sabre-stroke,  
And death-shots falling thick and fast  
As lightnings from the mountain-cloud;  
And heard, with voice as trumpet loud,  
Bozzaris cheer his band —  
“Strike — till the last armed foe expires!  
Strike — for your altars and your fires!  
Strike — for the green graves of your sires!  
God, and your native land!”

## 4.

They fought, like brave men, long and well;  
They piled the ground with Moslem slain:  
They conquered; but Bozzaris fell,  
Bleeding at every vein.  
His few surviving comrades saw  
His smile, when rang their proud hurrah





Fitz-Green Haller  
J





And the red field was won ;  
 Then saw in death his eyelids close  
 Calmly, as to a night's repose,  
 Like flowers at set of sun.

## 5.

Bozzaris ! with the storied brave  
 Greece nurtured in her glory's time,  
 Rest thee : there is no prouder grave,  
 Even in her own proud clime.  
 We tell thy doom without a sigh ;  
 For thou art Freedom's now, and Fame's,—  
 One of the few, the immortal names,  
 That were not born to die !

*Fitz-Greene Halleck.*

## LESSON 146.

*RIENZI'S ADDRESS TO THE ROMANS.*

I COME not here to talk. You know too well  
 The story of our thralldom. We are — slaves !  
 The bright sun rises to his course and lights  
 A race of — slaves ! He sets, and his last beams  
 Fall on a — slave ; not such as swept along  
 By the full tide of power, the conqueror led  
 To crimson glory and undying fame :  
 But — base — ignoble — slaves ; slaves to a horde  
 Of petty tyrants, feudal despots, lords,  
 Rich in some dozen paltry villages ;  
 Strong in some hundred spearmen ; only great  
 In that strange spell ; — a NAME.

## 2.

Each hour, dark fraud,  
 Or open rapine, or protected murder,

Cry out against them. But this very day,  
An honest man, my neighbor,—there he stands,—  
Was struck,—struck like a dog, by one who wore  
The badge of Ursin; because, forsooth,  
He tossed not high his ready cap in air,  
Nor lifted up his voice in servile shouts,  
At sight of that great ruffian! Be we men,  
And suffer such dishonor? men, and wash not  
The stain away in blood? Such shames are common,  
I have known deeper wrongs; I, that speak to ye,  
I had a brother once—a gracious boy,  
Full of gentleness, of calmest hope,  
Of sweet and quiet joy,—there was the look  
Of heaven upon his face, which limners give  
To the beloved disciple.

## 3.

How I loved

That gracious boy! Younger by fifteen years,  
Brother at once, and son! He left my side,  
A summer bloom on his fair cheek; a smile  
Parting his innocent lips. In one short hour,  
The pretty, harmless boy was slain! I saw  
The corse, the mangled corse, and then I cried  
For vengeance! ROUSE ye, ROMANS! ROUSE ye, SLAVES  
Have ye brave sons? Look in the next fierce brawl  
To see them die. Have ye fair daughters? Look  
To see them live, torn from your arms, distained,  
Dishonored; and if ye dare call for justice,  
Be answered by the lash.

## 4.

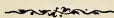
Yet this—is Rome,

That sat on her seven hills, and, from her throne  
Of beauty, ruled the world! Yet we are Romans!  
Why, in that elder day, to be a Roman,  
Was greater than a king!

## 5.

And once again,—

Hear me, ye walls, that echoed to the tread  
Of either Brutus! Once again, I swear  
The eternal city shall be free. — *Miss Mitford.*



## LESSON 147.

## A BACK-LOG STUDY.

IT must be confessed that a wood fire needs as much tending as a pair of twins. To say nothing of fiery projectiles sent into the room, even by the best wood, from the explosion of gases confined in its cells, the brands are continually dropping down, and coals are being scattered over the hearth. However much a careful housewife, who thinks more of neatness than enjoyment, may dislike this, it is one of the chief delights of a wood fire. I would as soon have an Englishman without side-whiskers as a fire without a big back-log; and I would rather have no fire than one that required no tending — one of dead wood that could not sing again the imprisoned songs of the forest, or give out in brilliant scintillations the sunshine it absorbed in its growth.

2. Flame is an ethereal sprite, and the spice of danger in it gives zest to the care of the hearth-fire. Nothing is so beautiful as springing, changing flame — it was the last freak of the Gothic architecture men to represent the fronts of elaborate edifices of stone as on fire, by the kindling flamboyant devices. A fireplace is, besides, a private laboratory, where one can witness the most brilliant chemical experiments, minor conflagrations only wanting the grandeur of cities on fire.

3. It is a vulgar notion that a fire is only for heat. A chief value of it is, however, to look at. It is a picture

framed between the jambs. You have nothing on your walls, by the best masters (the poor masters are not, however, represented), that is really so fascinating, so spiritual. Speaking like an upholsterer, it furnishes the room. And it is never twice the same. In this respect it is like the landscape view through a window, always seen in a new light, color, or condition. The fireplace is a window into the most charming world I ever had a glimpse of.

4. Yet direct heat is an agreeable sensation. I am not scientific enough to despise it, and have no taste for a winter residence on Mt. Washington, where the thermometer cannot be kept comfortable even by boiling. They say that they say in Boston that there is a satisfaction in being well dressed which religion cannot give. There is certainly a satisfaction in the direct radiance of a hickory fire which is not to be found in the fieriest blasts of a furnace. The hot air of a furnace is a sirocco; the heat of a wood fire is only intense sunshine, like that bottled in *Lacrimæ Christi*. Besides this, the eye is delighted, the sense of smell is regaled by the fragrant decomposition, and the ear is pleased with the hissing, crackling, and singing—a liberation of so many out-door noises.

5. Some people like the sound of bubbling in a boiling pot, or the fizzing of a flying spider. But there is nothing gross in the animated crackling of sticks of wood blazing on the hearth; not even if chestnuts are roasting in the ashes. All the senses are ministered to, and the imagination is left as free as the leaping tongues of flame.

6. The attention which a wood fire demands is one of its best recommendations. We value little that which costs us no trouble to maintain. If we had to keep the sun kindled up and going by private corporate action or act of Congress, and to be taxed for the support of cus-

toms officers of solar heat, we should prize it more than we do. Not that I should like to look upon the sun as a job, and have the proper regulation of its temperature get into politics, where we already have so much combustible stuff; but we take it quite too much as a matter of course, and, having it free, do not reckon it among the reasons for gratitude.

7. Many people shut it out of their houses as if it were an enemy, watch its descent upon the carpet as if it were only a thief of color, and plant trees to shut it away from the mouldering house. All the animals know better than this, as well as the more simple races of men; the old women of the southern Italian coasts sit all day in the sun and ply the distaff, as grateful as the sociable hens on the south side of a New England barn; the slow tortoise likes to take the sun upon his sloping back, soaking in color that shall make him immortal when the imperishable part of him is cut up into shell ornaments.

8. The capacity of a cat to absorb sunshine is only equaled by that of an Arab or an Ethiopian. They are not afraid of injuring their complexions. White must be the color of civilization; it has so many natural disadvantages. But this is politics. I was about to say that, however it may be with sunshine, one is always grateful for his wood fire, because he does not maintain it without some cost.

9. Yet I cannot but confess to a difference between sunlight and the light of a wood fire. The sunshine is entirely untamed. Where it rages most freely it tends to evoke the brilliancy rather than the harmonious satisfactions of nature. The monstrous growths and the flaming colors of the tropics contrast with our more subdued loveliness of foliage in bloom.

10. The birds of the middle region dazzle with their contrasts of plumage, and their voices are for screaming rather than singing. I presume the new experiments in

sound would project a macaw's voice in very tangled and inharmonious lines of light. I suspect that the fiercest sunlight puts people, as well as animals and vegetables, on extremes in all ways. A wood fire on the hearth is a kindler of the domestic virtues. It brings in cheerfulness and a family centre, and, besides, it is artistic. I should like to know if an artist could ever represent on canvas a happy family gathered round a hole in the floor called a register.

11. Given a fireplace, and a tolerable artist could almost create a pleasant family around it. But what could he conjure out of a register? If there was any virtue among our ancestors—and they labored under a great many disadvantages, and had few of the aids which we have to excellence of life—I am convinced they drew it mostly from the fireside. If it was difficult to read the eleven commandments by the light of a pine-knot, it was not difficult to get the sweet spirit of them from the countenance of the serene mother knitting in the chimney-corner.—*C. D. Warner.*



## LESSON 148.

### *ADVANTAGES OF A WELL-CULTIVATED MIND.*

HOW much soever a person may be engaged in pleasures, or encumbered with business, he will certainly have some moments to spare for thought and reflection. No one, who has observed how heavily the vacuities of time hang upon minds unfurnished with images, and unaccustomed to think, will be at a loss to make a just estimate of the advantages of possessing a copious stock of ideas, of which the combination may take a multiplicity of forms, and be varied to infinity.

2. Mental occupations are a pleasing relief from bodily

exertions, and from that perpetual hurry and wearisome attention, which, in most of the employments of life, must be given to objects which are no otherwise interesting than as they are necessary. The mind, in an hour of leisure, obtaining a short vacation from the perplexing cares of this world, finds, in its own contemplations, a source of amusement, of solace, and of pleasure. The tiresome attention that must be given to an infinite number of things, (which, singly and separately taken, are of little moment, but, collectively considered, form an important aggregate,) requires to be sometimes relaxed by thoughts and reflections of a more general and extensive nature, and directed to objects, of which the examination may open a more spacious field of exercise to the mind, give scope to its exertions, expand its ideas, present new combinations, and exhibit to the intellectual eye, images, new, various, sublime, or beautiful.

3. The time of action will not always continue. The young ought always to have this consideration present to their mind, that they must grow old, unless prematurely cut off by sickness or accident. They ought to contemplate the certain approach of age and decrepitude, and consider that all temporal happiness is of uncertain acquisition, mixed with a variety of alloy, and in whatever degree attained, only of short and precarious duration. Every day brings some disappointment, some diminution of pleasure, or some prostration of hope; and every moment brings us nearer to that period when the present scenes shall recede from view and future prospects cannot be formed.

4. This consideration displays, in a very interesting point of view, the beneficial effects of furnishing the mind with a stock of ideas that may amuse it in leisure, accompany it in solitude, dispel the gloom of melancholy, lighten the pressure of misfortune, dissipate the vexation arising from baffled projects, of disappointed hopes, and



relieve the tedium of that season of life, when new acquisitions can no more be made, and the mind can no longer flatter and delude us with its illusory hopes and promises.

5. When life begins, like a distant landscape, gradually to disappear, the mind can receive no solace but from its own ideas and reflections. Philosophy and literature, a knowledge of the works of God, and of the laws which govern the material and intellectual world, will then furnish us with an inexhaustible source of the most agreeable amusements, which, if blended with the sustaining power of our divine religion, will render old age as happy as youth was joyous.

6. The man of letters, when compared with one that is illiterate, exhibits nearly the same contrast as that which exists between a blind man and one that can see; and, if we consider how much literature enlarges the mind, and how much it multiplies, adjusts, rectifies, and arranges the ideas, it may well be reckoned equivalent to an additional sense. It affords pleasures which wealth cannot procure, and which poverty cannot entirely take away. A well cultivated mind places its possessor beyond the reach of those trifling vexations and inquietudes which continually harass and perplex those who have no resources within themselves, and, in some measure, elevates him above the smiles and frowns of fortune.

*Bigland.*



## LESSON 149.

### *THE BURIAL OF MOSES.*

BY Nebo's lonely mountain,  
On this side Jordan's wave,  
In a vale in the land of Moab,  
There lies a lonely grave;



And no man knows that sepulchre,  
And no man saw it e'er,  
For the angels of God upturned the sod,  
And laid the dead man there.

2. That was the grandest funeral  
That ever passed on earth ;  
But no man heard the trampling,  
Or saw the train go forth —  
Noiselessly as the daylight  
Comes back when night is done,  
And the crimson streaks on ocean's cheek  
Grow into the great sun.
3. Noiselessly as the spring-time  
Her crown of verdure weaves,  
And all the trees on all the hills  
Open their thousand leaves ;  
So without sound of music,  
Or voice of them that wept,  
Silently down from the mountain crown,  
The great procession swept.
4. Perchance the bald old eagle,  
On gray Beth-Peor's height,  
Out of his lonely eyry,  
Look'd on the wondrous sight.  
Perchance the lion stalking,  
Still shuns that hallow'd spot,  
For beast and bird have seen and heard  
That which man knoweth not.
5. But when the warrior dieth,  
His comrades in the war,  
With arms reversed and muffled drum,  
Follow his funeral car ;

They show the banners taken,  
They tell his battles won,  
And after him lead his masterless steed,  
While peals the minute-gun.

6. Amid the noblest of the land  
We lay the sage to rest,  
And give the bard an honor'd place,  
With costly marble drest,  
In the great minster transept  
Where lights like glories fall,  
And the organ rings, and the sweet choir sings,  
Along the emblazoned wall.
7. This was the truest warrior  
That ever buckled sword;  
This the most gifted poet  
That ever breathed a word;  
And never earth's philosopher  
Traced with his golden pen,  
On the deathless page, truths half so sage  
As he wrote down for men.
8. And had he not high honor,—  
The hill-side for a pall,  
To lie in state while angels wait  
With stars for tapers tall,  
And the dark rock-pines, like tossing plumes,  
Over his bier to wave,  
And God's own hand in that lonely land,  
To lay him in the grave?
9. In that strange grave, without a name,  
Whence his uncoffin'd clay  
Shall break again, oh, wondrous thought!  
Before the Judgment day,

And stand with glory wrapt around  
On the hills he never trod,  
And speak of the strife that won our life,  
With the Incarnate Son of God.

10. O lonely grave in Moab's land!  
O dark Beth-Peor's hill!  
Speak to these curious hearts of ours,  
And teach them to be still.  
God hath his mysteries of grace,  
Ways that we cannot tell;  
He hides them deep, like the hidden sleep  
Of him he loved so well.

*Mrs. Alexander.*



## LESSON 150.

### *EXTRACT FROM "THE DESERTED VILLAGE."*

SWEET was the sound, when oft, at evening's close,  
Up yonder hill the village murmur rose;  
There, as I passed with careless steps and slow,  
The mingling notes came softened from below:  
The swain responsive as the milkmaid sung;  
The sober herd that lowed to meet their young;  
The noisy geese that gabbled o'er the pool;  
The playful children just let loose from school;  
The watch-dog's voice that bayed the whispering wind  
And the loud laugh that spoke the vacant mind;—  
These all in sweet confusion sought the shade,  
And filled each pause the nightingale had made.

### 2.

But now the sounds of population fail;  
No cheerful murmurs fluctuate in the gale,

No busy steps the grass-grown footway tread,  
But all the bloomy flush of life is fled,  
All but yon widowed, solitary thing,  
That feebly bends beside the plashy spring;  
She, wretched matron, forced in age for bread  
To strip the brook with mantling cresses spread,  
To pick her wintry fagot from the thorn,  
To seek her nightly shed, and weep till morn;  
She only left of all the harmless train,  
The sad historian of the pensive plain.

## 3.

Near yonder copse, where once the garden smiled,  
And still where many a garden flower grows wild,  
There, where a few torn shrubs the place disclose,  
The village preacher's modest mansion rose.  
A man he was to all the country dear,  
And passing rich with forty pounds a year;  
Remote from towns he ran his godly race,  
Nor e'er had changed, nor wished to change, his place;  
Unskilful he to fawn, or seek for power,  
By doctrines fashioned to the varying hour;  
Far other aims his heart had learned to prize,  
More bent to raise the wretched than to rise.  
His house was known to all the vagrant train;  
He chid their wanderings, but relieved their pain;  
The long-remembered beggar was his guest,  
Whose beard descending swept his aged breast;  
The ruined spendthrift, now no longer proud,  
Claimed kindred there, and had his claims allowed;  
The broken soldier, kindly bade to stay,  
Sat by his fire, and talked the night away,  
Wept o'er his wounds, or, tales of sorrow done,  
Shouldered his crutch, and showed how fields were won,  
Pleased with his guests, the good man learned to glow,  
And quite forgot their vices in their woe.

Careless their merits or their faults to scan,  
His pity gave ere charity began.

## 4.

Thus to relieve the wretched was his pride,  
And e'en his failings leaned to virtue's side;  
But in his duty prompt at every call,  
He watched and wept, he prayed and felt for all;  
And, as a bird each fond endearment tries  
To tempt its new-fledged offspring to the skies,  
He tried each art, reproved each dull delay,  
Allured to brighter worlds, and led the way.

## 5.

Beside the bed where parting life was laid,  
And sorrow, guilt, and pain, by turns dismayed,  
The reverend champion stood. At his control  
Despair and anguish fled the struggling soul;  
Comfort came down the trembling wretch to raise,  
And his last faltering accents whispered praise.

## 6.

At church, with meek and unaffected grace,  
His looks adorned the venerable place;  
Truth from his lips prevailed with double sway,  
And fools, who came to scoff, remained to pray.  
The service past, around the pious man,  
With steady zeal, each honest rustic ran;  
E'en children followed with endearing wile,  
And plucked his gown to share the good man's smile.  
His ready smile, a parent's warmth expressed;  
Their welfare pleased him, and their cares distressed;  
To them his heart, his love, his griefs were given,  
But all his serious thoughts had rest in heaven.

As some tall cliff that lifts its awful form,  
Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm.  
Though round its breast the rolling clouds are spread  
Eternal sunshine settles on its head.

*Goldsmith.*



## LESSON 151.

### *THE IRISH-DISTURBANCE BILL.*

I DO not rise to fawn or cringe to this house. I do not rise to supplicate you to be merciful towards the nation to which I belong,—towards a nation which, though subject to England, yet is distinct from it. It is a distinct nation; it has been treated as such by this country, as may be proved by history, and by seven hundred years of tyranny.

2. I call upon this house, as you value the liberty of England, not to allow the present nefarious bill to pass. In it are involved the liberties of England, the liberty of the press, and of every other institution dear to Englishmen.

3. Against the bill I protest in the name of this Irish people, and in the face of Heaven. I treat with scorn the puny and pitiful assertions that grievances are not to be complained of, that our redress is not to be agitated! for, in such cases, remonstrances cannot be too strong, agitation cannot be too violent, to show to the world with what injustice our fair claims are met, and under what tyranny the people suffer.

4. There are two frightful clauses in this bill. The one which does away with trial by jury, and which I have called upon you to baptize: you call it a court-martial,—a mere nickname; I stigmatize it as a revolutionary tribunal. What, in the name of Heaven, is it, if it is not a revolutionary tribunal?

5. It annihilates the trial by jury; it drives the judge from his bench,—the man who, from experience, could weigh the nice and delicate points of a case; who could discriminate between the straightforward testimony and the suborned evidence; who could see, plainly and readily, the justice or injustice of the accusation.

6. It turns out this man who is free, unshackled, unprejudiced; who has no previous opinions to control the clear exercise of his duty. You do away with that which is more sacred than the throne itself,—that for which your king reigns, your lords deliberate, your commons assemble.

7. If ever I doubted before of the success of our agitation for repeal, this bill, this infamous bill, the way in which it has been received by the house, the manner in which its opponents have been treated, the personalities to which they have been subjected, the yells with which one of them has this night been greeted,—all these things dissipate my doubts, and tell me of its complete and early triumph.

8. Do you think those yells will be forgotten? Do you suppose their echo will not reach the plains of my injured and insulted country; that they will not be whispered in her green valleys, and heard from her lofty hills?

9. Oh, they will be heard there! Yes; and they will not be forgotten. The youth of Ireland will bound with indignation: they will say, "We are eight millions; and you treat us thus, as though we were no more to your country than the isle of Guernsey or of Jersey!"

10. I have done my duty; I stand acquitted to my conscience and my country; I have opposed this measure throughout; and I now protest against it as harsh, oppressive, uncalled for, unjust,—as establishing an infamous precedent by retaliating crime against crime,—as tyrannous, cruelly and vindictively tyrannous.

*Daniel O'Connell.*

## LESSON 152.

*AN APPEAL TO ARMS.*

**MR. PRESIDENT:** It is natural for man to indulge in the illusions of hope. We are apt to shut our eyes against a painful truth, and listen to the song of that siren till she transforms us into beasts. Is this the part of wise men, engaged in a great and arduous struggle for liberty?

2. Are we disposed to be of the number of those who, having eyes, see not, and having ears, hear not, the things which so nearly concern their temporal salvation? For my part, whatever anguish of spirit it may cost, I am willing to know the whole truth; to know the worst, and to provide for it.

3. I have but one lamp by which my feet are guided; and that is the lamp of experience. I know of no way of judging of the future but by the past. And, judging by the past, I wish to know what there has been in the conduct of the British ministry for the last ten years, to justify those hopes with which gentlemen have been pleased to solace themselves and the house.

4. Is it that insidious smile with which our petition has been lately received? Trust it not, sir; it will prove a snare to your feet. Suffer not yourselves to be betrayed with a kiss. Ask yourselves how this gracious reception of our petition comports with those warlike preparations which cover our waters and darken our land.

5. Are fleets and armies necessary to a work of love and reconciliation? Have we shown ourselves so unwilling to be reconciled, that force must be called in to win back our love? Let us not deceive ourselves, sir. These are the implements of war and subjugation,—the last arguments to which kings resort.

6. I ask gentlemen, sir, what means this martial array, if its purpose be not to force us to submission? Can



gentlemen assign any other possible motive for it? Has Great Britain any enemy in this quarter of the world, to call for all this accumulation of navies and armies? No, sir, she has none. They are meant for us; they can be meant for no other.

7. They are sent over to bind and rivet upon us those chains which the British ministry have been so long forging. And what have we to oppose to them? Shall we try argument? Sir, we have been trying that for the last ten years. Have we anything new to offer upon the subject? Nothing. We have held the subject up in every light of which it is capable; but it has been all in vain.

8. Shall we resort to entreaty and humble supplication? What terms shall we find, which have not been already exhausted? Let us not, I beseech you, sir, deceive ourselves longer. Sir, we have done everything that could be done, to avert the storm which is now coming on. We have petitioned, we have remonstrated, we have supplicated; we have prostrated ourselves before the throne, and have implored its interposition to arrest the tyrannical hands of the ministry and parliament.

9. Our petitions have been slighted; our remonstrances have produced additional violence and insult; our supplications have been disregarded; and we have been spurned, with contempt, from the foot of the throne. In vain, after these things, may we indulge the fond hope of peace and reconciliation. There is no longer any room for hope.

10. If we wish to be free; if we mean to preserve inviolate those inestimable privileges for which we have been so long contending; if we mean not basely to abandon the noble struggle in which we have been so long engaged, and which we have pledged ourselves never to abandon until the glorious object of our contest shall be obtained,—we must fight!—I repeat it, sir, we must

fight! An appeal to arms, and to the God of hosts, is all that is left to us.

11. They tell us, sir, that we are weak, — unable to cope with so formidable an adversary. But when shall we be stronger? Will it be the next week, or the next year? Will it be when we are totally disarmed, and when a British guard shall be stationed in every house?

12. Shall we gather strength by irresolution and inaction? Shall we acquire the means of effectual resistance by lying supinely on our backs, and hugging the delusive phantom of hope, until our enemies shall have bound us hand and foot?

13. Sir, we are not weak, if we make a proper use of those means which the God of nature hath placed in our power. Three millions of people, armed in the holy cause of Liberty, and in such a country as that which we possess, are invincible by any force which our enemy can send against us.

14. Besides, sir, we shall not fight our battles alone. There is a just God, who presides over the destinies of nations, and who will raise up friends to fight our battles for us. The battle, sir, is not to the strong alone; it is to the vigilant, the active, the brave. Besides, sir, we have no election. If we were base enough to desire it, it is now too late to retire from the contest.

15. There is no retreat, but in submission and slavery! Our chains are forged. Their clanking may be heard on the plains of Boston! The war is inevitable, — and let it come! — I repeat it, sir, let it come! It is vain, sir, to extenuate the matter. Gentlemen may cry, Peace, peace! but there is no peace. The war is actually begun!

16. The next gale that sweeps from the north will bring to our ears the clash of resounding arms! Our brethren are already in the field! Why stand we here idle? What is it that gentlemen wish? What would they have? Is life so dear, or peace so sweet, as to be

purchased at the price of chains and slavery? Forbid it, Almighty God. I know not what course others may take, but, as for me, give me liberty, or give me death.

*Patrick Henry.*



## LESSON 153.

### *APOSTROPHE TO THE OCEAN.*

THERE is a pleasure in the pathless woods.  
There is a rapture on the lonely shore,  
There is society, where no one intrudes,  
By the deep sea, and music in its roar;  
I love not man the less, but nature more,  
From these our interviews, in which I steal  
From all I may be, or have been before,  
To mingle with the universe, and feel  
What I can ne'er express, yet cannot all conceal.

#### 2.

Roll on, thou deep and dark blue Ocean — roll!  
Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain;  
Man marks the earth with ruin — his control  
Stops with the shore; — upon the watery plain  
The wrecks are all thy deed, nor doth remain  
A shadow of man's ravage, save his own,  
When for a moment, like a drop of rain,  
He sinks into thy depths with bubbling groan,  
Without a grave, unknelled, uncoffined, and unknown.

#### 3.

The armaments which thunderstrike the walls  
Of rock-built cities, bidding nations quake,  
And monarchs tremble in their capitals;  
The oak leviathans, whose huge ribs make  
Their clay creator the vain title take  
Of lord of thee, and arbiter of war,—  
These are thy toys, and, as the snowy flake,

They melt into thy yeast of waves, which mar  
Alike the Armada's pride or spoils of Trafalgar.

## 4.

Thy shores are empires, changed in all save thee:—  
Assyria, Greece, Rome, Carthage, what are they?  
Thy waters wasted them while they were free,  
And many a tyrant since; their shores obey  
The stranger, slave, or savage; their decay  
Has dried up realms to deserts; not so thou;  
Unchangeable save to thy wild waves' play,  
Time writes no wrinkle on thy azure brow;  
Such as creation's dawn beheld, thou rollest now.

## 5.

Thou glorious mirror, where the Almighty's form  
Glasses itself in tempests; in all time,  
Calm or convulsed,—in breeze, or gale, or storm,  
Icing the pole, or in torrid clime,  
Dark heaving; boundless, endless, and sublime,—  
The image of Eternity,—the throne  
Of the Invisible; even from out thy slime  
The monsters of the deep are made; each zone  
Obeys thee; thou goest forth, dread, fathomless, alone.

## 6.

And I have loved thee, Ocean! and my joy  
Of youthful sports was on thy breast to be  
Borne, like thy bubbles, onward: from a boy  
I wanton'd with thy breakers,—they to me  
Were a delight; and if the freshening sea  
Made them a terror, 't was a pleasing fear;  
For I was, as it were, a child of thee,  
And trusted to thy billows far and near,  
And laid my hand upon thy mane,—as I do here.

*Byron.*

## LESSON 154.

## CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE.

HALF a league, half a league,  
Half a league onward,  
All in the valley of death  
Rode the six hundred.  
*"Forward, the Light Brigade!  
Charge for the guns!"* he said,  
Into the valley of death  
Rode the six hundred.

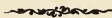
2. *"Forward, the Light Brigade!"*  
Was there a man dismayed?  
Not though the soldier knew  
Some one had blundered:  
Theirs not to make reply,  
Theirs not to reason why,  
Theirs but to do and die;  
Into the valley of death  
Rode the six hundred.
3. Cannon to right-of them,  
Cannon to left of them,  
Cannon in front of them,  
Volleyed and thundered;  
Stormed at with shot and shell,  
Boldly they rode and well,  
Into the jaws of death  
Into the mouth of hell,  
Rode the six hundred.
4. Flashed all their sabres bare,  
Flashed as they turned in air,  
Sabring the gunners there,  
Charging an army, while

All the world wondered :  
Plunged in the battery-smoke,  
Right through the line they broke ;  
Cossack and Russian  
Reeled from the sabre-stroke,  
Shattered and sundered,  
Then they rode back, but not —  
Not the six hundred.

5. Cannon to right of them,  
Cannon to left of them,  
Cannon behind them  
Volleyed and thundered ;  
Stormed at with shot and shell,  
While horse and hero fell,  
They that had fought so well  
Came through the jaws of death  
Back from the mouth of hell,  
All that was left of them —  
Left of six hundred.

6. When can their glory fade ?  
Oh, the wild charge they made !  
All the world wondered.  
Honor the charge they made !  
Honor the Light Brigade —  
Noble six hundred !

*Alfred Tennyson.*



## LESSON 155.

*LIBERTY AND UNION.*

I PROFESS, sir, in my career hitherto, to have kept steadily in view the prosperity and honor of the whole country, and the preservation of our Federal Union. It is to that Union we owe our safety at home, and our consideration and dignity abroad. It is to that Union that we are chiefly indebted for whatever makes us most proud of our country.

2. That Union we reached only by the discipline of our virtues in the severe school of adversity. It had its origin in the necessities of disordered finance, prostrate commerce, and ruined credit. Under its benign influences these great interests immediately awoke, as from the dead, and sprang forth with newness of life.

3. Every year of its duration has teemed with fresh proofs of its utility and its blessings; and, although our territory has stretched out wider and wider, and our population spread farther and farther, they have not out-run its protection or its benefits. It has been to us all a copious fountain of national, social, and personal happiness.

4. I have not allowed myself, sir, to look beyond the Union to see what might lie hidden in the dark recess behind. I have not coolly weighed the chances of preserving liberty when the bonds that unite us together shall be broken asunder. I have not accustomed myself to hang over the precipice of disunion to see whether, with my short sight, I can fathom the depth of the abyss below; nor could I regard him as a safe counselor in the affairs of this government whose thoughts should be mainly bent on considering not how the Union may be best preserved, but how tolerable might be the condition of the people when it should be broken up and destroyed.

5. While the Union lasts, we have high, exciting,

gratifying prospects spread out before us, for us and our children. Beyond that I seek not to penetrate the veil. God grant that in my day, at least, that curtain may not rise! God grant that on my vision never may be opened what lies behind! When my eyes shall be turned to behold, for the last time, the sun in heaven, may I not see him shining on the broken and dishonored fragments of a once glorious Union; on States dissevered, discordant, belligerent; on a land rent with civil feuds, or drenched, it may be, in fraternal blood!

6. Let their last feeble and lingering glance rather behold the gorgeous ensign of the Republic, now known and honored throughout the earth, still full-high advanced, its arms and trophies streaming in their original luster, not a stripe erased or polluted, nor a single star obscured; bearing for its motto no such miserable interrogatory as *What is all this worth?* nor those other words of delusion and folly — *Liberty first and Union afterwards*; but everywhere, spread all over in characters of living light, blazing on all its ample folds as they float over the sea and over the land, and in every wind under the whole heavens, that other sentiment, dear to every true American heart — *Liberty AND Union, now and forever, one and inseparable!* — *Daniel Webster,*



## LESSON 156.

### MARGARET OF VALOIS.

THERE were few cities of the Netherlands more picturesque in situation, more trimly built, and more opulent of aspect than the little city of Namur. Seated at the confluence of the Sombre with the Meuse, and throwing over each river a bridge of solid but graceful structure, it lay in the lap of a most fruitful valley. A



broad, crescent-shaped plain, fringed by the rapid Meuse, and inclosed by gently rolling hills, cultivated to their crests, or by abrupt precipices of limestone, crowned with verdure, was divided by numerous hedgerows, and dotted all over with cornfields, vineyards, and flower-gardens.

2. Many eyes have gazed with delight upon that well-known and most lovely valley, and many torrents of blood have mingled with those glancing waters since that long-buried and most sanguinary age; and still placid as ever is the valley, brightly as ever flows the stream. Even now, as in that vanished but never-forgotten time, nestles the little city in the angle of the two rivers; still directly over its head seems to hang, in mid-air, the massive and frowning fortress, like the gigantic helmet in the fiction, as if ready to crush the pigmy town below.

3. It was this famous citadel, crowning an abrupt precipice five hundred feet above the river's bed, and placed near the frontier of France, which made the city so important, and which had now attracted Don John's attention in this hour of his perplexity. The unexpected visit of a celebrated personage furnished him with the pretext which he desired.

4. The beautiful Margaret of Valois, Queen of Navarre, who was proceeding to the baths of Spa to drink the waters, came to mingle the golden thread of her feminine intrigues with the dark woof of the Netherland destinies. Few spirits have been more subtle, few faces so fatal as hers.

5. True child of the Medicean mother, worthy sister of Charles, Henry, and Francis, princes forever infamous in the annals of France, she possessed more beauty and wit than Mary of Scotland, more learning and accomplishments than Elizabeth of England. In the blaze of her beauty, according to the inflated language of her most determined worshiper, the wings of all rivals were

melted. Heaven required to be raised higher and earth made wider, before a full sweep could be given to her own majestic flight.

6. We are further informed that she was a Minerva for eloquence; that she composed matchless poems, which she sang most exquisitely to the sound of her lute; and that her familiar letters were so full of genius, that "poor Cicero" was but a fool to her in the same branch of composition. The world has shuddered for ages at the dark tragedy of her nuptials. Was it strange that hatred and murder should follow in the train of a wedding thus hideously solemnized? — *J. Lothrop Motley.*



## LESSON 157.

### ANTONY'S ORATION OVER THE DEAD BODY OF CÆSAR.

FRIENDS, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears;  
I come to bury Cæsar, not to praise him.  
The evil that men do, lives after them;  
The good is oft interred with their bones;  
So let it be with Cæsar! The noble Brutus  
Hath told you, Cæsar was ambitious:  
If it were so, it were a grievous fault,  
And grievously hath Cæsar answered it.  
Here, under leave of Brutus and the rest,  
(For Brutus is an honorable man;  
So are they all, all honorable men;)  
Come I to speak in Cæsar's funeral.

He was my friend, faithful and just to me:  
But Brutus says he was ambitious;  
And Brutus is an honorable man.  
He hath brought many captives home to Rome,  
Whose ransoms did the general coffers fill:  
Did this in Cæsar seem ambitious?

When that the poor have cried, Cæsar hath wept;  
Ambition should be made of sterner stuff;  
Yet Brutus says, he was ambitious;  
And Brutus is an honorable man.  
You all did see, that, on the Lupercal,  
I thrice presented him a kingly crown,  
Which he did thrice refuse. Was this ambition?  
Yet Brutus says, he was ambitious,  
And sure, he is an honorable man.  
I speak not to disprove what Brutus spake,  
But here I am to speak what I do know.  
You all did love him once, not without cause;  
What cause withholds you, then, to mourn for him?  
O judgment, thou art fled to brutish beasts,  
And men have lost their reason! Bear with me;  
My heart is in the coffin, there, with Cæsar,  
And I must pause till it come back to me.

. . . . .  
But yesterday, the word of Cæsar might  
Have stood against the world; now lies he there,  
And none so poor to do him reverence.  
O masters! if I were disposed to stir  
Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage,  
I should do Brutus wrong, and Cassius wrong,  
Who, you all know, are honorable men:  
I will not do them wrong; I rather choose  
To wrong the dead, to wrong myself and you,  
Than I will wrong such honorable men.

But here's a parchment, with the seal of Cæsar;  
I found it in his closet, 'tis his will;  
Let but the commons hear this testament,  
(Which, pardon me, I do not mean to read,)  
And they would go and kiss dead Cæsar's wounds  
And dip their napkins in his sacred blood;  
Yea, beg a hair of him for memory,  
And, dying, mention it within their wills,

Bequeathing it as a rich legacy  
Unto their issue.

Have patience, gentle friends, I must not read it ;  
It is not meet you know how Cæsar loved you ;  
You are not wood, you are not stones, but men ;  
And being men, hearing the will of Cæsar,  
It will inflame you, it will make you mad.  
'Tis good you know not that you are his heirs ;  
For if you should, O, what would come of it !

Will you be patient ? Will you wait awhile ?  
I have o'ershot myself to tell you of it.  
I fear I wrong the honorable men  
Whose daggers have stabbed Cæsar. I do fear it.  
You will compel me then to read the will ?  
Then make a ring about the corpse of Cæsar,  
And let me show you him that made the will.

*[He comes down from the pulpit.]*

If you have tears, prepare to shed them now.  
You all do know this mantle : I remember  
The first time ever Cæsar put it on :  
'T was on a summer's evening, in his tent,  
That day he overcame the Nervii ;  
Look ! in this place, ran Cassius' dagger through ;  
See, what a rent the envious Casca made ;  
Through this, the well-beloved Brutus stabbed ;  
And, as he plucked his cursed steel away,  
Mark how the blood of Cæsar followed it.

. . . . .

This was the most unkindest cut of all ;  
For, when the noble Cæsar saw him stab,  
Ingratitude, more strong than traitors' arms,  
Quite vanquished him, then burst his mighty heart ;  
And, in his mantle muffling up his face,  
Great Cæsar fell.

Oh, what a fall was there, my countrymen !  
Then I, and you, and all of us fell down,

Whilst bloody treason flourished over us.  
Oh, now you weep; and I perceive you feel  
The dint of pity. These are gracious drops.  
Kind souls! What, weep you, when you but behold  
Our Cæsar's vesture wounded? Look you here,  
Here is himself, marred, as you see, by traitors.

*1st Citizen.* O piteous spectacle!

*2d Citizen.* O noble Cæsar!

*3d Citizen.* We will be revenged! Revenge! about,—  
Seek,—burn,—fire,—kill,—slay!—let not a traitor live.

*Antony.* Good friends, sweet friends, let me not stir  
you up

To such a sudden flood of mutiny.

They that have done this deed are honorable,

And will, no doubt, with reason answer you.

I came not, friends, to steal away your hearts;

I am no orator, as Brutus is;

But, as you know me all, a plain, blunt man,

That loves my friend; and that they know full well

That gave me public leave to speak of him.

For I have neither wit, nor words, nor worth,

Action, nor utterance, nor the power of speech,

To stir men's blood. I only speak right on:

I tell you that which you yourselves do know;

Show you sweet Cæsar's wounds, poor, poor, dumb mouths,

And bid them speak for me. But were I Brutus,

And Brutus Antony, there were an Antony

Would ruffle up your spirits, and put a tongue

In every wound of Cæsar, that should move

The stones of Rome to rise and mutiny.

*Shakespeare.*



## LESSON 158.

*THE SCHOOLMASTER AND THE CONQUEROR.*

THERE is nothing which these adversaries of improvement are more wont to make themselves merry with than what is termed the "*march of intellect*;" and here I will confess that I think, as far as the phrase goes, they are in the right. It is a very absurd, because a very incorrect, expression. It is little calculated to describe the operation in question. It does not picture an image at all resembling the proceedings of the true friends of mankind. It much more resembles the progress of the enemy to all improvement.

2. The conqueror moves in a march. He stalks onward with the "pride, pomp, and circumstance of war,"—banners flying, shouts rending the air, guns thundering, and martial music pealing, to drown the shrieks of the wounded, and the lamentations of the slain. Not thus the schoolmaster, in his peaceful vocation. He meditates and prepares in secret the plans which are to bless mankind; he slowly gathers round him those who are to further their execution; he quietly, though firmly, advances in his humble path, laboring steadily, but calmly, till he has opened to the light all the recesses of ignorance, and torn up by the roots the weeds of vice. His is a progress not to be compared with anything like a march; but it leads to a far more brilliant triumph, and to laurels more imperishable, than the destroyer of his species, the scourge of the world, ever won.

3. Such men—men deserving the glorious title of Teachers of mankind—I have found laboring conscientiously, though perhaps obscurely, in their blessed vocation, wherever I have gone. I have found them, and shared their fellowship, among the daring, the ambitious, the ardent, the indomitably active French; I have found them among the persevering, resolute, industrious Swiss;

I have found them among the high-minded, but enslaved, Italians; and in our own country, God be thanked, their numbers everywhere abound, and are every day increasing.

4. Their calling is high and holy; their fame is the property of nations; their renown will fill the earth in after-ages, in proportion as it sounds not far off in their own times. Each one of those great teachers of the world, possessing his soul in peace, performs his appointed course,—awaits in patience the fulfilment of the promises, and, resting from his labors, bequeaths his memory to the generation whom his works have blessed, and sleeps under the humble, but not inglorious epitaph, commemorating “one in whom mankind lost a friend, and no man got rid of an enemy.”—*Lord Brougham*.

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## LESSON 159.

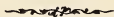
### BATTLE OF HOHENLINDEN.

ON Linden, when the sun was low,  
All bloodless lay the untrodden snow;  
And dark as winter was the flow  
Of Iser, rolling rapidly.

2. But Linden saw *another* sight,  
When the drum beat at dead of night,  
Commanding fires of death to light  
The darkness of her scenery.
3. By torch and trumpet fast arrayed,  
Each horseman drew his battle-blade;  
And furious every charger neigh'd,  
To join the dreadful revelry.

4. Then shook the hills with thunder riven;  
Then rush'd the steed to battle driven;  
And, louder than the bolts of heaven,  
Far flash'd the red artillery.
5. But redder yet that light shall glow  
On Linden's hills of stained snow;  
And bloodier yet the torrent flow  
Of Iser, rolling rapidly.
6. 'Tis morn; but scarce yon level sun  
Can pierce the war-clouds, rolling dun,  
Where furious Frank and fiery Hun  
Shout in their sulphurous canopy.
7. The combat deepens. *On*, ye brave,  
Who rush to glory, or the grave!  
*Wave*, Munich, all thy banners *WAVE*!  
And charge with all thy chivalry!
8. Few, few shall part where many meet!  
The snow shall be their winding-sheet,  
And every turf beneath their feet  
Shall be a soldier's sepulchre.

*Thomas Campbell.*



## LESSON 160.

### THOUGHTS OF HOME.

I 'VE been thinking of home, of "my Father's house,  
Where the many mansions be,"  
Of the city whose streets are paved with gold,  
Of its jasper walls, so fair to behold,  
Which the righteous alone shall see.



## 2.

I've been thinking of home, where they need not the  
light

Of the sun, nor moon, nor star;  
Where the gates of pearl "are not shut by day,  
For no night is there," but the weary may  
Find rest from the world afar.

## 3.

I've been thinking of home, of the river of life  
That flows through the city so pure;  
Of the tree that stands by the side of the stream,  
Whose leaves in mercy with blessings teem,  
The sin-wounded soul to cure.

## 4.

I've been thinking of home, of the loved ones there,  
Dear friends who have gone before,  
With whom we walked to the death-river side,  
And sadly thought, as we watched the tide,  
Of the happy days of yore.

## 5.

I've been thinking of home, and my heart is full  
Of love for the Lamb of God,  
Who his precious life as a ransom gave  
For a simple race, e'en *our* souls to save  
From justice's avenging rod.

## 6.

I've been thinking of home, and I'm homesick now;  
My spirit doth long to be  
In "the better land," where the ransomed sing  
Of the love of Christ, their Redeemer, King,  
Of mercy so costly, so free.

## 7.

I've been thinking of home, yea, "home, sweet home;"  
Oh! there may we all unite  
With the white-robed throng, and forever raise  
To the triune God sweetest songs of praise,  
With glory, and honor, and might!



## LESSON 161.

*THE ALHAMBRA BY MOONLIGHT.*

[The palace or castle called the Alhambra consists of the remains of a very extensive and ancient pile of buildings in Spain, erected by the Moors when they were rulers of the country.]

I HAVE given a picture of my apartment on my first taking possession of it: a few evenings have produced a thorough change in the scene and in my feelings. The moon, which then was invisible, has gradually gained upon the nights, and now rolls in full splendor above the towers, pouring a flood of tempered light into every court and hall. The garden beneath my window is gently lighted up; the orange and citron trees are tipped with silver; the fountain sparkles in the moonbeams; and even the blush of the rose is faintly visible.

2. I have sat for hours at my window, inhaling the sweetness of the garden, and musing on the checkered features of those whose history is dimly shadowed out in the elegant memorials around. Sometimes I have issued forth at midnight, when everything was quiet, and have wandered over the whole building. Who can do justice to a moonlight night in such a climate, and in such a place!

3. The temperature of an Andalusian midnight in summer is perfectly ethereal. We seem lifted up into a purer atmosphere; there is a serenity of soul, a

buoyancy of spirits, an elasticity of frame, that render mere *existence* enjoyment. The effect of moonlight, too, on the Alhambra, has something like enchantment. Every rent and chasm of time, every mouldering tint and weather stain, disappears; the marble resumes its original whiteness; the long colonnades brighten in the moonbeams; the halls are illuminated with a softened radiance, until the whole edifice reminds one of the enchanted palace of an Arabian tale.

4. At such a time, I have ascended to the little pavilion, called the queen's toilet, to enjoy its varied and extensive prospect. To the right, the snowy summits of the Sierra Nevada, would gleam, like silver clouds, against the darker firmament, and all the outlines of the mountain would be softened, yet delicately defined. My delight, however, would be to lean over the parapet of the Tecador, and gaze down upon Grenada, spread out like a map below me: all buried in deep repose, and its white palaces and convents sleeping, as it were, in the moonshine.

5. Sometimes, I would hear the faint sounds of castanets from some party of dancers lingering in the Alameda; at other times, I have heard the dubious tones of a guitar, and the notes of a single voice rising from some solitary street, and have pictured to myself some youthful cavalier, serenading his lady's window; a gallant custom of former days, but now sadly on the decline, except in the remote towns and villages of Spain.

6. Such are the scenes that have detained me for many an hour loitering about the courts and balconies of the castle, enjoying that mixture of reverie and sensation which steal away existence in a southern climate, and it has been almost morning before I have retired to my bed, and been lulled to sleep by the falling waters of the fountain of Lindaraxa.—*Washington Irving.*

## . LESSON 162.

*MIDNIGHT MUSINGS.*

THE bell strikes One. We take no note of time  
But from its loss : to give it then a tongue  
Is wise in man. As if an angel spoke,  
I feel the solemn sound. If heard aright,  
It is the knell of my departed hours.  
Where are they? With the years beyond the flood  
It is the signal that demands dispatch.  
How much is to be done! My hopes and fears  
Start up alarmed, and o'er life's narrow verge  
Look down — on what? A fathomless abyss,  
A dread eternity, how surely mine!  
And can eternity belong to me,  
Poor pensioner on the bounties of an hour?

## 2.

How poor, how rich, how abject, how august,  
How complicate, how wonderful is man!  
How passing wonder, He who made him such!  
Who centred in our make such strange extremes  
From different natures marvelously mixed,  
Connection exquisite of distant worlds!  
Distinguished link in being's endless chain!  
Midway from nothing to the Deity!  
A beam ethereal, sullied, and absorpt!  
Though sullied and dishonored, still divine!  
Dim miniature of greatness absolute!  
An heir of glory! a frail child of dust!  
Helpless immortal! insect infinite!  
A worm! a god! — I tremble at myself,  
And in myself am lost. At home a stranger,  
Thought wanders up and down, surprised, aghast,  
And wondering at her own. How reason reels!  
O what a miracle to man is man!

Triumphantly distressed ! what joy ! what dread !  
Alternately transported and alarmed ;  
What can preserve my life ! or what destroy !  
An angel's arm can't snatch me from the grave ;  
Legions of angels can't confine me there.

## 3.

'T is past conjecture ; all things rise in proof.  
While o'er my limbs Sleep's soft dominion spread,  
What though my soul fantastic measures trod  
O'er fairy fields, or mourned along the gloom  
Of pathless woods, or down the craggy steep  
Hurled headlong, swam with pain the mantled pool  
Or scaled the cliff, or danced on hollow winds  
With antic shapes, wild natives of the brain !  
Her ceaseless flight, though devious, speaks her nature  
Of subtler essence than the trodden clod ;  
Active, aerial, towering, unconfined,  
Unfettered with her gross companion's fall.  
Even silent night proclaims my soul immortal ;  
Even silent night proclaims eternal day.  
For human weal Heaven husbands all events :  
Dull sleep instructs, nor sport vain dreams in vain.  
*Young.*

## BIOGRAPHICAL NOTES.

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CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER, one of America's best humorous writers, was born in Deerfield, Mass., in 1829, and graduated at Hamilton College, in 1851, with President White, of Cornell University, and Gen. Joseph Hawley, of Connecticut, as classmates. He studied law, and was admitted to the bar, in Philadelphia, in 1856, in which city, as also in Chicago, he practised his profession. In 1867 he was made associate editor of the *Hartford Courant*, a position which he has held ever since. His first literary work was done for *Putnam's Magazine*. *My Summer in a Garden*, *Being a Boy*, and *Back-Log Studies* are some of his most popular books.

REV. JOHN PIERPONT, a Unitarian clergyman of Massachusetts, was born at Litchfield, Conn., in 1785, and died in 1866. He was the author of many hymns and odes written for religious and national occasions. One of his most popular poems is *The Pilgrim Fathers*.

JOSIAH GILBERT HOLLAND, author, journalist and editor, was b. in Mass., July 24th, 1819, and d. at New York, Oct. 12, 1881. From 1849 to 1866, he was the editor of the *Springfield Republican*. Among his noted works are *Letters to the Young*, *Gold Foil*, *Bitter Sweet*, *Nicholas Minturn*, etc. From 1870 to his death, he was editor-in-chief of *Scribner's Magazine*, now known as *The Century Magazine*.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER was born at Haverhill, Mass., Dec. 17, 1807, and died at Hampton Falls, N. H., Dec. 17, 1891, on his 84th birthday. He was a noted story-teller and published two volumes of legends in his youth. At 23 he succeeded Geo. D. Prentice as editor of the *New England*

*Weekly Review*, at Hartford, Ct. He was sent to the Massachusetts Legislature in 1836-37, and settled in Amesbury, Mass., in 1840. From 1847 to 1859, he was a leading writer for the *National Era*, at Washington. His ballad period was 1858 to 1868. Two years before his death, he revised and published his complete works in 7 volumes.

MRS. SARAH J. HALE (SARAH JOSEPHA BUELL) was born in Newport, N. H. Her education was principally directed by her mother and a brother. After her marriage, it was continued by her husband, David Hale, a gentleman who was both a fine literary scholar and an eminent lawyer. At his death in 1822, she was compelled to resort to literature as a profession. She died in Philadelphia, April 30, 1879.

REV. E. H. CHAPIN was a Universalist minister. He began the study of law in early life, but soon abandoned it for the ministry. He was a native of the State of New York. His first congregation was in the city of Richmond, Va., in 1838, but in 1848 he located in the city of New York, where he died in 1880. He was most popular as an orator and lecturer.

WASHINGTON IRVING, a native of New York, was born in 1783, and died in 1859. He began his career as a writer with a series of essays for his brother's *Morning Chronicle* in 1802. His health being poor, he spent two years in Europe, and on his return in 1806, he was admitted to the bar, but he never gave his profession much attention. Among his best works are his *History of New York*, by Diedrich Knickerbocker, *The Sketch-Book*, *The Life of Columbus*, and *The Life of Washington*. His style as a writer is marked by grace and refinement. From 1842 to 1846, Mr. Irving held the office of United States Minister to Spain.

CHARLES DICKENS, who was regarded as the most popular novelist of his day, was born in the town of Portsmouth, England, in 1812, and died June 9, 1870. He began life as a reporter of the debates in Parliament, a calling which his father



also had pursued. His first literary work was in connection with the *London Morning Chronicle*, for which he prepared a series of articles under the title *Sketches by Boz*, which became at once very popular. These were soon followed by one of Dickens' most popular works, *The Pickwick Papers*. No other novelist was the equal of Dickens in drawing pictures of life whose truthfulness was so promptly recognized by the people. His best works are thought to be *The Pickwick Papers*, *Nicholas Nickleby*, and *David Copperfield*.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES, born at Cambridge, Mass., Aug. 29, 1809, where he died Oct. 7, 1894, was one of the wittiest of writers. He was elected a professor in Dartmouth Medical School in 1838. From 1847 to 1882, he was professor of anatomy and physiology in Harvard College. He contributed to the *Atlantic Monthly* the *Autocrat of the Breakfast Table*, the *Professor at the Breakfast Table*, and the *Poet at the Breakfast Table*. He wrote three volumes of poems and the memoirs of Emerson and Motley, besides several novels among which *Elsie Venner* is the most noted. His last work was, *Over the Teacups*.

JEAN PAUL FREDERICK RICHTER, one of the most popular writers of Germany, was born in 1763, and died in 1825. He is frequently called *Jean Paul*. Most of his works, of which there were quite a number, consisted of novels.

CHARLES SPRAGUE was a writer of both prose and poetry. He was born in Boston in 1791. He entered a mercantile house at the age of thirteen, and at the age of twenty-five he was made one of the partners. He afterwards became cashier of the Globe Bank, when it was established in 1825.

WILLIS GAYLORD CLARK, a writer of both prose and poetry, was a native of New York. Mr. Clark was born in 1810, and died in 1841. His career as a writer began with the establishment of a paper in Philadelphia, which did not succeed. At the time of his death, however, he was editor and proprietor



of the *Philadelphia Gazette*, the oldest daily journal of that city.

LORD CHATHAM (WILLIAM PITT) was a member of the House of Lords of the British Parliament. He was born in 1708 and died in 1778. He was first elected to Parliament in 1736, and, by his commanding eloquence and brilliant oratory, soon won for himself an exalted position. During the Revolutionary War in America, he was always a warm friend of the oppressed American colonies, and some of his most eloquent speeches were made in their behalf.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW, the most eminent of American poets, was born in Portland, Maine, in 1807. He graduated at Bowdoin College, with Franklin Pierce and Nathaniel Hawthorne as classmates, in 1825. In 1826 he was appointed Professor of Modern Languages in this institution, and was elected Professor of Belles-Lettres in Harvard University in 1835. Among his best poems is *Evangeline*. Mr. Longfellow died at Cambridge, March 24, 1882. As a writer, he is the representative of a school of which he was the founder. His writings are mainly poetical, and are distinguished for their simplicity, grace, and refinement.

CHARLES MACKAY, a very popular poet, was born in Perth, Scotland, in 1814; died, 1889. He practised law, but found literature much more congenial, and took up authorship as his profession. In 1844, after serving nine years as editor of the *Morning Chronicle*, he became editor of the *Glasgow Argus*, and two years later was made Doctor of Laws by Glasgow University.

HARRIET BEECHER STOWE, a daughter of Rev. Dr. Lyman Beecher, was born in Litchfield, Conn., in 1812. In 1833 she married Prof. Calvin E. Stowe, an eminent Hebrew scholar and theologian. Her most remarkable work as an author, *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, was given to the public in 1852. Mrs. Stowe is one of the most industrious of writers, and always has been popular with the reading public.

VICTOR MARIE HUGO, a native of Besançon, France, was born in 1802. He is the author of *Les Misérables*, *The Toilers of the Sea*, and other works. He is known as the leader of the modern school in literature as against the classics. Being thoroughly democratic in his feelings, he lived for many years a voluntary exile on the island of Guernsey, while France was an empire. He died in 1885.

JAMES HOGG, popularly known as the Ettrick Shepherd, was an English poet. He was born in 1772, and died in 1835. His earlier years were spent as a shepherd, but later in life, as he became successful as a writer of poetry, he supported himself chiefly by his pen. His efforts as a poet were at first unsuccessful, but his reputation was soon established and his ability recognized.

MRS. CAROLINE E. S. NORTON, the granddaughter of the celebrated Richard Brinsley Sheridan, was a native of England. Her husband was the Hon. George Chappel Norton. One of her most popular works is entitled *The Dream, and Other Poems*. The moral tone of all of Mrs. Norton's writings is pure and elevated. Mrs. Norton was born in 1808; d. 1877.

WILLIAM WIRT was an eloquent orator and a fine writer of essays and biography. He was born in Maryland in 1772. At the age of eight years he became an orphan, and at fifteen a private tutor. At the age of twenty he was admitted to the bar, and rose rapidly to distinction in his profession, becoming Attorney-General of the United States in 1817. His *Sketches of the Life and Character of Patrick Henry* is one of his best works as an author. Mr. Wirt died in 1834.

REV. JACOB DUCHÉ, who at the suggestion of Samuel Adams opened the old Continental Congress, in 1774, with prayer, was a native of Philadelphia. He was born in 1738. He was Chaplain to the Congress of 1776 for some time. It is said his style of speaking was a model of ease and grace.

JOHN G. SAXE, an American humorous poet, was born in Highgate, Vermont, in the year 1816. He was graduated at Middlebury College in 1839, and soon after began the study of law, which he made his profession for life. Mr. Saxe is the author of a large number of humorous poems and satires, all of which are pleasing to the reader. He died in 1887.

BASIL HALL, born in 1788, was best known as a traveler. He was a native of England. Several volumes, including accounts of his travels in Corea, in North America, and in Chili, Peru, etc., were his chief literary productions. He died in 1844.

J. T. HEADLEY (JOEL TYLER) is an American writer of considerable note. He is a graduate of Union College, N. Y. After leaving college, he studied for the ministry at Auburn Theological Seminary, but he was compelled to relinquish this calling on account of ill health. Some of Mr. Headley's best works are *Washington and his Generals*, *Napoleon and his Marshals*, and *The Adirondack, or Life in the Woods*. Mr. Headley was born in Delaware County, N. Y., in the year 1814.

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM, born in 1784, was a native of Scotland. He was apprenticed in boyhood to his uncle, who was a country builder, or mason. Allan, however, soon connected himself with the London papers as a writer. His life was "a fine example of successful original talent and perseverance." He was the author of many poems, and was also popular as a writer of prose. He died at London, Oct. 30, 1842.

JOHN NEAL, a native of Portland, Maine, was born in 1794. He wrote almost half a score of novels, all of them stamped by the vigorous character of the author. He wrote also a number of spirited poems. He studied law, was admitted to the bar, and seems to have been as industrious in the practice of his profession as in his literary work. He died in 1847.

CHARLES E. ARTHUR GAYARRÉ was born in Louisiana, in

1805. He was educated at New Orleans College, and afterwards studied law in Philadelphia. After having been admitted to the bar in that city, he returned to New Orleans, and published in French a *Historical Essay on Louisiana*. He is the author of a history of Louisiana and a number of comedies and romances.

THOMAS MOORE, familiarly known as TOM MOORE, was born in Dublin, Ireland, in 1780. He was a poet of rare wit and sensibility. His poetic powers were early developed,—he having written a sonnet to his schoolmaster at the age of fourteen. His most extended work is *Lalla Rookh*, an oriental romance. His *Paradise and the Peri* is one of the most popular and one of the most frequently read. Moore was a graduate of Trinity College, Dublin, of the class of 1799. He pursued his study of the law in London, but gave himself up wholly to literature. He died in England in 1852.

BENJAMIN F. TAYLOR, born in 1822, is a native of New York. He is a son of President Taylor, of Madison University. He is best known as a lecturer and magazine writer, although he has published a number of books; among others, *January and June*, a book filled with beautiful sentiments, quaintly and tersely expressed; *In Camp and Field*, and *Attractions of Language*. Mr. Taylor was for a number of years editor of the *Chicago Evening Journal*. He died in 1887.

ALICE CAREY, a sprightly American poetess, was born near Cincinnati, Ohio, in 1822, and died in 1870. In 1850, she, with her younger sister, Phoebe, published her first book of poems. She also wrote several volumes of sketches in prose; these, like her poems, being drawn from her own personal observations of life and nature.

HANNAH MORE, a writer of both prose and poetry, was a native of England. She was born in Gloucestershire in 1745, and died in 1833. Her father was a teacher of some note at Bristol, to which place he moved when Hannah was yet a small

child. She withdrew from the attractions and gayeties of fashionable society, and adopted in her writings the style of the novelist, in order to convey moral and religious instruction. She was the personal friend of Sir Joshua Reynolds, the painter, and Dr. Samuel Johnson, the poet. Few writers in any language have done so much good by their writings as Hannah More.

CHARLES LAMB, a distinguished essayist and critic, was born in London in 1775. His most popular writings were a series of essays signed *Elia*. These were published in the *London Magazine* and other periodicals between the years 1820 and 1833. He died on the 27th of December, 1834.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN was born in Boston, Mass., January 17, 1706. He was apprenticed to his brother, a printer in that city, but at the age of seventeen he left Boston and settled in Philadelphia, where he published the *Pennsylvania Gazette*, and became writer, statesman, and philosopher. During Franklin's life, few enterprises of great merit in either his adopted city or State were undertaken without his influence and aid. He was a prominent signer of the Declaration of Independence, and was sent on missions in behalf of the government to both England and France. He died April 17, 1790.

JAMES MONTGOMERY was a religious poet of high reputation. He was born at Irvine, in Ayrshire, in 1771. His first volume of poetry, *The Wanderer in Switzerland*, was published in 1806. He was editor of the *Sheffield Register* from 1795 to 1825, a period of thirty years. He died in 1854.

GEORGE MACDONALD is a Scotch clergyman, born in 1824. He has also won some reputation as a novelist and as a lecturer.

W. H. PRESCOTT (WILLIAM HICKLING), an American writer of history and biography, was born in Salem, Mass., in 1796, and died in 1859. He was a graduate of Harvard University,

class of 1814. After graduating, he spent two years in Europe. His first work published was *Ferdinand and Isabella*, in 1837, which was so well received that the author at once rose to distinction. His first work was immediately reprinted in France, Germany, and Spain. Among his best works is the *History of Philip the Second*. Mr. Prescott's style is a model, and admirably adapted to historical composition.

J. T. TROWBRIDGE (JOHN TOWNSEND) is a native of Ogden, N. Y., born in 1827. His early life was spent on the farm, but at the age of nineteen he began literary life in New York city as a writer for the press. He is now (1878) a resident of Arlington, Mass. His style is sparkling and graceful, and, above all, in sympathy with nature. He is a popular author of poems and novelettes.

THOMAS HUGHES, the popular author of *Tom Brown's School-Days at Rugby* and *Tom Brown at Oxford*, was born in England in 1823. He was educated at Rugby, under Dr. Arnold, and at Oxford University. After practising law eight years, he was elected a member of Parliament, and has been in public life continuously since.

W. C. BRYANT (WILLIAM CULLEN), one of America's best poets, was a native of Cummington, Mass. He was born in 1794, and died on the 12th of June, 1878. As early as the age of ten, he made translations from the Latin poets, which were published. He received his education at Williams College, and then studied law, which profession he practised for ten years. In 1826 he became connected with the *New York Evening Post*, and continued to be editor of that paper up to the time of his death, a continuous service of fifty-two years.

REV. DR. ELIPHALET NOTT was born in 1773, in Ashford, Conn. At the age of thirty-one, he was called upon to take charge of Union College in New York. He succeeded in a short time in making it rank with the first in the country. He held the position of President of this college for over sixty years.



WILLIAM GILMORE SIMMS was born in Charleston, S. C., in 1806, and died in 1870. He was a lawyer by profession, but finding literature more congenial, he abandoned the law and took to literature as a profession. While he is known in all departments of literature, he is best known as a novelist. *The Yemassee*, *The Partisan*, and *Eutaw* are among his best works.

EDWARD EVERETT, orator and statesman, was born in Massachusetts in 1794, and died in 1865. He was a graduate of Harvard, class of 1811. He was educated for the ministry, and was a most popular and eloquent clergyman for four years. Having been elected Professor of Greek in Harvard University, he spent four years in Europe preparing himself for his work, but on his return soon became engaged in politics, and was made Governor of Massachusetts. He was also Minister to England and Secretary of State under the United States Government, and at one time was President of Harvard. His chief fame as a literary man rests on his orations.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL, born at Cambridge, Mass., Feb. 22, 1819, where he died Aug. 12, 1891, is a noted poet, essayist and diplomat. In 1855, he was elected to the chair of Belles-Lettres in Harvard College; but, before entering upon his duties, he spent two years abroad studying Old French and Provençal poetry. From 1857-62 he was editor of the *Atlantic Monthly* and, from 1863-72, of the *North American Review*. He was our minister to Spain 1877-80, and to Great Britain, 1880-85.

JOHN MILTON, author of *Paradise Lost*, was a native of England, having been born in London in 1608. His father was a respectable scrivener. John received his education at Christ's College, Cambridge, and was distinguished even during his university career as a poet. His most famous composition is *Paradise Lost*, which was dictated to his daughter, as it was written after Milton had become blind. It is said that all that he received for the manuscript of this poem was twenty-eight pounds, or less than one hundred and forty dollars. Milton died in 1674.

GEORGE D. PRENTICE, a writer of both prose and poetry, was born in Connecticut, December 18, 1802. He received his education at Brown University, and studied law, but adopted literature as his profession. He first established a paper at Hartford, Conn., but about the year 1830 moved to Louisville, and became editor of the *Louisville Journal*, which post he held for something over thirty years. In his prose composition, he was noted for his keen wit and cutting satire. D. 1870.

GAIL HAMILTON (MARY ABIGAIL DODGE), of Hamilton, is a native of Massachusetts, born in 1838. She is best known by her numerous contributions to the magazine literature of the day. She is a shrewd observer of men and manners, and writes with an earnest pen.

T. B. READ (THOMAS BUCHANAN), painter and poet, was born in Chester County, Penna., March 12, 1822. At the age of seventeen, he went to Cincinnati and studied sculpture. He moved successively to New York and Boston, but in 1846 became a resident of Philadelphia. In 1853 Mr. Read went to Florence, Italy, and resided most of the time at Florence and Rome up to the year 1872, when he died.

G. C. VERPLANCK (GULIAN CROMMELIN), a native of New York, was educated at Columbia College. After being admitted to the bar, he spent several years in Europe. He acquired his chief reputation as a literary man through a series of addresses, mainly historical and biographical in their character.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE was a dramatist and poet. He was born at Stratford-on-Avon, England, in 1564, and died in 1616. At the age of eighteen he married Anne Hathaway, who was eight years his senior. But little is known of his early life. At the age of twenty-four he was an actor, and one of the proprietors of Blackfriars Theatre. Soon after this he began to write dramas, and rose to the first rank at once. He also wrote a number of poems, but his reputation rests mainly on his dramas.



JOHN RUSKIN, a widely known art critic, was born in London in 1819, and graduated at Oxford University in 1842. He has devoted his whole life to the study of the fine arts, particularly painting and architecture, and has won a world-wide reputation by his fearlessness as a critic.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY, an English poet, was born in 1792, and was drowned in the Mediterranean in 1822. He very early manifested poetic ability of a high order. He was sent to Eton to school, and after leaving there, entered University College, Oxford, but was expelled before completing his course. His *Hymn to Intellectual Beauty* and his *Hymn to Mont Blanc* are among his best poems.

ALFRED TENNYSON, poet-laureate of England, was born in Lincolnshire in 1809. He was educated at Trinity College, Cambridge. His first efforts as a poet were unfavorably received, but later, in 1842, when he published another volume, it at once met with a favorable reception, and passed through many editions. To the majority of readers he is best known by his shorter poems, but he has written others, *In Memoriam*, *The Idyls of the King*, etc., which give to him the claim of being the first poet of England. He died in 1892.

O. M. MITCHELL (ORMSBY McKNIGHT) was an American astronomer. He was born in Kentucky in 1810, and died at Beaufort, S. C., in 1862. His early education was received at Lebanon, Ohio. In 1829 he was made Assistant Professor of Mathematics and Astronomy at West Point, and held this position two years. He then studied law in Cincinnati, and practised his profession until 1834, when he was elected Professor of Mathematics, Philosophy, and Astronomy in Cincinnati College. At the time of his death he was a major-general in the United States Army. He was the author of several popular works on astronomy.

LEIGH HUNT (JOHN HENRY LEIGH), a popular English writer, was born in London, October 19, 1784. He was edu-

cated at Christ Church Hospital. At the age of fifteen he entered the office of an attorney, and next became a clerk in the War Office, but finally adopted literature as his profession. In 1805 his brother established *The News*, and Leigh wrote the theatrical criticisms. In 1808 the two brothers established *The Examiner*, which at once rose to a very high rank, and exerted great influence on account of its independence and the high grade of talent and scholarship which it displayed. Leigh Hunt was one of the most industrious of writers, and his productions were all of a pleasing character. He died in 1859.

BARRY CORNWALL (BRYAN WALLER PROCTOR) was born in England in 1790. He was educated at Harrow, studied law, and was admitted to the bar in 1831. He is best known by his shorter poems and his songs. His first efforts seem to have been the most kindly received. He died in 1874.

JOSEPH ADDISON, one of the most graceful writers of English, was born in England in 1672, and died in 1719. His style was a model of grace, elegance, and refinement. Addison was both a poet and a dramatist, but his fame rests chiefly on his essays written for the *Spectator*, the *Tattler*, and the *Guardian*. These essays, written on the topics suggested by the times, are models of the finest diction, and should be studied by every one attempting to make literature either a pastime or a profession.

WILLIAM HOWITT, an agreeable and instructive writer of prose, was a native of England, having been born in Derbyshire in 1795. He received his education mainly in the schools of the Society of Friends, being descended from a family of that society. He was the husband of Mary Howitt, also a graceful writer of English. Mr. Howitt was one of the most industrious of writers, and everything that has come from his pen is of an elevating nature. He died in the year 1879.

SIR WALTER SCOTT was born in Edinburgh in 1771, and died in 1832. He was the most famous of historical novelists. He

was educated at the University of Edinburgh, and became a lawyer in 1792. At the age of forty-nine he received a baronetcy. His first success was the *Lay of the Last Minstrel*. His *Waverley* novels are without a rival. The secret of Scott's success lies in his admirable description of scenes and events in real life and his industry and perseverance as a writer. In this particular he had no superiors.

JAMES PARTON was born in England in 1822, but came to the United States in early childhood. He is a writer chiefly of biography, and in this department has been a very popular and very industrious one. He has been successful in drawing vivid pictures of the personages of whom he has written. His first book was the *Life of Horace Greeley*, published in 1855, to which he has added the biographies of Jackson, Jefferson, Burr, and others. He died in Newburyport, Mass., 1891.

THOMAS CARLYLE, a brilliant and caustic essayist, was born in Scotland in 1795. He was the son of a farmer. His education was conducted at Edinburgh University. Carlyle had a great aversion to anything of the nature of sham or pretence, and no writer has more heroically or more faithfully combated error in this shape. One of his best works is *Sartor Resartus*. It is, in fact, the one which first made him famous as a writer. His *History of the French Revolution* is also a masterpiece. Among his other works are *Hero Worship*, *Past and Present*, etc. He died February 5, 1881.

EMILY C. JUDSON (EMILY CHUBBUCK) was the wife of Rev. Adoniram Judson. She was born in 1817, and died in 1854. She became a teacher at the age of fourteen and taught until she was married, at the age of twenty-three. Her spare time was occupied in writing for the newspapers. She was the author of a number of Sunday-school books, writing under the name of Fanny Forester. In 1846 she married Mr. Judson, who was a missionary to Burmah.

JOSEPHINE POLLARD is an American writer of poetry. She

is a frequent contributor of short sprightly poems for the magazines of the day.

DR. JOHN BROWN was a Scottish writer. He was born in Edinburgh in the year 1810, and was educated in the University of Edinburgh. He died in 1882.

CHARLES SUMNER, orator and statesman, was a native of Massachusetts. He was born in Boston in January, 1811, and died March 11, 1874. He graduated at Harvard in 1830, and studied law under the direction of the celebrated Judge Story. Mr. Sumner's chief fame as a literary man was won by his oratory. He was a member of the United States Senate from 1850 to the time of his death, a period of over twenty-three years.

THEODORE KÖRNER was a celebrated German poet and soldier. He was born at Dresden in 1791. He was killed in a battle against the French, near Rosenberg, August 26, 1813.

LORD BYRON (GEORGE GORDON NOEL), an English poet, was born in 1788, and died in 1824. He was a student at Trinity College, Cambridge. He left college at the age of nineteen, and prepared a volume of poems, which was ridiculed by the *Edinburgh Review*. A year later he published a powerful satire, entitled *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers*, which at once brought him prominently to notice. His best work is generally thought to be *Childe Harold*, one of his earliest productions.

LOUISA MARIA ALCOTT was born in Germantown, Pennsylvania, in 1832, but has since spent most of her life in Massachusetts. She received her education mostly at the hands of her father. Her first literary success was *Little Women*, published in 1867, though she had been writing for the press nearly twenty years. She wrote *Little Men*, *An Old-Fashioned Girl*, and other works of a similar character, all of which have been popular. She died at Boston, 1888.

JAMES GATES PERCIVAL, an American poet, was born in Connecticut in 1795. He was the son of a physician. At the age of sixteen he entered Yale College, and graduated in 1815. He then studied medicine and located in Charleston, S. C. He was sometime afterwards appointed Professor of Chemistry at West Point, but finding his duties occupying more of his time than he anticipated, he resigned. Dr. Percival's first literary success was his poem *Prometheus*. He was an eminent linguistic scholar. He died at Hazel Green, Wis., May 2, 1856.

JAMES SHERIDAN KNOWLES was the son of an English master and teacher of elocution. He was born in Cork, Ireland, in 1784. He is known as the most successful writer of tragic dramas of the nineteenth century. He was educated in London, to which city his father removed in 1792. In 1836 Mr. Knowles made a visit to the United States. Previous to his writing dramas he was a teacher of elocution, part of the time in Belfast and Glasgow. He died in 1862.

SIR EDWARD BULWER (LORD LYTTON) was born in England in 1805, and died in 1873. He was educated at Trinity College, Cambridge, graduating in 1826. He became a Member of Parliament in 1832, and continued a member till 1841. He was again re-elected in 1852. In 1856 he was made Lord Rector of the University of Glasgow. While Bulwer was one of the most versatile of writers,—being novelist, poet, dramatist, critic, essayist, and historian,—he is the best known by his novels. He did well in all departments of literature, but excelled in this.

RUFUS CHOATE, one of America's most eloquent orators, was born at Ipswich, Mass., October 1, 1799. He received his education at Dartmouth, and after graduating took a law course at Cambridge. He was at one time a student in the office of the celebrated William Wirt. From 1842 to 1845 he was a member of the United States Senate, being the successor of Daniel Webster. His literary reputation rests on his speeches and orations. He died in 1859.

THOMAS DE QUINCEY, an English essayist, was born in Manchester, August 15, 1785. He received his education at the Manchester Grammar-School and Oxford University. He wrote for many of the leading magazines of his time. De Quincey died on the 8th of December, 1859.

EDWARD YOUNG, the author of *Night Thoughts*, was born in 1681, at Upham, in England. He was educated at Winchester School, and subsequently at All Souls' College, Oxford. Most of Young's life was spent as a courtier and a poet. His best works are *Night Thoughts* and *Universal Passion*. He died in 1765, at the ripe age of eighty-four.

FRANCIS BACON, Viscount of St. Alban's and Baron Verulam, was an English philosopher and statesman. He was born in London in 1561, and died in 1626. He was one of the most profound thinkers and writers of the age in which he lived.

WILLIAM H. SEWARD was a native of New York State. He was born in 1801, and died in 1872. He was educated at Union College. After completing his college course, he studied law, and practised his profession in Auburn, N. Y. He was at one time Governor of New York State. He was also elected a member of the United States Senate in 1849, and was re-elected in 1855. Mr. Seward's reputation as a literary man rests mainly on his speeches.

SAMUEL FERGUSON is a native of Ireland. He was born in Belfast in 1810. He is both lawyer and poet. He has also won some fame as a writer of prose in the *Dublin University Magazine*. He died at Howth, August 9, 1886.

GEORGE WASHINGTON DOANE was born in Trenton, N. J., May 27, 1799. He graduated from Union College in 1818. In 1824 he was appointed Professor of Belles-Lettres in Trinity College, Hartford, and in 1832 he was made Bishop of New Jersey. Bishop Doane was an excellent writer of both poetry



and prose, his poems being mostly short and of a lyric character. He died at Burlington, N. J., 1859.

FITZ-GREENE HALLECK, an American poet, was born at Guilford, Conn., in August, 1795. He began writing verses at a very early age. Much of his life was spent as a book-keeper in a banking-house in New York. Most of his literary work was done for the *Evening Post*, and others of Bryant's periodicals. His poetry is characterized by its perfect versification. Halleck died in 1867.

MARY RUSSELL MITFORD was an English poet. In addition to her verses, she wrote three tragedies, of which *Rienzi* alone proved a success. She was born at Alresford, England, in 1789, and died in 1855. One of Miss Mitford's best works is entitled *Recollections of a Literary Life; or, Books, Places, and People*.

MRS. CECIL FRANCES ALEXANDER is a writer of sacred poems and hymns. She was born in Ireland, her maiden name being Humphreys, under which her first works appeared. She is the wife of the Rev. William Alexander, rector in Strabane, Ulster.

DANIEL O'CONNELL was a celebrated Irish patriot and statesman.

PATRICK HENRY, a distinguished American patriot and orator, was a native of Virginia. He was a member of the Virginia Legislature.

DANIEL WEBSTER was born in Salisbury, N. H., January 18, 1782. He was the son of a farmer. Webster received his first instruction from his mother. He entered Dartmouth College in 1797, and graduated August 26, 1801. He was admitted to the bar in 1805, and practised his profession as a lawyer in his native State until the year 1816, when he removed to Boston, Mass. He was for a number of years a member of the House of Representatives, and a member of the United States

Senate for a period of eighteen years. He was made Secretary of State under President Fillmore. His literary fame rests on his many orations. Webster died on the 24th of October, 1852.

JOHN LOTHROP MOTLEY, an American historical writer, was a native of Boston. He was educated at Harvard, where he graduated in 1831. One of his best works is his *Rise of the Dutch Republic*. *The History of the United Netherlands* is of equal merit. Mr. Motley was Minister to Austria under President Johnson's administration. He was born in 1814, and died in May, 1877.

HENRY (LORD) BROUGHAM, a distinguished statesman, orator, and scholar, was born in Edinburgh in 1778. He received his education in the High School of Edinburgh and in the University. He was called to the bar first in Scotland, but subsequently went to London, and practised his profession in that city. He became a member of Parliament in 1810. In 1825 he was elected Lord Rector of the University of Edinburgh, his competitor being Sir Walter Scott. As an orator, Lord Brougham has had few equals. He died May 7, 1868.

THOMAS CAMPBELL, the son of a merchant, was born in Glasgow on the 27th of July, 1777. He finished his academical career in Glasgow University, and then became a tutor in Argyleshire. His first literary venture of any note was his *Pleasures of Hope*, which at once raised him to distinction as a British poet. He has undoubtedly written some of the finest verses in the language. In 1827 he was elected Lord Rector of the University at which he graduated. Campbell died on the 15th of June, 1844.

THE END.









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